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METHODIST REVIEW

JANUARY, 1917

THE CROSS OF CHRIST AS THE MORAL PRINCIPLE OF SOCIETY

At some risk of being misunderstood I will venture to say that the chief of the wider needs in current religion is the moralization of the idea of God through His Kingdom; its translation to experience, and to the central experience—that of the conscience. It is the standing need, indeed, of an atonement—to do justice to the holiness of God in the central human situation. This is the chief interest of the New Testament. And it is the element in any religion that fits it for such a moral crisis as history has reached.

We all feel the impotence of the Christian Church in the national and European situation into which we have come. And the remarks made on it are various—in the image of their makers. We may state the case briefly by noting that the State at its best is a body and an interest mainly ethical, while the Church has become a body with a concern mainly mystic—whether the mysticism take the high and sacramental form or the broad and rational. Both of these mystical forms tend to lose the preeminently moral note, the note of reality, the note of the conscience, and of the guilty conscience; the note of the true catholicism, which is the evangelical. But that note involves a moral restatement of the human problem in its present phase, and of the Christian redemption which solves it. The supreme and central problem ought to be adjusted to the world's actual case, and presented as the problem of man's historic wickedness and God's historic holiness in modern terms, man's public unrighteousness and God's public

kingdom. But both sides of that collision are moral quantities above all else, whatever fashion they take in each age; their adjustment, therefore, is an ethical one. So far it is relevant to the chief interest of the State. But is it relevant to what has become the chief interest of the Church, whether as its piety or its sacraments? Has the mysticism there retained on either side a moral genius in command? Has it risen from being a mysticism of the imagination to be the mysticism of the conscience, and of the conscience on the world-scale, the scale of the Eternal, of the moral Absolute—in a word, of the holy? It handles the holy, does it realize it? There are those who think that in this direction the Church has much failed. It has lost the ethical note in the mysticism either of the sacramentalists, the rationalists, or the pietists. Revelation with its authority has fallen from being moral redemption to be but a deposit of sacred truth. Whereas at its center, the Cross of Christ, we have neither an instruction nor a ceremony, but sublimated moral action—the supreme moral crisis of the soul, of society, of the universe, of eternity; and the creation of the last moral realm, the kingdom of God. (I speak much of notes, much more of notes than of programs, or even doctrines; for in acting on the collective public it is the note that tells most, and most determines influence.) That note of the Cross—ethical, holy, atoning, and redeeming—the Church must recover as its grand dominant. Its mysticism must be moralized at its source, and on the scale of its source, if it is to regain the ethical tone which States can understand and own. That is to say, the Church must become more true to its New Testament genius, where all turns on the Holy One's treatment of sin, or rather of guilt; that is, on the solution of the human problem as the problem of the conscience, man's and God's. All turns on the Kingdom of God in history as in heaven. This is a view of the case which the writers of this world know not, and know the less the more fluent they are, especially in fiction, about the human problem. Did they know they would not treat life as if religion were foreign to it, nor crucify by silence the Lord of glory, or put him off with a mere historic admiration. We may venture to say that the decaying public impotence of the Church coincides (to say the least) with a mystic curiosity

on the one hand, and, on the other, with a growing shyness of the only moral solution of life by a deep and positive grasp of atonement, or God's own moral adjustment for society. The Cross of Christ was the moral Armageddon of the race. It meant more for God than all the battles of man's history. It meant more for man's moral destiny. And the moral principle of that victory must mystically pass into the fiber of the Christian conscience if it is to speak with divine authority to the peoples as such. The Church's public influence will not return till its apostolic succession recover the great prophetic note which makes saints to be also statesmen of the kingdom of God, the kind of saints that judge the world.

I venture to speak of the bearing on the nature of society of this Cross which crowned the person of Christ. I would indicate how the very structure and course of society carries, and even hurries, us into the theology of the Cross as the one eternal crisis and focus of the moral powers that make society possible. There they all gather to a head. Indeed, that theology, as the first thing it did, created in the Church a new society, which is, with all its faults and crimes, the finest product of history—not to say the final when it is perfected. The Cross, which is central to Christianity, is inseparable from the kingdom of God, and that Kingdom is the truth of society. Yet it is the power chiefly left out of account by the philosophy which would explain history, or the politicians who would repair it.

If the race is an organic whole and not a crude mass, it must have a center of moral power. Authority there must be, and government; and the more so, the more spiritual we are (if there is anything moral in our spirituality). But there are governments many and authorities many, appealing even to our conscience; what is the government for all governments, and the authority for all authorities? What is the last center and authority of the human spirit? Is it something we take to the Cross or something the Cross brings as the kingdom of God? Is there a kingdom of heaven, and is there a King of kings? Is not our very freedom an imperative? We *must* be *free*. That which creates even freedom is it not an authority?

If mankind is not atomic, and if its organism is not a mere

organization, not merely mechanical, not one of force and empire, then it is in its nature moral. Its foundation (as the family shows) is not a unit, but two at least; it is a relation; and it is a living relation—sympathetic, indeed, but still more, authoritative. Certainly it is a matter of heart, but still more is it of conscience. The moral interest is the ultimate interest of history. The chief problem of the latest form of society—democracy—is its moral control. If mankind is but a mass of units, if there be no society but what these make by a consent or contract, if the ultimate thing is the individual, and if society is but individualism clotted, then it is false to speak of the moral interest as central and supreme. It is not only false but tyrannical and Puritanical. And there are other interests, such as the æsthetic and cultural, which claim control; they repudiate moral control as a usurper, and resent moral considerations as interlopers. They demand independence and equal rights with morality—art for art's sake. The same claim is made by the modern State, which in Germany insists on discarding morality when it interferes with the power of the egoist State. We have then not a society but only a culture, which is concerned not with the whole but with the exploiting of the whole for the development of the individual, the genius, or the State. It issues accordingly in the superman or the super-State, above and beyond good and evil. The æsthetic life, or the life merely national, is an egoist life. And it is the curse of modern life that its very ethic becomes æsthetic for lack of authority. Therefore, it is non-social. But if, on the contrary, mankind (like the Church) is a society by its nature, and not a mere coalition at its choice, if it is not a compilation but an organism, then its very essence and ground is moral and not æsthetic; it rests on what is good and not on what looks well, on what we trust and not what we enjoy; it is made of consciences and not mere atoms; which consciences cohere in a moral reality; so that the individual does not come to himself as a true person except as he finds himself in this moral milieu, and develops a good will there. The State then does not arise simply from individual need. Like the Church, it is not a club where the individual utilizes for his own need similar needs in others.

It is not simply a self-improvement society. It is not a poise of egoisms, a balance of interests. But it exists through the social necessities intrinsic to a moral or spiritual life. The analysis of its phenomena by any psychology, individual or social, which takes account of all the facts arrives at last at something beyond analysis, which forms the ground of these phenomena, and explains their why and wherefore. (This is preeminently so in the greatest society of all—the Church.) The man in his inmost nature is not a unit but a member of his society. His very substance is notched into it. He is built like a house meant to grow into a row, with projecting bricks to tongue into next door. The influence of society on him is not simply regulative but in a sense creative. It makes him what he is. It constitutes him, so that he is not a man if he is not a brother. It is inexplicable but it explains all. It is beyond analysis as the creative synthesis of all. It does not police him merely but develops him, comes out in him—yet by free action on him and not by ideal process. It gives him certain rights, which are valid simply as the conditions under which his moral development to a personality can proceed, and his passage, therewith, into the kingdom of God. That is his true and only liberty. But you ask if I really mean that he has no rights but what society gives, none in whose name he should resist society. I do not mean that. But if he claim any rights as not conferred on him by society, rights which society can only recognize, they are yet not intrinsic to him as sheer individual, but they are given him by God as himself the supreme world in which he lives, moves, and is. And a prompt Trinitarian would say God was the supreme society, where I have just said supreme *world.*

The final, the ruling, interest of a society supremely moral must be personality. For such a society is itself a quasi-personal thing. It has a corporate personality, a common will, which does not come into existence just by pooling wills. A race of growing persons cannot really cohere in anything which is just put together, or whose nature is lower than indivisible personality. The moral nature of man cannot grow either in a vacuum or under mere compression, whether the squeeze be by force of arms or force of

numbers. Majorities we must work with, but they are only the expression, crude as yet, of the collective personality of the nation. They only give effect to this, they do not produce it. The State which works with them is fundamentally a moral being, and reflects a social *morale* whose education is from moral sources. Where are these sources? Are they within the resources of the State itself? Is the State so self-sufficient morally that it can provide all the moral education its members require? Is it the moral standard, and ultimate for its citizens? That is good German, but it is bad English and fatal ethic. Where, then, shall the individual go to find the chief source of his education into true personality, so as to become the kind of individual that makes majorities beneficent for a nation, or a nation for a world? To his national history? But, even if he had better means than his schools provide of reaching the true genius of his nation, and owning it in his loyalty, he does not thereby become a man. He may only become a patriot, worship nationalism, and sacrifice the whole of humanity to its juvenile egoism. Where is he to find the ethos which is the true nursery and happy climate of his personality as a man. Where at last but in Christ and Christ's kingdom? That kingdom every democracy, every republic, must obey.

The supreme interest of a society essentially moral we should all agree is personality. Is it absurd then to think that a real person (and not the quasi-personality of a race) must be the creative center of society, that it is a person who must educate the unit into the humane personality of membership? It is true the subconscious effect of the State and its atmosphere is great. "The State," says Bosanquet, "is not merely the political fabric. The term State accents, indeed, the political aspect of the whole, and is opposed to the notion of an anarchic society. But it includes the entire hierarchy of institutions by which life is determined, from the family to the trade, and from the trade to the Church and to the university. It includes all of them, not as the mere collection of the growths of the country, but as the structures which give life and meaning to the political whole, while receiving from it mutual adjustment, and therefore expansion, and a more liberal air." Or, take Green: "The State is, for its members, the

society of societies, the society in which all their claims on each other are mutually adjusted." And, we might add, they are not simply composed but organized in a creative way. It is history crystallized, the past incarnate; and we must include the past in humanity and own the educative influence of the dead especially.

The spirit of such a body, the genius of a nation with a great history, certainly acts upon us very strongly and nobly. But it acts in a way too general and too subconscious to reach the most intimate and influential springs of moral personality. It surely cannot be, as William James says it is, that "in these crepuscular depths of personality the sources of all our deeds and decisions take their rise, and that here is our deepest organ of communication with the nature of things." Surely we do not get out by the cellars. Surely the determinants of our will are more in the open than that, else there is, making us, more of a process than a choice, and more of a pressure from beneath than an intelligence from above. It cannot be that the roots of whatever is most divine in man are in the subconscious rather than in the conscious region of moral vision and decision. For the creation of moral personality we need something more than the subconscious *élan* and gregarious influence of our nation. That is not pointed enough, not personal nor moral enough, and on the other hand not large enough for the race. It is not subtle enough, for by itself it gravitates to material force; and it is not wide enough, for it tends to national egoism. To escape mere nationalism must we not have some incarnation of humanity? But is that possible? It is not if mankind is but a heap of sand. Nor is it if we regard humanity (with Strauss) as but the effectuation of an idea. Ideas do not become persons, they come from persons; they are a person's ideas. Ideas do not incarnate, only wills. But if the essence of human society is more in the nature of an energy, if it is a common will, or a common conscience, then its incarnation is not impossible. The incarnation of an idea, or even of a national history, is not what is offered us historically in Jesus Christ. At this moment I say nothing of him as the incarnation of God; I will only speak of him as the mightiest of the dead and the focus of a humanity which is above all things moral in its nature and

center. And I suggest that the more humane, the more ethical, the more of a unity society grows, the less it finds its account in an egoist culture, the more it presses a freedom of citizenship instead of atomism, the more stress it lays on the moral soul instead of the imaginative or even the sympathetic—so much the more is it driven to rally upon the personality of Christ, whether it interpret it theologically and really or only ideally. Jesus Christ is the historic center of the race, whether we regard him æsthetically, as its ideal figure, or historically, as the cause to which ethical society and modern history owe more than to any other actor in its course. But he is only the center of the race if the race's center is the moral center, if its region is the conscience as the suzerain of every other interest. If the intrinsic value of society is its moral value, if this moral region is really the creative, where men are made and not ideas only, then the most precious and potent factor in society is Jesus Christ. And a faith in him full of ideality takes the lead of all idealism, which by itself is now a social danger. In him both the destiny and the ethic of humanity are gathered up. The common will, the moral core, the spiritual genius of the race, receives in him such a condensed expression and permanent control as no man has ever given to any nation from Cæsar to Luther, from Luther to Washington. And he is, therefore, so powerful for humane personality that the reign of his humanity is bound to take the command of all nationality, and to give to it, no less than to the soul, its true and tributary place in the reconciliation of the world.

But will that not put him in front of God—obscuring more of God than he reveals? Must we not take two more steps? He is not dead but alive. How can we speak in any real sense of his taking command if he has himself already been taken into the command of death? A beneficent influence on the race does not necessarily take command of it. How can the quite dead rule the living? Is it possible to regard the first figure of a living race as only dead? His effect would then be but æsthetic; and could an æsthetic influence be a conscience for our moral life? Could it create such a conscience? If Christ deserves the praise of

many doubters who feel his spiritual spell to be supreme for life, can he be but the first of the dead? He is a living Christ and a living King.

But we must go farther still. If Christ be the living center of mankind, what is the center of Christ? Where does his personality have its full and final power? I have tried to suggest that if it is in his person it is in the act in which his whole person took full effect. It is in his Cross. *There* is condensed the moral crisis of the race. (Or, if you object to crisis, I will let that pass, for the moment, and say that there is the grand node so far of the race's moral development.) Now, what was the nature of the moral issue in Christ's Cross? It is no true account of his mind, in so far as the Gospels allow us to reach it at such a time, to say that he was engaged in a tremendous struggle to impress mankind with his Father's love. It was not a struggle merely to *impress* at all. At the great crisis he was not trying to impress the public, even with a gospel, and quite a worthy one. He was engrossed rather with doing something—doing something for that public with God which it takes ages to impress upon it in any adequate way. The very difficulty we have in reaching Christ's mind at this solemn juncture would seem to show that something else was going on there than the effort to impress men. Had that been his principal object it would surely have been much facilitated (especially as the world grew older) by a completer revelation of the interior of the soul that best realized how God loved the world. But the very silence of Jesus on his own inward experience, then and always, would seem to show that it was something else that chiefly engaged him than the effect he was having, or was going to have, on men's conscience and heart. He was certainly not engrossed with his own soul's adventures, his own spiritual pilgrimage. He was engrossed with the conscience of God and his own relation to that as the Son at once of man and God. Here was the crux of the Incarnation—the collision of the Son of man and the Son of God. Here was the paradox, the miracle (far greater than that of man's freedom in God's sovereignty) of the Holy One made sin for us. The supreme moral issue here is the engagement of the representative of sinful mankind with the holi-

ness of God, and the adjustment between them in one personality. The supreme issue of the racial and sinful conscience is its issue with the divine conscience and that perfect sanctity. It is no adjustment of finite and infinite. That is to say, it is a matter of atonement in some real sense as the base of reconciliation, and it makes the final miracle of all we can know. But this we must say: the atonement was only possible by the offering of the perfectly holy to the perfectly holy. That is, the Saviour was not only the living Christ but the living God. God was in Christ atoning the world to himself.

We have plunged some way into theology. But is there any means of avoiding the leap into that buoyant air without discarding our beginning and adopting another than the ethical view of society's foundation? If society is no mere contractual product, no mere compilation, but, if it is, in its essence, an organism, more or less personal, creative of moral personality, then its moral secret is not to be reached by either an analysis or an induction performed on its historic career, neither of which can give its destiny. And it is its destiny that prescribes its ethic; its goal makes its law. But that secret, that destiny, emerges in Christ, where universal personality appears in its classic and normative case. We may differ about the precise interpretation to be put upon both the mind and the action of Christ. But surely we must own that a person morally so complete reveals more of the conditions of personality, and of its last social ethic, than anything so indeterminate as the historic ethos of a nation or a race. We may take the many new studies and disciplines whose rise has given such interest and promise to the last century. Biological analogies, the principles of political economy, the study of jurisprudence, psychology (and especially the psychology of society) together with the vast broadening and deepening of historical science—all these have lighted up the complex nature of the social organism in a unique way. But the real science of society (except to the young) is an ethical study. It is the study in social form of life's last values and powers, of the things that, from the soul's inner castle, make and mold life in its most precious and personal worth. Ethical study is the study of living person-

ality and its relations, not simply of moral laws and their pressure. We have to do not simply with a universal moral order but with a universal moral personality, if such an one can be found. Where look for him? The true universal is not the natural man but the spiritual. It is not elemental personality but moral. It is the man of the conscience, of the universal and absolute conscience, the Holy. The last morality is our relation to the Holy, to the moral absolute, to infinite Love. It is our religion. "The one morality is loving thee." And the religious-moral relation of man in his guilt to God in his holiness must surely be an Atonement. We have run into the Cross of Christ. The form of love is sacrifice, the form of holiness is atonement, the form of holy love is atoning sacrifice. And the Christian revelation is that it was an atonement made by the love of the God we had most reason to fear. If all life runs out into morals, morals culminate in repentance and in confession. But not chiefly in a miserable confession of sin but in a glorious confession of the Saviour, of the holiness that forgave it at his own sole cost and inmost sorrow; in such confession as the Holy alone could make, in such atonement to the Holy as consists in sacrificial holiness alone. Mere suffering is no expiation, only perfect holiness in conditions which involve suffering.

> "But Thou giv'st leave, dread Lord, that we
> Find shelter from Thyself with Thee." (Crashaw.)

The Cross of Christ is the moral center of society, being especially the creative center of that society in which morality rises not only to public righteousness but to eternal holiness. It is the center of the Church—the greatest society on earth, the trustee of the New Bond, the consignee for the New Humanity of the righteousness of holiness, so penetrating, commanding, sympathetic. And what is the moral principle of the Cross which satisfied and delighted the absolute conscience of God? Is it not obedience to begin with? But it is not obedience to end with, obedience *per se*. It is not obedience as a subjectivity, not simply a spirit of obedience, which might be but resignation and merely docility, Teutonic and immoral. But it is obedience as action, obedience with a content, obedience moralized, obedience

with a moral value which flows from its object and his demand, obedience to holiness as the nature of the action of the supreme power to which it is due. It is obedience which that power does not exact but inspires. It creates what it requires, *dat quod jubet.* Why have I had so little to say about the love, sympathy, and sorrow of the Cross? Because it did not lie in my direct line of argument, which started from the moral basis of society and the adjustment of consciences. And my line was suggested by the crisis of the time. It is the form of love as righteousness that is the grand concern of the hour. Another line might well be found on these kindly things, whether they carry us to finality or not. Truly the one morality is loving—but loving the holy. We must lay stress on the holy. For a social nexus merely sympathetic will not stand the strain. Mere fraternity will not, nor mere idealism. We must come back to the kingdom of God, round the authority of the atoning Cross. What is to save when love seems to give way? What is the last victory of faith? It is not so hard, nor so triumphant, to conquer when we delight in the joy of God's love and the warmth of his communion. That was always the restoration of Christ's energies—more than nightly sleep. He could sleep in storms because he waked of nights in such prayer. But obedience and trust come to their crucial trial when the comfort of love is felt no more, when the soul is divested of all love's joy and sense of power, and when it holds and lives only to that in love which is truly almighty and eternal—the absoluteness of it, the holiness of it, the power of dominion and finality in it. That was the very crux of the Cross, the spot of final victory. It was to love and trust love where no love was *felt,* where love was doing everything except rejoicing, when all his lovers failed him and things that had long gone from bad to worse reached their worst. It was love as faithful obedience to the holy, love to God when all reason for loving treacherous man had gone, love to God as the hallowing of his faithful name when even he seemed to have gone, love where it was not felt as sympathy, where the sympathetic side of it was beclouded, and the righteous side alone survived in a sacrifice which was a fidelity more than an inspiration. Love as righteousness, when it is on a scale too great, and in a crisis

too deep, to be felt as sympathy—that is the moral principle which is the stay of society when love as a feeling is impossible or unstable. Righteousness, holiness, the kingdom, is the most social form of love. We cannot love all men in the affective sense in which we love those who are our own elect. But we can in the effective sense of righteousness to all. That is the more public and civic form of love. We cannot love all men with all our heart. God alone can do that. But we can so love the God who does it as to love them with our conscience, to behave to others as if we loved them—which in God we do. If the love of Christ do not make us lovers of our kind in a repentance (however reserved) we do not know that love as it is truly revealed—in grace. To whom much is forgiven the same loveth much. If he love but little his forgiveness is small. But the forgiveness of Christ is a full salvation, a final social righteousness.

The Church may live on love as kindness. The State lives on love as righteousness. And both the kind and the stately, both sympathy and righteousness, mercy and holiness, meet in the Cross of a love sacrificial, holy, and, by holiness, atoning to the holy. The Cross of Christ taken at its true moral value is the principle of the State at last, as it was the foundation of the Church at first. Is our type of religion equal to the part we propose to play in a great old world, complex and tragic?

WHAT TENNYSON CAN DO FOR THE MINISTER

The relation of doctrine to life has been fruitful of many homilies—the meaning of doctrine for all vertebrate living, on the one hand, and the supremacy of life over doctrine on the other. The genius of the minister's calling relates him intimately to both. It is his to see that doctrine gets over into life, that theology becomes a constructive force in character, that doctrine bends its back to lift human loads. Conversely, his to see that life is kept on the still hunt for truth, that the "gleam" which the folks feverishly follow is not a will o' the wisp, that conscience may not slumber in the lap of error. His, too, to clearly see that false thinking and fine living is immeasurably nearer the truth than fine thinking and false living. To see the truth and obey it, to know life and love it, to serve both and bring each to serve the other—what a task is that! Nothing less than that is the ministry at its best. In that great enterprise there are many aids. The minister who would reach the end of the day with a surplus of power must cherish them all. Among them, not the greatest, but by no means the least, is an intimate acquaintance with some such spirit as Alfred Tennyson; the man primarily, and incidentally what he wrote. There are poets and poets, and other poets. Of them all, to the writer at least, none afford so rich and rewarding fellowship as the prophet of Farringford by the sea. One of the greatest biographies in literature is that noblest monument Hallam, Lord Tennyson, could have erected to the memory of his immortal father: Alfred, Lord Tennyson, a Memoir. It may never have been in the list of "best sellers." It will outlive most that have enjoyed that distinction. The minister who, with power, would bring truth down to life and (a very different thing) bring life up to the truth will do well to let it share generously what time he can spare from the supreme biography. What will such a fellowship do for the minister?

I. First of all it will do what any great poet will do: help him to *see*. The poet has no professional interest in either truth

or life, but as to none other it is given to him to see the deeper relations of the two, their ultimate unity. He, of all others, sees life whole. None but a poet could have picked up the dusty record of an ancient Roman murder case from a rubbish heap, put himself into living sympathy with each soul of the sorry tale, sense the truth within the error, see the beauty that hallowed the horror, and set forth in deathless words the far, far meanings of the whole. Something of that mystic power the prophet must have. The deepest realities lie beyond logic, as fragrance in a garden lies beyond botany and color in a sunset beyond astronomy. It is from these ultimate realities that life gains its whole significance and worth. It is these the prophet must make convincingly, yea, commandingly clear to human faith and thought. To do that he himself must have some of the instincts of the poet. The poet's vision is not by way of the syllogism, it is immediate, intuitive; a kind of soul contact with reality. He flashes his thought to the heart of things, where his laborious brother of the test tubes may never arrive. He refuses to be enthralled by the senses, though none so keenly responsive to the senses as he. The Sage of Concord calls him "the healthy, the wise, the fundamental, the manly man, seer of the secret; against all appearances he sees and reports the truth." The rhymeless poet and prophet of Chelsea speaks of the poet's mind as one "that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing, detected the inmost mystery of it." To be something of a poet is not only necessary in order to see the truth but as truly needful in order to reach and help life. For the most part folks come to the truth by the poetic instinct. It, and not logic, is the natural method. Thus the babes, the simple-hearted and unlettered, oft see by intuition what is hid from the wise and prudent. There is a solid basis of truth in what Dawson says: "Among men the poets alone have really understood Jesus, and among the poets we must include the saints whose religion has been interpreted to them through the imagination. They have understood; the theologians rarely or never. The latter have rarely achieved more than to tell us what Christ taught, and often failed to make us feel what Christ was." Here is the reason why Saint Francis is an infinitely truer interpreter of Jesus and the

gospel than his great rival, Dominic, though the latter was infinitely more logical. "The Lord is my Shepherd," "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities," "I am the resurrection and the life," "I am the vine, ye are the branches," "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes"—here is superlative poetry. But these six sentences have done more to uplift the heart of humanity and redeem the world than all theological and philosophical dogmatism combined, and by the very nature of the truths they utter and the very constitution of human life this will remain true to the end. Compress the truth of the twenty-third Psalm into exact and literal statement and, though one has expressed truth more exactly, one has expressed far less of truth with far less of power. Calvinism is as much more logically systematic than Arminianism as the latter is more reasonably true than the former.

There is no finer and surer cultivation of this power of insight, of quick and true vision into the "inmost heart of the thing," this "satisfying sense of reality," as Matthew Arnold calls it, than to saturate one's mind and life with the spirit, the feeling, the thinking of a soul like Alfred Tennyson; to note how he sees and then how he expresses reality, to share the struggle of his mind to arrive at conviction and then note how conviction utters itself, to see him gather from flower in crannied wall, from newborn child on a mother's breast, from sunset and evening star, and every common fact of life, the deepest meanings and the highest values the world bears; to walk with him across the moor, along the chalk cliffs above the pounding sea, or sit with him in the secluded "den" and hear him converse with England's great. Any real poet will thus do much for the minister, but there are reasons why Tennyson can do more than most.

II. Tennyson dealt with the great fundamentals from which the minister must draw his inspiration and upon which the power and worth of his ministry depend. The peril of the prophet in an age of itching ears—when as never before in Christendom the forces and influences that make for empty pews are multiplied

and mighty—is superficiality and sensationalism. The great realities that validate all living it is easy to neglect; we must fill up the pews at any cost! A pale suggestion of religion between lantern slides in an age of movies is in some evening pulpits the only venture toward the stalwart preaching of the past. Two things result: the mental power and spiritual virility of the minister gasp and die; the hungry folks are unconsciously led to look elsewhere for food that satisfies or, far worse, become unable to assimilate the meat that makes for brawny moral muscle, and the generation which will make the civilization of to-morrow is given a totally wrong conception of what the church is and why she is here. In whatever way the preacher secures his crowd he must know how, when he has them, to make them see and feel the things that last. Tennyson will help him. Upon these deeper problems of reality he brought to bear the whole strength of his massive intellect. To express them to a doubting age he devoted the vast resources of his poetic genius. Upon them he focused every light of science and philosophy and the sublimer light of poetic insight inspired by faith. He preached them to scientists and philosophers in his skeptic age with vastly greater power than any pulpit in the land. The latter they would not hear. Him they heard gladly, eagerly. He, too, was scientist and philosopher in spirit and method. Every great problem of laboratory and closet he, too, faced and wrestled; every doubt generated there he, too, fought and laid. To go with him far is to meet them all and to feel the fundamental verities solidly under one's feet. Where in any literature except the Book can one find reasons more profound for a radiant faith in the endless life? To Bishop Lightfoot he said, "I cannot understand how any great imaginative man, who has deeply lived, suffered, thought and wrought, can doubt of the soul's continued progress in the future life." He held it to be the "cardinal doctrine of Christianity." Standing on the cliffs with a friend he said, "Were it not for my faith in a future life I would cast myself over." From not less than ten distinct angles does Tennyson argue the certainty of personal immortality. This passionate belief in the great to-morrow comes to finest expression in such poems as "In Memoriam," "The Two Voices," "Vastness,"

"Faith." Love as the ultimate energy of the universe, the background of the world, the transcendent goal of all human life and effort, is by no poet expressed with greater passion of conviction than by Tennyson. To use his own words, spoken of another, "He was dowered with the love of love, the hate of hate and the scorn of scorn." In his daily conversation he placed constant emphasis upon his faith in an all-loving God. He declares "In Memoriam" to record his conviction that all human fear, doubt, and suffering will find their answer and relief only through faith in a God of Love. He closes that poem with

> That friend of mine who lives in God,
> That God which ever lives and loves,

and then begins its prologue with

> Strong Son of God, immortal Love.

Love, the only key that will unlock the mystery of death and pain which is its theme. He once said to his son, "Who knows whether revelation be not itself the veil to hide the glory of that love which we could not look upon without marring our sight and our onward progress? . . . The love of God is the true basis of duty, truth, reverence, loyalty, virtue, human love, and human toil." Again the prayer, "May all love, His love, the love which was and is my Father and my Brother and my God, unseen but felt, overshadow thee." To immerse oneself from time to time in the atmosphere of such a spirit, whose whole universe of life, human and divine, is interpreted by love, does much to keep one's own spirit and message true interpreters of the heart of the gospel to a world of troubled folks who find it difficult to feel that the world indeed is ruled by "immortal Love."

His conception of God as immanent in life, "nearer than hands or feet," the all-pervading Spirit expressing Himself in force, law, beauty, life, is equally rewarding to the preacher who would keep the triumphant sense of Presence. Happy is the prophet who can say each new day to his own soul, with fullest Christian meaning, "The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hill, and the plains—are not these, O soul, the vision of Him

who reigns?" seeing "through all this changing world of changeless law" the

> Infinite Ideality,
> Immeasurable Reality,
> Infinite Personality.

These are but suggestions, to which many might be added, of the manner in which Tennyson always leads the mind into the deeps —but not to grope. A seer giving us to see.

III. The manner in which this poet arrives at conviction regarding the verities is exceedingly informing to the minister who seeks for himself and his people full assurance of reality in the world of spirit. It was the vital method; in truest sense scientific, but in striking contrast with the scientific materialism of his own time, which was intent upon measuring realities of spirit in terms of matter. Dr. Johnson, when asked what evidences he could submit for immortality, replied, "I know I am immortal, and that's enough." Strange evidence in an age of science! And yet great evidence it was, and is now by true science acknowledged to be. It was Tennyson who, more than any man of his time, contended that science must reckon with the fact of inalienable, universal, imperishable convictions and demands of the human heart. "Like a man in wrath" his soul "stood up and answered" the lordly ultimatum of "freezing reason" and the cheerless conclusions of the laboratory. With ever-increasing conviction in the face of all "evidence" he asserts the reality of "What is, and no man understands." "I have felt" is to him supreme evidence, and of a nature infinitely transcending the tape measure, the test tube, and the syllogism. That method has won its way to high respectability and authority in all reverent modern science and philosophy. The late Professor Sedgewick says of Canto CXXIV of "In Memoriam," which contains the very heart of Tennyson's teachings, "I can never read these lines without tears. I feel in them the indestructible and inalienable minimum of faith which humanity cannot give up because it is necessary for life; and which I know that I, at least so far as the man in me is deeper than the methodical thinker, cannot give up." The position expressed in these immortal lines

was attained early in Tennyson's poetical career and maintained to the end with ever-increasing conviction and emphasis. The "things not seen" steadily became the eternal and abiding realities in his consciousness. One evening in his later years, when conversing with friends in his drawing room, the reality of the spiritual was called in question by someone present. The poet arose, greatly agitated, and said with strong emotion, as he left the room, "You can tell me that my hands and feet are not real and I can believe you, but you can never convince me that the unseen is not a reality. I can easily believe that the spiritual is the only reality."

In his effort to validate these primal spiritual instincts of the soul he wrought more mightily than any other poet for the rationality of faith and the futility of all indirect methods of "proof." He set us free from the plumb-line method of sounding the depths. He was one of the first, in his ultra-scientific century, to see the folly of "demonstration" in spiritual things and declare it like a prophet of the Most High, helping to clear the vision of the world. The materialist waved his magic wand of logic over the deep and shouted, "God is not there." Tennyson steadily replied, "Your wand is worthless." The "Ancient Sage" has in it priceless values for any age, but in the light of the age for which it was written it rises to Miltonic grandeur. In that age only inspiration could have declared "Nothing worthy proving can be proven, nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be wise . . . and cling to Faith."

The passage of which this is part Tennyson said was very personal, a transcript of his own experience. It is but one of many in which he redeems the power of faith in the unseen from the suspicion of superstition—a kind of left-over from the past not yet dropped in the process of evolution—and enthroned it as the crowning faculty of the soul, as valid for religion, as demonstration for science and reason for philosophy, and immeasurably more trustworthy than either in its own realm of the spirit. Methodism has from the first placed strong emphasis upon this direct witness of the spiritual consciousness to the realities of the spirit world. The day in which that emphasis begins to fail will mark

the beginning of her decline as a redemptive force among men. Jesus, and Paul, and every outstanding leader since Christianity began, made that the supreme point of insistence. There is no substitute; just as there is no substitute for oxygen to lungs and blood made for oxygen. Development and change in race and times do not alter fundamental needs. Methods of appeal may change, but the appeal must nevertheless be made to the same elemental realities. And surely this day is no time for weakening at this vital point of faith. For, on the one hand, a great multitude of folk from the churches have fallen victims to a pagan philosophy calling itself Christian Science, though very far from being either Christian or scientific, which has attraction in part because it does make tremendous appeal for direct and immediate faith in the world of the spirit. On the other hand, philosophy is writing such amazing books as The Meaning of God in Human Experience, in which Tennyson's defiant and triumphant "I have felt" is set forth as having final authority even for "freezing reason," in such sentences as the following: "The whole apparatus of reason in religion has retreated in importance in favor of a more substantial basis—which we have agreed to call feeling." "Grant it [that religion may be sufficiently founded on feeling] and we are set free to be religious beings without the infinite argument and haggling over unreachable and untestable propositions." "Religious feeling is the adequate counterpart of those metaphysical first principles upon which so much used to be hung. . . . It has what those principles had not—the energetic property which fits it not alone to guide but also to instigate, and to sustain what it has produced." "What distinguishes our present age is that this old truth [of the value of feeling and intuition] now appears as a philosophical conclusion." William James declares the logical reason to have much the same relation to religion and the mystical intuitions as it has to love or patriotism. "It defines our faith, . . . it hardly ever engenders it; it cannot now secure it." The modern religious psychologist declares, "Religious belief will stand or fall with what I have called the Religion of Feeling." (J. B. Pratt, Psychology of Religious Belief, quoted by Professor Hocking.) Now all this was Tennyson's contention

threescore years ago, which means that as a philosopher he was half a century ahead of his time; seeing with poetic and prophetic insight what must be philosophy's ultimate conclusion and what is religion's inner essence and chief glory. At this point Tennyson, of all others, is the modern poet. Who would preach with power to this age must immerse himself in the consciousness that God has not left to the accident of cultivated intellect the discernment of life's deepest need and meaning, but has endowed the human soul with organs of spiritual apprehension to which with implicit confidence the prophet may appeal direct, and upon which alone can be built a consciousness of God that will transform life and direct the will. Therefore, O preacher of the faith, read the Book as Tennyson read it, who took his "daily range in Holy Writ"—but find time too for Tennyson. He is the poet of faith. But faith with him was no vague sentiment, no desperate hope in probabilities, it was the realest thing he knew; the "seeing of the soul," another name for spiritual experience. "Not the acceptance of truth on the testimony of history or tradition, but the soul's vision of what belongs to it by nature." Unless the preacher of things eternal knows something of that mystic method of assurance; unless he cultivates with patient care that highest faculty of the soul which seizes the things that last through all the maze of things that vanish and appall, he is lost, and the sheep fall prey to the wolves of vanity and doubt.

IV. The openness of his mind to all truth and the strength of his conviction concerning fundamental truth is a combination not found, but surely needed, in every Christian pulpit. Let his volume fall open anywhere, and one reading follows a Berean mind, wholly void of unreasoned prejudices, bias, or bigotry, eager and determined to know what is true no matter what that may turn out to be; willing to put every cherished belief of the race, the most sacred inheritances of the ancient faith, to the severest tests that the mind of a modern age could devise; a broad welcome for truth from any source; abhorrence for the narrow dogmatism which sees in its own credal utterances the final form of truth. His whole message is a mighty protest against any faith or creed that is exclusive of larger light. To him humility

was the only true attribute in the presence of what he called the "unfathomable mysteries." "Dark is the world to thee, thyself is the reason why." He could not endure total unbelief. "I hate utter unbelief. I cannot endure that men should sacrifice everything upon the cold altar of what with their imperfect knowledge men call truth and reason. One can easily lose all belief through giving up the continual thought and care for spiritual things." And yet he could vicariously bring himself into deep and genuine sympathy with the man who had lost his faith utterly; could put himself in his place and see the world through his eyes and feel the emptiness of life as such a man feels it, and thereby was vastly better able to help him find the light. "Despair" is a masterpiece of insight into, and expression of the thoughts and feelings of the man who has lost all faith. So perfectly does the poet identify himself with the desperate mood of the maddened soul who seeks self-destruction that one almost feels it is Tennyson uttering his own protest against an order in which men

> Come from the brute, poor souls,—no souls,—and to die with the brute.

No man of faith could write such a poem who had not faced with untrammeled mind and battle courage the fearful facts of human experience and thought which have driven countless souls into despair. Tennyson had faced them all, without evasion, suffering them to deal their deadliest blows; faced them with bared breast, unarmored by blind creed and unreasoned tradition; laid them by the thrust of his own great soul through nameless suffering and tears. Only such as he can deeply help the man whom the facts of life have wounded unto surrender. It is one thing to believe in the sun at noontide; it is another and far diviner thing to believe in the sun at midnight and with noontide faith assert that the morning cometh. One thing to believe in God and Love by a creed handed down and accepted without the daring of thought; another thing, and a far more Christian thing, to win out of life and experience and human problems just as they are, with open eyes and unevasive mind, a living faith in God and Love. Only that faith can reconstruct a world, defy without fear all doubt,

face with relish all mystery, find God in all experience, and put hope into human despair. Only such a faith can keep the minister from

> Sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
> Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
> That makes the lowest hate it,

and make him instead

> a voice
> Of comfort and an open hand of help.

Tennyson lashed mercilessly the bigotry, narrowness, blindness, unreasonableness, of the creed which, though logically faultless, proved itself unfit to serve life helpfully; nor will he suffer such a creed to wash its hands in innocence of human unbelief. He utters more than the protest of the victim of "Despair" when he makes him say to the preacher:

> Nay, but I'm not claiming your pity, I know you of old,
> Small pity for those who have ranged from the narrow warmth of your fold.
> Where you bawl'd the dark side of your faith, and a God of eternal rage,
> Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the human heart, and the Age.

Great tonic is Tennyson for the prophet who covets the open mind, the untrammeled vision, the immovable faith, and the sacrificial power to put himself into the other man's experience and see life from his standpoint. To know well this poet's mind and spirit is to be inspired to breadth and charity for every honest view, passionate purpose to know the truth and make it serve life, growing certainty of the great essentials of the faith.

In the present day of ever-widening horizons, of vanishing traditions, crumbling systems, changing angles of vision and measures of value, when the man with the hoe is beginning to think for himself, it is the prophet with much of the mental attitude of Tennyson who, other things equal, shall have the deepest hold upon the mind of the age. The spirit of hesitancy and uncertainty has crept into the message of many a preacher in this age of merciless historical, psychological, and theological research. The pulpit admits much in order to be broad and modern, but the voice of assertion, the irresistible momentum of profound con-

viction, is too often conspicuous by absence, and the emasculated message is ineffective as a redeeming force in society. The frank admission of doubt and limited knowledge is a distinct element of strength when it leads straight up to the unequivocal assertion of truth that lies beyond all doubt in the preacher's mind and heart. The man in the pew, and especially the man whom we desire to have in the pew, sees the great truths and mysteries of life from angles and through experiences not common to the minister. Tennyson lived and moved and had his being in the presence of these central truths of life and yet, withal, was peculiarly near the heart and feeling of the common man. He not only deepens the convictions of the preacher himself, but can teach him how to proclaim, with a positiveness and strength of assertion that carries its own demonstration of their reality, the great structural truths upon which all faith rests. He shows one how to take captive all the revelations of an ever-progressive science and make them serve the needs of the spirit. When the religious world was trembling with the alternative, "Evolution or Revelation," he was singing of "revelation and evolution"—even "rêvelation through evolution." He believed with Arthur Hallam, whom he has immortalized, that the significance of things is not fixed by learning whence and how they came, but by what they are and whither they tend. He one day said to Darwin, "Your view of evolution does not make against Christianity, does it?" and the great scientist replied, "Certainly not." Thus Tennyson makes one feel at home with the thought of the age and the truth of the ages.

V. The exquisite finish of his art, combined with his abhorrence of "art for art's sake," is most wholesomely suggestive to the modern preacher. There are ever two temptations: On the one hand, to reduce time and toil upon the message. The clamor of countless things to be done and the apparent demand for freer modes of public speech invite careless preparation of the sermon. When the preacher starts on that toboggan the dead line of pulpit power is swiftly reached. On the other hand is the temptation to make the sermon an end. Scholarly vanity, the ear tuned to applause, the lordly notion that he is called to be preacher rather than pastor, and other like nonsense, may obscure the exalted

business for which a sermon exists. When the preacher, consciously or unconsciously, takes that poison he must have quick and violent emetic or his real preaching is over. For both these ills Tennyson is antidote. No care was too great, no toil too protracted and painful, to create for his thought the most perfect vehicle of expression. Here Tennyson is peer of Milton in poetry and Macaulay in prose. Speaking of a crude line of Pope's he said, "Horrible! I'd rather die than be the author of a line like that." Of Browning, who was defiantly careless of clear expression, he said, "He has worlds of music in him, but he does not get it out." He could say in lines, and more effectively, what Wordsworth would say in stanzas. To be careless with words was to him a crime. But a greater crime was words for their own sake. All artistic perfection was to him but the feather on the arrow. The phrase "art for art's sake," then common in art circles, always roused his wrath. When certain critics of this school in literature discovered in the "Idylls of the King" a great moral significance, and complained of the poet's transgression of the canons of art, he, after reading such a stricture, seized his pen in high dudgeon, and reeled off:

> Art for Art's sake! Hail, truest Lord of Hell!
> Hail, Genius, master of the moral will!
> The filthiest of all paintings, painted well,
> Is mightier than the purest painted ill,
> Yea, mightier than the purest painted well,
> So prone are we toward the broad way of Hell!

His poems are high art, but he thought of himself as prophet and wrote with that passion. He never lost sight of the gleam of responsibility for the uses of his genius. His is a noble combination of great art and the complete subordination of art to truth and life. Herein he inspires the preacher to keep his ideal of service high, his motive unselfish and true, while toiling tirelessly for the most perfect methods and forms which he can master and use.

VI. From among many others that might be mentioned we choose but one more characteristic. Tennyson writes only to the limits of experience and conviction. When we listen to him we

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know what he has thought, felt, known, and lived. Beyond these limits he never goes. When asked once why he did not carry "In Memoriam" on into the future life, thereby completing the triumph of faith, he replied, "I have written what I have felt and known and I will write nothing else." This sense of moral realness which made what he uttered always the revelation of what he was, grew steadily to the end. He was willing to lose everything else, but nothing could tempt him to surrender this pearl of great price. Such temptation is known to every minister. It comes insinuatingly from many sources. Such a companionship as Tennyson affords enamors one of sincerity, and keeps in his heart the prayer of a great bishop, "Lord, make me real."

On a visit to the home of friends, "two perfectly honest Methodists," he asked for the news, and was answered, "Why, Mr. Tennyson, there is only one piece of news that I know, that Christ died for all men." Tennyson replied, "That is old news and new news and good news." Of the visit he wrote to Emily Sellwood, who later became Mrs. Tennyson, "I was half of yesterday reading anecdotes of Methodist ministers, and liked to read them too, and of the teachings of Christ, that purest Light of God." To preach at our best the "old news, the new news, and the good news . . . of that purest light of God," we will do well, next to soul-contact with the realities of which the Book is the revelation, to know the mind, to absorb the spirit, and follow the pen of Tennyson.

CHRISTIANITY AND INDUSTRIAL CONFLICT

From January to June of this year there were in our country 1,719 strikes. Unperturbed we accepted them as a reflex of the feverish condition of our industry. Last August we were threatened with a railroad strike of unexampled and unimaginable proportions. Then for the first time many of our people realized the portentousness of our industrial situation. Yet, as from a volcano, come here and there and there little waves of lava while the cone continues quiescent, so insistently and persistently have long appeared and reappeared these same elements of labor strife. Indeed our industrial situation has been quite analogous to the political situation in Europe prior to the war. The parties chiefly concerned are apparently absorbed in other matters, but alliances have been made on both sides, economic detectives are spies in most large establishments, ominous mutterings flare up at intervals from the smoldering discontent that can burn itself into contention. Solemn disavowals are made of any such intention, but an atmosphere of suspicion, hatred, tension, is perpetuated, out of which an incident may come to cause the too-ready preparations to be seized for a relentless struggle. The time approaches when the present inflation of business will subside violently. Then, to meet the post-war competitions of other countries, we will too much need efficiency and cooperation to waste them in fratricidal fighting. As they anticipate that time the farther-visioned among us are filled with foreboding about our industrial relations.

Christianity is implicated in this situation in two directions. Christianity has stimulated all that is best in the labor movement. By holding up the ideal of what a human life was made and meant to be, Christianity creates a divine discontent which stirs men to struggle for the fullest opportunity for self-development. Self-sacrifice is not honored in industry as it is in religion and patriotism and family affection. But the self-sacrifice by which men have helped themselves and their fellows through slavery to serfdom, to the wages system of our Western world, was fostered by the Chris-

tian teaching of sacrificing self for the common good. Methodism, especially, is responsible not only for a higher standard of religious reality throughout Christendom, but also for training in its class meetings many of the leaders of modern social movements. No attempt at human advance has been entirely free from unrighteousness, and not rarely in the labor movement unwise, unjust, even sinister methods have been used. When the debate becomes a dispute, and the dispute a struggle, sometimes that struggle contains arson, and even murder. With such iniquities Christianity has nothing to do, but these have something to do with Christianity. For whenever a strike of considerable size starts in a community Christian effort is thwarted. Production is interrupted, wages stop, business is paralyzed, investments bring no dividends, development is retarded, hunger enters homes; thus is much suffering inflicted upon the innocent. Worse things than these happen: peace and good will become strife and hatred, truth disappears with the distortion of facts for self-justification, a lawlessness is engendered which continues long after the trouble subsides. The beaten party retires sullenly, determined to renew the conflict at the first favorable opportunity. In congregations, as in the community, black bitter animosities abide that may have the ferocity of a Southern feud. At a widely gathered Methodist congress the suggestion was publicly made by one of the visitors that a collection might fittingly be received toward the erection of an edifice at a neighboring new model industrial town. Promptly a few left the church, then more, until a hundred had gone. Years before there had been a strike whose rancors still lingered to disintegrate and disrupt the town. Because they menace our hearts and our altars it is recognized that Christianity must deal with vice and intemperance. For the same reason Christianity must deal with industrial conflict. Individual Christian employers and employees are comparatively helpless. The most benevolent employer, unless he is a genius or the maker of a monopoly, is restricted in matters of wages, hours of service, welfare equipment, by his meanest competitor. Similarly, faithful employees are often forced by their fellows into attitudes and actions that are contrary to their disposition and conviction. In

such a situation Christianity has the right to demand that something shall be done legislatively. Could anything be more foolish than our refusal to foresee the logical sequence of symptoms daily seen! Possibly more preposterous is our happy-go-lucky assumption that, so long as we can maintain tolerable quietness, industrial peace will somehow eventually ensue. The average American acts toward industrial disturbances in our democracy much as does a hen toward a brood of ducklings she has hatched. The hen makes the best of their oddities until the day comes when their taking to the water arouses her inertia. So when we are annoyed by the union regulation of some mechanic in our house do we testily pronounce final judgment upon the whole age-long labor movement through which, and not by benevolence, most of labor's gains have been secured. When some ugly public outbreak occurs we are exasperated by the inconvenience it causes us. We care more about that outbreak being settled soon than about it being settled right. Thereupon we return to our customary hibernation. Three years ago a Federal Commission was appointed to ascertain the underlying causes of dissatisfaction in industrial relations. That Commission had the resources and the authority to secure the facts. It was sternly expected to present its conclusions, in bulky volumes if it pleased, but also in bills drafted for presentation to Congress and State Legislatures. It spent a half million dollars; examined five hundred witnesses; accepted testimony covering 19,000 typewritten pages. That Commission presented the minor report of Professor Commons, which was commended by social scholars. Its main conclusions were a disappointing hash of opinions and facts, and we have still no consistent constructive policy for eradicating industrial evils and no competent tribunal for avoiding and adjusting industrial disputes. Thus, when after months of monitory agitation we were confronted last August with a calamity appalling to contemplate, the Adamson Act was passed as an expediency of haste regretted by the reflective. Then a Presidential election followed, and we are no more prepared as a general mobilization is ordered to the largest armies of capital and labor ever assembled. There are those who say it is Utopian to suppose that any plan can be devised for the peace-

able settlement of industrial differences. So it is also alleged about war, as it has been about every wider application of law to human action. I assert that, by as much as our present situation is irrational and irritating and unChristian, by that much the most pressing problem of American statesmanship is not the impertinent intermeddling with Europe's conflict, but the devisement of a plan for the relief of industrial tension.

Though most economic problems have moral implications I think it is not within the province of Christianity to dictate the manner in which they shall be solved. Our Master offers us his example. Jesus was asked by one of two brothers to settle a dispute about their inheritance. He declined, in the question, Who made me a judge or divider over you? The labor organizations are no longer asking the churches for aid in improving their conditions. They are announcing they will fight for what they want without, and, if necessary, in spite of the church. To recover their favor some want the pulpit to depart from speaking in what they pronounce to be "pious platitudes and glittering generalities," and to support specific economic propositions. As anxious as anyone can be to open every appeal for the gospel, yet does it not seem that we should imitate our Master? As an employer, indeed, the church must take a position upon disputed policies; and that position should be exemplary. More than those realize whose associations are chiefly rural or commercial or domestic, Methodism is composed of members whose sympathies are with labor's aspirations. Then should there not be more members of our Book Committee in whom labor has confidence that their personal equation permits them to apprehend the employee's point of view? But the pulpit is not the place for the discussion of mooted economic matters. The Rights of Labor, the Eight-Hour Day, the Minimum Wage, the Open Shop, Industrial Efficiency, these are among the pulpit topics announced in New York this fall. They seem to me inappropriate. That is not because I am intimidated by the abuse which a rhinoceros' skin might stand without suffering, likely to be showered upon those who speak on such subjects to congregations that will be helped by such speaking. As a good citizen a minister should

attempt to be an intelligent student of these questions and be ready to express his opinions upon proper occasions. Nor need he accept the slur that ministers, lacking the training and temperament for economic direction, seek to substitute sentiment and eloquence for knowledge and judgment. Ministers meet and read after both sides; and many are patient students of social experimentation. From these probably an equal number could be chosen as competent to deal with industrial problems as are the present generation of lawmakers. The remedy for that situation, however, is the securing of abler public men. For when the minister becomes primarily a defender of vested powers or an advocate of economic changes he is abdicating some of his divinest opportunities and endangering the larger possibilities of his ministry. The more important part of Christianity is to determine the spirit in which these problems shall be solved. It is a historic fact that a strong-arm policy on the part of either labor or capital always reacts. And the most discouraging feature of the present situation is the many who cannot put themselves in the place of another, but speak in indiscriminating and intemperate denunciations. Imperious patronizing employers speak of labor as animated machinery; as one of the units of cost; as a commodity subject to the unalterable law of supply and demand. They describe the leaders of labor as miscreants, rapacious vampires bent on robbing them of the control of their own business. Defiant, dictatorial labor leaders regard all employers as tyrannical skinflints—they discount that managing ability which is so rare that society can afford to pay largely for it; they would demonstrate their equality by hurling bricks of insult at employers. Were all employers and employees as suspicious as these they would argue each other into anger, and, in their inability to be just, bloody class conflict would be inevitable. But, like ancient Gaul, mankind is into three parts divided, and the most hopeful element in our industrial relations is the growing importance of public opinion. The advertising columns of the press testify that the enlistment of public opinion is now considered essential to the winning of a strike or a lockout. Soon, whatever the immediate result, the ultimate verdict will be the decision of

public opinion. And since that opinion, despite its apparent forgetfulness, is accumulatingly condemnatory it will not be lightly flaunted. Christianity can make a powerful contribution to industrial solutions through molding the public opinion. Christianity can insist that, with such far-reaching responsibility, public opinion must be informed and fair. Christianity can mediate between employers and employees until they regard each other not as overlords or dependents, but as partners in production. Christianity can teach capital and labor that, as men made in the image of God and bound for the same judgment, they have more interests in common than they have supposed. Then will they be more apt to consider factors of permanent opposition with mutual respect, if not with mutual magnanimity. If Christianity can achieve this mediation it need envy no other contribution to industrial progress. Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., is the individual most despised by the laboring classes of this country. Mother Jones, as she is called, is the most inveterate of our agitators. When they were brought together recently they each conceded that they were enlightened. He confessed to her that as a matter of principle the things she complained of were wrong and they found themselves in substantial agreement concerning the necessity for reform. She said, "The young man means the best he knows how; it isn't his fault he was reared in a luxury that kept him from knowing anything about real things. I see I have misrepresented him and I shall reverse what I have been saying." This approachment is a picture of many employers and employees all over this country who have achieved the capacity to see from each other's point of view. Such relations cannot dispense with hard economic thinking, but they are dawn rays for the future of American industry.

The teaching of Jesus supplies the ideals which should govern industrial adjustment. They may well be pondered in this Republic, where sooner or later it shall be realized that political democracy and industrial feudalism can never live in harmony under the same roof. Beware of covetousness, said Jesus. Which surely is a timely warning still, when the hourly effort of multitudes of employers and employees alike is to get all they can at

whatever cost to the community. A controlled desire for gain is an indispensable human stimulus without which a business is on the way not to be beneficial but to be bankrupt. Amid the floridness of Oriental address Jesus was careful of speech, and what he said in that which we translate covetousness was, Beware of wanting more, and more, and more, and ever more, even with enough. This Jesus condemned because a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesses. Abundance, Jesus said. It is often argued that if laborers were given larger wages and more leisure they would waste them in idleness and drinking. Some of them would. And if rich men were given larger dividends some of them would misuse them to gamble in Wall Street speculations; and some of their sons would daredevil-ride through our streets in higher power motor cars. But every class has the right to be judged as a whole, and not by its weakest members. Industry is to make wages and profits, but industry is also to make with them more life for its participants. For the sake of life we must protect property; but Lincoln expressed the Christian emphasis when he said, "We are for both the man and the dollar. If we must choose between them, we put the man above the dollar." When the wages of a business are too low to admit of decent standards of family life, when the hours are too excessive to permit proper rest and relaxation, when a subservience is required from either employer or employee that consumes manhood, then is that business heathenish. And the same divine call that sends missionaries across the seas, calls for Christians equipped with efficiency to do, without excessive fussiness, what is ethically and economically reasonable. Until that is done, where it does not now exist, we cannot say "Christian America." For what shall it profit our United States, or any other land, if we gain the whole world and lose our soul?

John W. Langdale

SHAKESPEARE AND THE COMMON MAN

The tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare has come to its close with some odd emphasis of more or less value. Of late a book with the title Shakespeare in the Time of War indicates to what an extreme excess of praise will carry one. In the work mentioned quotations are taken from Shakespeare's dramas and deftly applied, with more or less fitness, to prominent characters and races in the present giant struggle. To illustrate, this from Julius Cæsar is applied to the German ambition:

> Our legions are brim-full; our cause is ripe;
> The enemy increaseth every day;
> We, at the height, are ready to decline.

This use of England's great writer might well serve as a burlesque upon prediction. Some might take the quotation to heart. Not we. It has the same sound as that use of the Bible in which special texts are sought for every turn of life, failing in which the helpless soul goes adrift and leaves the onlooker to marvel at human credulity. At the most England's vast distress strains for justification or consolation while offering new worship before an ancient shrine. It is not the present aim to show how well and how truly Shakespeare interpreted the place of the man at the bottom in the development of England's national life; rather to show that he did not see deeply enough, was not able to fully grasp several of the great epochs in which he displayed his characters. He is not to be held responsible, indeed, for staging what was not in his mind's eye. It is to no man's discredit to be unable to see and comprehend what is hidden from his vision and power of analysis. Shakespeare was not a seer, nor was he an analyst of the past. One thing he knew: the human heart. The trend of social forces escaped him. No man knew them.

Taine in his inimitable handling of the meaning of Shakespeare says: "How did Shakespeare succeed, and by what extraordinary instinct did he divine the remote conclusions, the deepest insights of physiology and psychology? He had a complete imagination; his whole genius lies in that imagination."

Without attempting to swim in too deep or too opposing waters, we may remind ourselves that in its highest flights and with its longest stretch of wing imagination does not make something out of nothing. At all times it is a realist. It has its own laws, and when it stages a man it does not start across the platform with two unmixable fractions and emerge at the farther wing with a nondescript integer unknown to science and defying poetry. Shakespeare was not a seer, if that means to predict the new out of the unknown. Neither was he a master-interpreter of the past. What no man could in his time know he could not divine. Given like conditions of social or political life he ventured to predict. Otherwise not. He could not foresee the development of the English monarchy, gradually yielding to the series of forces which played upon it, gradually transforming it from a real power into a figurehead, nor could he see the path filled with the plain people of England rising to undreamed might in Parliament. No man held the vision in the days of feudalism. The common man was not worth while in the days of Shakespeare's early dramas. It would have been raw art for Shakespeare to try out an impossible scene such as Bernard Shaw might well portray at this time. Keir Hardie would have been a droll anachronism in the thirteenth century, a stupid unreality. Neither the rude folk in the foreground nor royalty in boxes would have stood for such an error of vision. In the forefront of Shakespeare's dramas were bishops, nobles, and kings. It may be that he did not intend or try to do the lower folk justice. Doubtless there is much truth in such a view. At any rate, he opens his early drama of King Richard III with the noble vision of old John of Gaunt:

> Methinks I am a prophet new inspired,
> And thus expiring do foretell of him:
> His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last.

Then he recalls his native isle:

> This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle, . . .
> This happy breed of men, . . .
> This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings.

So great a prophecy had little or no place for the long roll of lead-

ers under whose direction England has marched up the heights as the leader of civilization. Neither Cromwell, nor Chinese Gordon, nor "Tommy Atkins" has place in it, nor could have had in the poet's eye. When Schlegel called the historical plays "A mirror for kings" he spoke truly. For in his mighty staging of struggle and triumph Shakespeare plays his pawns never as potential leaders. Royalty, primates, knights, castles, cathedrals, thrones, were on a par both as institutions and as individuals. In no like sense was the swineherd or the school-room to be used in the drama. Shakespeare passed by the plain sailor and the nameless landsman as being without any place or prestige in the main movements of England's nationality gains.

In themselves the ten chronicle plays suggest a moral even if they do not propose one. The chief event, now dragging, now hastening its course, is the decline and fall of the house of Plantagenet. From Richard II to Henry IV are eight plays, every reign being touched. Henry IV forces the abdication of his cousin, and in turn becomes himself the victim of his revolting nobles. He had, however, been led to strike heavy blows at the feudal system and with its slow decay the common people began their slow march upward. The Commons in Parliament began to assert themselves. Henry V did nothing to increase the harmony and to strengthen the inner life of the island, yet with his victory at Agincourt the name of England won a prestige which to our day has still its high place. However, in the weak days of his son, Henry VI, his fame saw a temporary decline, and the rivalries among the nobles told upon the progress of the Commons and planted armed camps throughout England. Even before the incompetent son of Henry V breathed his last his crown was lifted from his brow and placed upon the head of the brilliant but dissolute Edward IV. The land, exhausted by continuous strife, left him to hold the crown without dispute. The cup of the Plantagenets came to the full when Richard III usurped the throne. His death on Bosworth field closed the dynasty under which were mingled much shame and much glory.

The Plantagenet was a remarkable ruler. His contemporaries accounted for his double excellence, both of fire and life, by tracing

back his descent to a demon ancestress. John was the worst of his line. If anyone is disposed to think that Shakespeare missed his chance of setting forth in immortal pictures the story of the Great Charter as secured from John by a band of the commonalty, to the discomfiture of both king and nobility, a careful examination of the work of the real agents involved will save him from error. For it was not true that the lower orders wrung the instrument from the king. They were not equal to such work. It required the best of leadership to corner the crafty king. Since McKechnie has examined the field, and looked with microscope upon the era and the document as well, men have seen with a new light. In the vanguard of the nobles who hustled the angry king until he, in his impotent frenzy at Runnymede, chewed the straw in his tent and swore awful oaths, were such men as Stephen Langton, the high-minded archbishop, and William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke. The enthusiasm with which the Londoners greeted them on their return to the city fully exhibits the mind and heart of the whole populace, a freedom-loving throng. They were not active in extorting the Charter from John, but got its benefits through the agency of the nobles and the Church. The "homo liber" of the Charter was possibly not from the lower levels of English society, and the concessions were wrung by the aristocrats for their weaker fellows. Thus Shakespeare may have refused to enter a field of doubtful value to him in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when not caring to celebrate the triumph of the nobility over royalty. Feudalism was becoming a thing of the past. When the great queen was given to boxing the ears of Essex and others it was not time to stir men against royalty. The giant pendulum had swung from feudalism to royalty, and now that England was becoming nationalized and unified and Protestantized, no live reminders of slumbering influences would find welcome in the theater.

In the time of Henry IV the merry rascals, Poins, Pistol, and Bardolph, were dramatic possibilities in connection with the fun-loving prince, though in the days of Magna Charta and later there was small place for them. The difference between John and the nobles at Runnymede and Prince Hal with his Falstaffian crew

at Gad's Hill was measureless. Both were witnesses of scenes, in the one case, of tragic character, in the other of comic interest, on the banks of the Thames. Yet while the same stream rippled past the island on which King John swore false oaths, and swelled to fuller volume where the roystering prince rollicked with the fast old knight, yet whole ages separated the lives and habits of the two monarchs. Not in miles but in spiritual and legal guarantees of human rights do we properly reckon the progress of mankind. That Shakespeare did not lack a field in which to display his genius in the portrayal either of individual character or of certain types of life or of racial development is not worth trying to prove. Yet he makes little effort anywhere to set forth the common man in type, either in the era of John or of Richard II. He certainly was happy in having Crecy, and the times of the Peasants' Revolt. But he did not use them. It must be that what he did not know well he did not care to use, or else he omitted to introduce what was not of dramatic or even of financial profit. If he knew what we now know, that the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth centuries were rich in dramatic possibilities, so far as the man in the lower ranks was concerned, and of profoundest interest to the student of history, he was strangely and inexplicably indifferent to a rich mine of dramatic power, or, on the other hand, he passed in unconcern what ought to have got the touch of his genius-gifted hand. He was like the slave Hebrew, and could not have been equal to the task of making bricks without straw. What was the good of trying to manipulate pawns when kings and queens had the major charm even for the groundlings? His non-use of the opportunity to show his feeling toward the rising of the common man we account for in part when we turn to Coriolanus, where he evidently reveals his dislike of the Roman mob.

If it is urged that the Jack Cade uprising enters the stage in Henry VI, when the angry throng included merchants, laborers, boatmen, and a few from the inferior clergy, yet the meaning of the whole affair is summed up in gloom when the king grants knighthood to Cade's murderer. It remains true here as elsewhere that the dramatic values are confined to the selfish strifes of the

upper classes. At any rate it is worth while to keep in mind that Shakespeare knew the quality of Cade's followers, their instability, their quickness to stir up trouble, their tamperings with order and just rule, and so he leaned, in his sympathy, with the side which was under profound obligations to preserve order. In this he shared the feelings of all great men, for they have always been lovers of order. This applies to men good and bad, to Cromwell, Napoleon, and even to Old Nick. It includes Alexander Hamilton and Abraham Lincoln. Had Shakespeare dramatized the time of transition from the judges to the kings of Palestine he would have preferred the story of Saul, or that of David, to the days of Judea's lawless years, "when every man did what was right in his own eyes." The great Dublin scholar Professor Dowden has offered a capital reason for what appears as the fact of the omission by the dramatist of a fair use of the common man, and his seeming preference for royal circles. The upper classes furnished Shakespeare the better field for discussing the battles and triumphs of his own moral life. In the conflicts of kings he was watching the ups and downs in his own regal soul. In these observations he never ran counter to the moral order of the world. In his Henry V he evidently shows his favorite. He has much to say of honor. Three men portray three different kinds or types of honor. While he plainly enjoys old Falstaff, he soon disposes of him, for while he offsets the vanity of Hotspur's sense of honor, the fat knight's honor is too shallow a thing with which to engage in serious battle for the name and fate of England. The unctuous rogue served as a capital offset to the fiery Hotspur, and made light of the feudalism which was slowly going to its doom in the days after Edward III. In the real hero, his favorite, Henry V, Shakespeare set upon the stage the chief of the three kinds of honor which fascinated his hearers. In order we name them all: First there is the titled bravado, Hotspur; second, the burlesque in Falstaff; third, the manly courage of the prince. With him the triangle is complete. While the honor of Hotspur clothed itself with the attitudinizing of an earlier day, and while Falstaff made it ridiculous, it remained for the young king on a real battlefield, Agincourt, to regain the confidence of English hearts with his

> If it be a sin to covet honor
> I am the most offending soul alive.

Henry's touchstone of honor was of different sort from that of the fat scamp or the hot-head. Neither pretense nor mockery played any part in the earnest and simple-minded prince. His good-fellowship with the men of the lower ranks in the midst of bloody fight, in the ditches of Harfleur, and on the ridges of Agincourt, speak across the centuries with animating voice to all classes of England, of rank and no rank, spending their treasures in the muddy trenches of western France. The same fields ripen and the same skies grow red now as when Henry led his worn followers to hard-won victory in 1415. It is as it should be. For in Henry's words the same inspiration stirs the blood of the men of England.

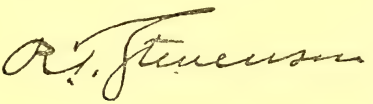
> Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
> Or close the wall up with our English dead.

While I would not be guilty of the folly charged in beginning this paper I cannot let slip the chance to say one final word. As then, so now, there has come a new unity to England. Walter Besant was right; it is not the King, nor the House of Lords, nor the Commons, nor the Cabinet, but the people who rule England. What Shakespeare did not foresee, could not foresee, has come to pass. Yet he caught a glimpse of the great day. With Henry V there went down to the shore and across the Channel men of all classes, and they returned having fought their enemy to a standstill. Fluellen of Wales, Macmorris of Ireland, and Jamy of Scotland were truly significant of a United English Empire, though they did not talk like the Englishmen of the Court. Each had his peculiar brogue, yet they were one in their devotion to their frank and manly king. How is it now? To-day one note fills the bugle, and one breeze blows through the feather, the shamrock, and the thistle.

Not to let slip the opportunity for another suggestion: Whether the bard knew it or not, the common man was coming up. A hint of it is found in the conclusion of the long cycle of the history plays. Henry VII came to the throne with a backing of the Commons by the vote of their choice. Before that time

kings were such by right of blood of inheritance, not by any free choice of the Commons. Though succeeding days witnessed the Commons beaten down and even temporarily silenced during the Tudor despotism, the free power was not allowed to suffer extinction. It reasserted itself, after the brief tyranny of Henry VIII, with daring and true dignity, and under the leadership of a unified Parliament Englishmen breathed more freely.

The great national epic of Shakespeare began with the prophecy of John of Gaunt. It closes with that of Cranmer at the font where the babe of Anne Boleyn is presented for baptism. So the long struggle ends and Shakespeare closes his life work and the mighty story which he began with the tyranny of John bending before the Pope and concluded with the entering in of a free Protestantism.



PHILOSOPHY AND THE WAR

In order to discuss the connection of philosophy and the European war it is necessary to make distinctions. The relation of philosophy to the war is not identical with the attitude of philosophers. And philosophy may be studied either as one of the alleged causes of the conflict or as influenced in its own development by the progress and the outcome of the struggle.

In the first place, philosophy and philosophers are not to be identified in speaking of the war, or at least a distinction must be drawn between philosophy and the position of those contemporary thinkers whose views have appeared in print. The attitude of these has made a sorry spectacle. In many instances their arguments have lacked the detachment and the poise, not to speak of nobler qualities, which are counted peculiarly the philosopher's own. It is true, of course, that philosophical scholars have not been alone in this position. It is possible for the student of philosophy to discover imperfect and ignoble comfort in the example of learned colleagues in other fields. There are the professors of international law with their thesis that no principle is sacred which limits the destructive enterprises of their nations. There are the professors of theology marshaled to support the military propaganda. There are the classical historians who have shown how history may be misinterpreted and misapplied. But, if the philosophers have not been the sole offenders, none have done worse than they. It is a relief to turn to the broader implications of speculative thought. These we consider, however, as asserted causes of the war, not in relation to the results which may be expected to follow from it. That the course of philosophy may be substantially influenced by the struggle is, indeed, beyond all question. The probability even of such an outcome may be argued both from the nature of philosophy and from the history of the present crisis. And already indications are manifest of changes wrought in those spiritual conditions by which, in large measure, the trend of philosophical speculation is determined.

In several of the warring nations observers have noted a revival of religious feeling comparable to the results produced in earlier centuries by other wars. Men writing from the trenches speak of their altered appraisal of the realities of life as day by day they stand face to face with death. Not only Rupert Brooke, but poets unknown before find deeper inspiration for their verse:

> Cast aside regret and rue,
> Think what you are marching to;
> Little live, great pass.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Wherefore, men marching
> On the road to death, sing!
> Pour your gladness on earth's head,
> So be merry, so be dead.

Thus sang an English lad, son of one of our choicest professors of moral philosophy, ere his voice was forever stilled in battle. And let us not forget the report of those two socialists who more than a year ago recorded the effects of six months spent by them in France. A young New Yorker and his wife, they had enlisted in the ambulance service. Returning a half year later they thus described the alteration in their point of view: Before the war they had believed in internationalism, at the front they had learned to appreciate the significance of patriotism and national feeling; previously they had subscribed to the doctrine of human goodness and perfectibility, their experience near the firing line had convinced them of the reality of sin, for sin they had seen in actual operation.

Evidently such experiences repeated in multitudes of minds may profoundly influence the spirit of the age, and the spirit of the age expresses itself, among other ways, in the philosophy which seeks its reflective interpretation. The central issues of the war, again—the state, neutrality, law, international obligation—include elements of a directly philosophical kind. Nevertheless the time has not yet come to consider the changes produced by the struggle. These are by no means yet complete. The facts themselves are accomplished only in a partial measure, and after they have been achieved years must pass before it will be possible

to estimate them in terms of ultimate values. All, for some time yet, nations at war and peaceful peoples, must bend to the task of battling through the dreary situation. This will imply thought as well as action, but thought on the issues immediately before the world. Ulterior results cannot reasonably be considered until a later time. With philosophy as one of the causes of the war the case is different. Already scholars of reputation—German, French, English, and American—have taken up the subject. And, although concerning this point also final judgment may better be reserved, it is possible at least to begin the examination of the questions which are involved. At the outbreak of the war much was said of the influence of Nietzsche; and in a book which must shortly be considered Wundt has praised Nietzsche as the latest exponent of the German idealistic tradition. There are, however, few philosophers by profession who find it possible to join in the view that Nietzscheanism precipitated the war. Nietzsche was a strange, erratic genius. Like his life, his philosophy passed through several phases. In the final stage it culminated in intense opposition to the established ethical and social order, in particular to the ethics of Christianity. Of Christian doctrine Nietzsche had less to say, for he held it outlawed by the progress of modern knowledge. But Christian ethics, the morality of humility, of sympathy, of helpful service—on this European civilization continues to be based, and this too he considered detrimental to the progress of the world. Not humility, but resolute self-esteem, not altruism, but the assertion of individual strength, not the will to serve, but the will to power, not the greatest good of the greatest number, but the development of the superman—such is to be the ideal of the future. The traditional morality was wrought out in the decline of Israel by a subject people with the mind of slaves; let it be abandoned for an ideal of vigor and self-assertion. Not indeed for a principle of license or of self-indulgence. The superman is to discipline himself as well as to neglect the advantage of the herd. He must himself renounce in order to further the coming of the superior stock. But indulgence, even, or license is better than the cult of weakness, the coddling of the unfit, the protection and the increase of the men

of lower rank. What is needed is a transformation of moral values. The ideal of pity and benevolence must be replaced by a new gospel, by the gospel of the will to power. These principles of Nietzsche sound suspiciously familiar. They betray a remarkable resemblance to watchwords which since August, 1914, have echoed round the world. So that it is tempting to conclude that the will to power has for two long years been exhibiting its depravity throughout embattled Europe. And the case involves more than kinship in elements of doctrine: the rejection of moral restraints which Nietzsche favored finds its counterpart in the contempt for obligation which has characterized the military spirit and the calculated brutalities to which this has too often led. Nevertheless, there are elements of difference here as well as points of contact. The Nietzschean conception was individual rather than social, its author favored an aristocracy of culture and condemned nationalism; his ideal was the superman, not the superstate. Questions suggest themselves, once more, concerning the extent and the continuance of Nietzsche's influence. He found admirers, no doubt, and made disciples. The audacity of his teachings, their connection with other doctrines accepted by our age, the brilliant literary style in which he expressed his paradoxes, attracted followers without as well as within the Fatherland. But his views encountered opposition even at home, so that he never attained a place among the intellectual and moral leaders of the German people. And although his influence persists the first flush of his renown had passed before the conflict of the nations loomed upon the European horizon. Finally, it must be doubted whether the substantive causes of the war are to be found in any abstract system; whether they should not rather be analyzed in terms of concrete conditions, explained by factors of national development, of economic tendency, and other non-speculative facts. For such reasons most students of philosophy decline to hold Nietzsche responsible for the great war. It would be rash indeed to deny his influence. To rate it substantial and decisive, on the other hand, would amount to an exaggeration of the case.

A second discussion differs in several respects from the arguments which have so far been considered. It is entitled, if we

translate the German, The Nations and their Philosophy, and it comes from the pen of Wundt, the noted psychologist and philosopher of Leipsic. Wundt is a veteran scholar. Behind him stretches a long career of learned achievement. By his work in psychology, in logic, in ethics, he has made himself one of the influential thinkers of the age. Now he comes forward with a little book of counsel to his countrymen concerning the gravest issues of our time. The work was completed in March, 1915. Thus it is of later date than many other books upon the war, and presumably more free than these from the passion of the opening conflict. Indeed, the author tells us in his preface that his conclusions had been maturing in his mind for some years before the war broke out; further, that they have been drawn, without prejudice or anger, for purposes of general information, although recent events have given them added emphasis. One is tempted to wish, however, that Wundt might prove mistaken in this statement of his own position. It would be happier to believe him misled by the illusions which have obsessed the nation as a whole than to find in this brochure a misuse of scholarship to confirm the writer's countrymen in their effort to dominate the world. The thesis of Wundt's argument is German superiority as this is shown by the development of modern philosophy. Germany, he tells us, began the modern age, for he counts as German every thinker who by any stretch can be classed as such. In the seventeenth century France continued the movement, contributing to the progress of European thought. Britain did something in the eighteenth century, although its influence was mostly unimportant and of a baneful sort. Germany has been the home of lofty idealistic thinking, to her has passed the leadership of the nineteenth century, in her guidance and her supremacy rests the hope for the future of the world. The defense of this remarkable thesis includes specimens of historical imagination equally surprising, as the writer takes his data now from the practical, now from the speculative field. A nation's spirit is shown by its songs. So in the strophes of the "Marseillaise" the Frenchman raves of glory since in his wars he seeks personal or national prestige. To the Teuton, urges our philosopher, fighting for prestige is

incomprehensible; it lies outside the circle of his mind. The English—and for the English Wundt reserves his venom—sing "Rule Britannia, rule the waves" in the true spirit of their insatiable lust for the fleshpots of the world. For England always seeks material domination, pursues it though it call for the sacrifice of her own sons or drench the world in blood. The German, on the other hand, fights always for ideal ends. "The Watch on the Rhine" illustrates his spirit of loyalty and devotion. Written a generation before the war of 1870-71, and in that crisis caught up from the neglect into which it had fallen, this hymn is instinct with the idea of duty—the idea which inspires the German alike in warfare and in the affairs of peace. He sheds his blood not for glory or for gain, but out of patriotic fervor, from devotion to the welfare of the Fatherland.

Now, how has it been possible for a scholar of the first rank to argue in this way? His argument, indeed, represents traditional judgments and deeply rooted prejudices of the Teutonic mind, but here these are urged as seriously reasoned conclusions. Is Wundt, then, self-deceived?—or is he misleading his countrymen?—or, under the influence of emotional stress, is he doing something of both, misled himself the while by the reliance on abstractions which is so characteristic of the national habit? Whatever be the explanation, his work is equally at fault when he passes to more definite questions of philosophical interpretation. The English thinkers, he contends, move constantly on a low plane. From Bacon and Locke to Herbert Spencer they have kept close to surface fact, not soaring, like the German, into the region of the absolute and the ideal. As in world-affairs the English seek material gain, so their philosophy favors utilitarian views. In ethics their doctrine is not only utilitarian but selfish; in contrast to the principle of duty and the categorical imperative which Kant burned into the consciousness of the German people. To the British political philosopher the state is simply a contingent beneficial arrangement, for he never considers it in the light of political principles of a substantive kind. In the philosophy of religion—shades of Locke and Berkeley, of Hume and Spencer, even, and other thinkers of the negative school!—the

Briton is conspicuously missing; when he does discuss religion he approaches the subject from the lower, empirical side and his interest is determined by the profit to be derived from faith. Here once more we have an extraordinary combination of truth and buncombe. And even if it continues a mistaken tradition of German scholarship, dating more than a century back, the question again presses, How is it to be explained? And what may be expected from the uneducated German when he is instructed in this fashion by the leaders in his, nay, in Europe's intellectual world? For example, consider one of Wundt's most emphatic arguments: The Englishman is moved always by advantage, the German by the idea of duty, and by this alone; and the fact is shown—or it has been brought about—by the steady preference of the English for the utilitarian analysis of morals. Is there no distinction, then, between the metaphysics of ethical theory and the content of practical morality? Are we to overlook the evident truth that practice varies far less than the philosophical systems which are constructed to account for it? Further, and more concretely, can it be that Wundt fails to recognize the emphasis which has been placed on duty—duty ideal and complete—by English utilitarians throughout the modern age? Let us recall Locke's services to liberty in the long struggle between the Stuarts and the people. Let us remember the efforts of Bentham and the Mills in behalf of measures of reform. Contrast Spencer's fervent advocacy of peace with the insistence of Wundt's compatriots on the ideals of battle. To doubt the ethical temper of such thinkers would be little less absurd than to question that of Kant himself. One might as well rate the loyalty of German soldiers, splendid though it be, superior to the spirit of the men of English blood, streaming forth from shop and market, from factory and from mine, from castles also and from college halls, who have given their lives for country and for civilization from Flanders to the narrows of the Dardanelles.

In spite of these defects, Wundt's argument suggests a conclusion which has been reached by scholars in many different lands, that the philosophical antecedents of the war may be found in the work of the German idealistic school. This conclusion has

been most ably defended by an American writer, Professor Dewey, in his German Philosophy and Politics. Dewey, however, obscures the issue by his insistence on his own pragmatic point of view. Not only has German idealism led toward the war, but, as he contends, the conception of the state on which the war is based logically follows from this type of philosophical doctrine. And he closes with an admonition to Americans in view of the political thinking of the future: If we wish to escape absolutism and militarism let us avoid the metaphysics from which these proceed, let us in our political and social thinking adhere to the concrete, the experimental, the practical point of view.

Professor Dewey's interpretation has gained greater favor outside philosophical circles than among philosophers by profession. The facts on which it is based have been noted by scholars of different nationalities and varying schools of thought. From this statement, however, his criticism of Kant should be excluded, for in regard to Kant his work is historically vulnerable. It is true that the later idealism developed from Kant's theoretical philosophy; but this development Kant himself vehemently repudiated. It is also true that the Kantian doctrine of ethics was formal almost to the point of emptiness; but its insistence on the spirit of morality has rung like a watchword through the nineteenth century as a whole. And the teachings of Kant on political questions run counter to absolutism and militarism of every kind. His essay "On Perpetual Peace," published in 1795, anticipates not a few of the positions which have been commended since August two years ago. Peace is the ideal of national life. Peace can be secured only through the establishment of republican, that is, representative government. Professional standing armies should gradually be abolished. Instead of a congeries of hostile nations Europe must be transformed into a federation of peaceful states. Such were some of Kant's principal conclusions, and they should not be overlooked in the endeavor to determine the responsibility for the later German doctrine. For here Wundt, despite his fallacies, is nearer to the truth. The author of the Critique of Practical Reason and the Metaphysics of Ethics

blessed the later modern world. If his views on peace and war had gained equal currency Europe by now might be a league of peace, not a shambles and a byword to the world.

It is thus to the successors of Kant that the philosophical tradition traces back. Hegel, the greatest of them all, exalted the Germans as the leaders in the Reformation and post-Reformation history. Hegel also consummated the doctrine of the absolute state. And in the third decade of the last century, in the period of slackness after the Napoleonic wars, this doctrine was welcomed by the reactionary government of Prussia. Hegel's pupils, once more, and his disciples worked actively in historical and political philosophy, handing down the theory of the master to the new generation of their countrymen. Between Kant and Hegel, however, came Fichte. And Fichte, as Germans assert and foreign scholars agree, was the philosophical author of the spirit of the war. The first stages of Fichte's influence make a splendid story. In his earlier career the philosopher had been an internationalist, though he always believed in the supremacy of the state. Then followed the French invasion and the subjugation of the Fatherland. Unlike Hegel, unlike some other cosmopolitans, Fichte felt the pressure of the national disaster. In theory and practically he now became an ardent patriot. With voice and pen he joined in the revival of the spirit of the nation. Nay, he endeavored to take his part in active service, as a chaplain out of orders, and, indirectly, he lost his life through the devotion of his household to war relief.

Fichte's most important work was undertaken in 1807-08. In the winter of that year he delivered in Berlin his celebrated Addresses to the German Nation. Prussia lay prostrate under Napoleon's hand. To act, even to speak, as a patriotic Prussian was to risk imprisonment or to imperil life itself. From Fichte's lecture room the patrols of the French hussars might be heard without as, to crowding audiences, he explained his hopes for the resurrection of the nation. The age is degenerate, he cried. European civilization has run out. Force and contrasted weakness, the brutal invasion of human rights, on the one hand, the loss of self-respect and manhood on the other, ignorance, baseness, and, back of all, self-seeking—such is the end to which the age of the en-

lightenment has come. There remains but one way of restoration: a new generation must be reared by education. The people must be trained to put forth its latent moral power; from ignorance it must be led on to knowledge, for selfishness and baseness it must substitute devotion to common ends, patriotism will culminate in religion as both are interpreted in terms of idealistic truth. And now in what land is there hope for such renewal? Which of the European peoples is fitted to become the savior of the coming age? Unquestionably, Fichte argues, salvation depends upon the German nation, and on this alone. The Germans only have preserved the conditions of recovery from the general decadence. For, in measure, they retain the virtues of the primitive stock. Their language is purer and more virile than the Latin tongues; in spite of its shortcomings, their civilization stands intrinsically above all foreign culture. They represent an *Urvolk*, an original and model stem, and on such alone the needed education can be grafted with promise of success. This is the prophet's message to his people in the time of their calamity. Rise and redeem yourselves, he proclaims; prepare the way for a new and better age. And why? Because ye are the elect nation. No other possesses the power of recovery. You must save yourselves—but not for yourselves alone. For if ye fail humanity will perish with you! Is it any wonder that Germany cherishes the name of Fichte on the roll of her national heroes? And when, in 1913, the centenary of the war of liberation was celebrated—in direct anticipation, it may be added, of the present conflict—it was just as well as natural that his work should be honored among the forces which had saved the nation at the crisis of its later history. But here once more, and finally, it is necessary to guard against exaggeration. So far as philosophy goes, Fichte originated much that of late has grown unhappily familiar. That which was splendid doctrine in Napoleon's time, preached to conquered Prussia, became poison to Imperial Germany, rich, prosperous, and dominant. For a weak, subject people to believe itself elect may favor human progress. When divine preference is boasted by an empire increasing in wealth, foremost in science, intoxicated with military power, and organized on the basis of eighteenth-century statecraft, the conclusion needs no

longer to be drawn in words; the facts now haunt the minds of men by day, at times they disturb even our dreams.

But has this result been due to philosophy alone? And must idealism accept responsibility for whatever share is chargeable to abstract thought? At this point contemporary idealists demur to the conclusions which have just been set forth. It was not the doctrine itself, they argue, that has brought about the present crisis, but precisely the abandonment of the doctrine. The philosophy of Kant and Fichte had inspired the Germans for the uprising against Napoleon. Idealism gave to Germany, in advance of other nations, the educational system which has made her great. Hegel's absolute doctrine of the state was a benefit, not a hindrance to the national progress. In itself it recognized the interests of the spirit and refused to base politics on naked force; under its guidance the Germans learned that true freedom can be found only in submission to the order established by the will of all. From the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the situation changed. The influence of the idealistic school had waned. Physical science was in the ascendant and speculation at its lowest ebb. Issuing from science, and fostered by the industrial expansion of the age, materialism flourished, sometimes in its crudest forms. Men philosophized now in terms of Darwinism, or, if they had recourse to metaphysics at all, they favored the doctrine of blind will first taught by Schopenhauer and revived in recent times by the madman, Nietzsche. Thus the later thinking met halfway the militarism of the new empire. Materialism, not idealism, joined with the military spirit, and it was from this unhallowed union that the present calamity was born. A full appraisal of these arguments would require prolonged discussion. Briefly stated, the truth appears to be that, while the idealists plead ably in mitigation of the verdict passed upon their doctrines, they cannot altogether break it down. Fichte was the philosophical author of the dogma that Germanism rules supreme. Hegel developed and enforced the doctrine of the absolute state. The contention, on the other hand, that the element of force came from other than idealistic sources has greater cogency, especially if the balance is struck between the influence of philosophy and of the non-philosophical factors.

For in the end it may well be questioned whether the war has in any large sense been directly due to abstract thought. Consider for a moment the political development of later Germany. In the eighteenth century Frederick the Great had affected philosophy, in the earlier nineteenth Frederick William IV would neglect affairs of state to study doctrinal theology. But Bismarck, at least after his university days, and Moltke, and the old Kaiser—was there ever a triumvirate of leaders less marked by predilection for speculative concerns? And if any one man can be counted responsible—posthumously responsible—for the present war, the question may be suggested whether that man was not Otto, Prinz von Bismarck. He disapproved, no doubt, of policies from which the war has sprung: colonial development, naval expansion, hostility to Russia, and the like. But as men study the matter with growing comprehension it becomes increasingly clear that the conflict was brought about by erroneous political and military conceptions developing under the desire for economic gain. And in later Germany this political organization was, for the most part, the work of Bismarck's genius. The system had a wider rootage, reaching down into the German character and back into Prussia's historic past. These tendencies, however, were summed up, they were incarnated, in Bismarck. He was the founder of the German Empire. And he reared it on the basis of force. The result our time has seen. For not on the German nation, for all its gifts and powers, depends the future of humanity, but on the overthrow of this principle which it has adopted as its own.

A. C. Armstrong

A PURITAN COMMENTATOR

I THINK I may venture a few words, by way of introduction, on the trials and burdens of a bibliophile. Eugene Field begins his delightful little poem, "Dear Old London," in this breezy fashion:

> When I was broke in London in the fall of '89
> I chanced to spy in Oxford Street this tantalizing sign:
> "A Splendid Horace cheap for Cash!" Of course I had to look
> Upon the vaunted bargain, and it was a noble book!
> A finer one I've never seen, nor can I hope to see—
> The first edition, richly bound, and clean as clean can be;
> And just to think, for three-pounds-ten I might have had that Pine,
> When I was broke in London in the fall of '89!

I have often passed through the same experience and it has become a chronic condition to find myself "broke" when I have seen some special bargain at Scribner's, Dodd & Mead's or Brentano's.

For a generation I had been enamored of a certain commentator. I cannot tell where I first met him, but I recall that I found great delight in reading excerpts from him in Spurgeon's Treasury of David. I then registered a vow that if I could run across him anywhere, in any old bookstore, he should be mine. So I used to rummage Bartlett's, and Colesworthy's, and the rest of the Cornhill and Tremont Street bookstores in Boston, and whenever I got a chance in New York or Philadelphia or Baltimore I pressed my inquiries for my commentator. But most men had never heard of him, and few had ever seen him, and none possessed him. Once I found a man who had heard of a man who knew where my commentator could be found, but in the end I was disappointed. I was like the grand vizier in Markham's Shoes of Happiness. He found no possessor of happiness, but was

> Told of a rumor, from far Algiers,
> Of a man who had never tasted tears.
> So off they went rocking by desert wells,
> Cheered on by the sound of the camel bells,

> Till out on the road where the hot hours ran
> They were told by the chief of a caravan
> That the man was dead—the one glad man!

So all my broad avenues ended in footpaths that passed into a squirrel's track and ran up a tree. And all the while it was getting into the warp and woof of my soul that I must have my commentator before I died. At last I went to a famous bookseller and mortgaged my library and put my sermons into pawn, so to say, and said, "Now find for me in Paternoster Row, or Fleet Street, or Piccadilly, or Quaritch's, the one dusty set that hides the gems from the Puritan mine that I must have in my hand before I can die happy." The war was on. Nobody was interested to look for commentators. Everybody in England was forced to look for Zeppelins and U-boats. But, to whatever sovereign men give allegiance, the *golden* sovereign is coin in any realm. At last, after a year of search, I got word from London that my commentator had been found and that he would be shipped. How my heart pulsated for that old commentator! If he had been in the flesh I could hardly have been more anxious lest U-boat 53 or some other monster of the deep would shoot him through at the midnight hour without warning, and send him to keep company with the wicked admirals of the Spanish Armada whom he so feared in his lifetime and over whose destruction he sang a hymn of praise.

My adventurous commentator escaped all dangers of the deep, of storm and battle, and one bright day I got word—and the bill—from my bookseller telling me that the desire of my life was about to be realized. From his hand I took the five stout volumes. As I looked at them with reverence I had no difficulty in believing that they were contemporary with Shakespeare and Milton. They even looked as if they might go back to the time of which Knowles sings.

> Helen's lips are sifted dust,
> Ilion is consumed with rust,
> All the galleons of Greece
> Drink the ocean's dreamless peace.

I do not know where the volumes had been kept—perhaps in

the library of some castle or in some antiquarian's treasured store. As I opened them I found the pages were uncut. No unfriendly critic had ever thumbed them nor had lover caressed their pages; it was virgin soil to me. How my heart trembled as I cut the pages! Thus it happened that, after voyagings as eventful and more extended than those of Vergil's hero, I came to put by the side of Henry and Lange and Westcott and MacLaren and Weiss and George Adam Smith, and others too numerous to name, my Puritan commentator, John Trapp.

John Trapp was born in a little village not far from Stratford-on-Avon, June 5, 1601. A little way off, on the 8th of September the same year, Mary Shakespeare, mother of William, was left a widow. Trapp was Oxford bred, and with the self-respect of a cultured intellect he failed not to announce on his "commentaries" that he was "sometime of Christ Church in Oxford." He left the University with an A.M. in 1624. The head master of the free school in Stratford-on-Avon was old, and desired an associate to take the superintendency of the establishment, and young Trapp was accepted for the position. It was in the year 1624 that he married Anne Gibbard, a Christian name that reminds us of another Anne who only a few months before, in 1623, had been laid beside her immortal husband in that world's pilgrim-shrine, the north side of the chancel in Christ Church, Stratford-on-Avon. The grandchildren of Shakespeare were doubtless among the pupils of Trapp, and Mistress Suzanne Hall, "witty above her sex," daughter of Shakespeare, was, with her husband, among his personal friends. For sixteen years Trapp was occupied with his school duties and occasional service at the Chapel of Luddington, near Stratford. His first book was published in 1638 and called "God's Love Tokens." In 1639 to 1662 Trapp designates himself in all his title pages as "pastor and preacher of the word of God in Weston-on-Avon in Gloucestershire." It will be recalled that contemporaneous with Trapp were Shakespeare, Francis Bacon, Milton, George, Duke of Buckingham; Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir William Temple, John Locke, John Bunyan, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Edward Coke, Ben Jonson, Thomas Kent, Bishop of Bath; Sir Isaac Newton, John Hampden, William Penn, Oliver

Cromwell, and scores of others whose influence was mighty to make or to mar the character and virtue of men. Those who are familiar with the story of the Civil War in England will know that in Trapp's time Church and State alike were in confusion. It was a crisis-time, during which all Englishmen were choosing their parties and preparing for civil war. "The old corselet and steel cap, the old pike and sword and carbine, were being taken down from the wall where they had hung since the Armada; the hunter and the farm-horse were being trained to stand fire; squadrons of yeomen, battalions of burghers, were being drilled by officers who had served under Gustavus; French and German engineers were organizing the artillery; uniforms were being made for Newcastle's white coats, Hampden's green coats, Lord Saye's blue coats, the City of London's red coats." So writes Goldwin Smith. He says "friends who had taken opposite sides with sad hearts were waving a last farewell to one another across the widening gulf." Trapp chose the side of the nation sorrowfully and reluctantly, but decisively, and aided the marshaling of Roundhead against Cavalier for the right. When Trapp dedicates his Commentary on the New Testament to Colonel Bridges, governor of Warwick Castle, he says, "This book of mine doth at once both crave and claim your patronage; for I cannot bethink me of anyone that—all things considered—hath better right to it and me than yourself. I must never forget how that, being carried prisoner by the enemy, you soon let me off by exchange; and after that, being by them driven from house and home, you received me to harbor; yea, being driven out of one pulpit—where they thought to have surprised me—you presently put me into another, where I had a comfortable employment and a competent encouragement." Then follows as extraordinary a revelation as ever has been made concerning the circumstances under which a book was produced: "What hours I could THEN well spare," he continues, "from the *pensum diurnum* of praying and preaching I gladly spent on these Notes upon the New Testament; as hating with the Athenians *ἡσυχίαν ἀπράγμονα*, a fruitless feriation, and holding with Cato that account must be given, not of our labour only, but of our leisure also." Then very pathetically, "for that two years' space, well nigh, that I lived in

your garrison I think I may truly say with Seneca, 'I laboured night and day (amidst many fears and tears for the labouring Church and bleeding State) that I might be some way serviceable to the public and to you. And albeit I was even sick at heart sometimes of the affliction of Joseph, and even ready through faintness to let fall my pen, as it befell Jerome, when, writing upon Ezekiel, he heard of the sacking of the city of Rome by the Goths; yet as God, who comforteth those that are cast down gave us any *lusida intervalla* (this last triumphant year especially) I took heart afresh to set closer to the work which now, by God's grace, is brought to some period." In "this last triumphant year" he refers to Cromwell's glorious victory.

Samuel Clarke wrote of Trapp: "He is a man . . . who hath wholly devoted and given up himself to the service of God's Church, and doth naturally care for the good thereof; witness his constant preaching, even whilst the burthen and care of a public school lay upon him; and now in these calamitous and bloody times, wherein he hath suffered deeply, being driven from his charge, and forced to shroud himself in a garrison of the Parliament's; yet, notwithstanding his daily labours amongst the soldiers, and in the midst of the noises of guns and drums, he hath betaken himself to writing of Commentaries upon the sacred Scriptures." These "noises of guns and drums" under whose din our calm Puritan wrote his Notes remind us of Richard Baxter's sermon in the village church of Alcester while the roaring of the cannon announced the battle of Edgehill.

Besides his service in the garrison, and taking of the Covenant, and sharing in the Parliament's ecclesiastical commission, Trapp scatters up and down his "Commentaries" burning words that leave no doubt as to his sentiments. He mourns over the gallant Lord Brook in beautiful contrast with the superstitious twaddle of retribution, by Laud, on the same event; and has articulate and lofty thanks for Edgehill and Naseby. He was out-and-out a Presbyterian, but uncontroversial and clement. After the restoration, in 1660, Trapp was permitted to go back to his school. No more eloquent proof could be adduced to the immovable place he had won in the respect and confidence of the community. It telleth also,

perchance, that he had mellowed as he aged and lived a quiet and peaceable life, being of the type of Melanchthon rather than Luther, or Richard Sibbes rather than John Goodwin. And so he went "out and in" in all simpleness unto the end. He died on the 17th of October, 1669, and was buried in his own church of Weston-upon-Avon, within the communion rail, and "near to the grave of his sometime wife." His son John, then vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, placed a plain stone over his parents. It is now time-worn, and half illegible, but the passer-by will not fail to find it. A Puritan historian says of him: "He never had, or even wished for, any preferment besides his vicarage [of Weston], which lay at the convenient distance of two miles from his school. His character for strictness of life and as a preacher was such that he was, on the foot of his merit, offered very considerable benefices, which he refused to accept, *as his condition was equal to his wishes.*" Even during his life he was held in the profoundest veneration by his contemporaries. In every subsequently published "Exposition" or "Commentary" you find Trapp quoted with better than merely laudatory epithets—his immense hunger for "work" and laboriousness in everything having signal recognition; and the son-in-law of William Shakespeare, in that oldest of books ever ventured to the press, whether read in its quaint Latin or in Cooke's plain-speeched English—Observations on English Bodies—interweaves with his printed Prescription for him—and which is a curiosity in itself, and its homely wording—this great testimony: "Mr. J. Trapp, minister, for his piety and learning, second to none." With similar respect, indeed reverent love does the famous Thomas Hall of King's Norton—ripest and rarest of the later Puritans, and a genuine scholar—dedicate to him his Pulpit Guarded. Two of the great commentators of his time, Drs. John Bryan and Obadiah Grew, say, "We need not commend the author; all his works speak him to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; an interpreter; one among a thousand."

The literary taste of that Puritan time as evidenced by the commendations which appear in these volumes is a most interesting study. For instance, the Christian reader is addressed by Samuel Clarke "from his study in Threadneedle Street, July 27, 1654,"

in this fashion: "Though an attestation from me to this work is but to light a candle to the sun, the author being so well known and approved of in the Church of Christ by his former labours; yet out of my respect to the author and desire of thy profit, I thought fit to tell thee, that besides the golden eloquence, sweet similitudes, and fitly applied histories, which thou shalt find interwoven through all this work, thou shalt meet with more for exposition and opening of the difficult texts in this than in most former commentaries." And to Trapp himself he writes of this last book of the prophets:

> And was I so mistrustful as to fear
> There would no more of Trap in print appear?
> Oh! now I see 'twas but *in part*, in pledge;
> What we received before was but to edge
> Our appetites, so it hath. We like, and wish
> We might feast every day on such a dish.

In the Queen's English of almost 300 years ago Trapp gives us sentences which have whole sermons in them. Not even Matthew Henry is so original and thought-provoking. May I call attention to a few sentences out of his commentary on the Gospels to show you a little of his quality and temper?

Commenting on Jesus being led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, he says: "Luther observed of himself that when God was about to set him upon any special service he either laid some fit of sickness upon him beforehand, or turned Satan loose upon him. So no sooner was Christ out of the water of baptism than in the fire of temptation. ('Into the Wilderness.') Likely the wilderness of Sinai, where Moses and Elias had fasted before. These three great fasters met afterwards in Mount Tabor." "The devil took advantage of the place here to assault our Saviour in the desert, but was beaten on his own dunghill, that we might overcome through him that loved us, the fiend being already foiled by Christ. As Christ was tempted, so David, after his anointment, was hunted as a partridge upon the mountains. Israel is no sooner out of Egypt than Pharaoh pursues them. Hezekiah no sooner had kept that solemn passover than Sennacherib comes up against him. St. Paul is assaulted with vile temptations after the

abundance of his revelation. While Jacob would be Laban's drudge and packhorse all was well; but when once he began to flee, he makes after him with all his might." All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither; but then "there arose no small stir about that way." "All the while our Saviour lay in his father's shop, and meddled only with carpenter's chips, the devil troubled him not. But now that he is to enter more publicly upon his office of mediatorship, the tempter pierceth his tender soul with many sorrows by solicitation to sin." Elsewhere he says "ministers are fishers. A busy profession, a toilsome calling, no idle man's occupation, as the vulgar conceit it, nor needless trade, taken up alate to pick a living out of." Let God's fishermen busy themselves as they must, sometimes in preparing, sometimes in mending, sometimes in casting abroad, sometimes in drawing in the net, "that they may separate the precious from the vile, and no man shall have just cause to twit them with idleness or to say they have an easy life, and that it is neither sin nor pity to defraud them." "There is not a hair on our heads, white or black, but hath God for the maker and God for the master too. Let those that pride themselves in their hair think what a heavy account Absalom made to God for that sin. Long hair in women is a token of modesty. But modesty grows short in men as their hair grows long." "Justin Martyr, an ancient writer, testifieth that our Saviour, ere he entered upon the ministry, made ploughs, yokes, etc. But was that not an honest occupation? And did not this Carpenter make a coffin for Julian, that persecuting apostate?—as a Christian schoolmaster fitly answered Libanius sarcastically demanding what the carpenter's son was a-doing now." Of the woman who said, "Yea, the dogs eat of the crumbs," he says, "Lo, she locks herself within Christ's denial and picks an argument of speeding out of a repulse. 'Be it that I am a dog,' saith this brave woman, 'yet some crumbs of comfort, Lord! Dogs, though they may not eat the children's meat (if they offer to do so they are shut out of doors), yet if children full fed crumble their meat and make waste of it, as they will, and as the Jews now do, may not the Gentile dogs lick up those leavings?' Thus she reasons it, and thus she makes use of anything she can lay hold of whereby she may hope the better to

prevail. Those who are hunger-starved are glad to feed upon hedge-fruit, and will make hard shift rather than perish. All the fee Christ required for his cures was 'Go and tell what God hath done for thee.' But we, instead of being temples of God's praise become, many times, graves of his benefits." "What a life Christ hath with the best of us ere he can bring us to anything! Corruption will have some flurts, some outbursts. Nothing cleaves to us more pertinaciously than this evil heart of unbelief; like a fretting leprosy in our cottages of clay, though the walls be well scraped, yet it will never utter out till the house be demolished." Of Judas's Kiss he says, "Ah, lewd losel! betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss? Givest thou thy Lord such rank poison in such a golden cup? Consignest thou thy treachery with so sweet a symbol of peace? Jesuits at this day kiss and kill familiarly. Gifford, Hodgson and others had set Savage a-work to kill Queen Elizabeth; they first set forth a book to persuade the English Catholics to attempt nothing against her. So they sent the Squire out of Spain to poison the Queen, they taught him to anoint the pummel of her saddle with poison covertly and then to pray with a loud voice, God save the Queen. Lopez, another of their agents, affirmed at Tyburn that he had loved the Queen as he had loved Jesus Christ, which from a Jew was heard not without laughter." "God dwells in the assembly of saints. Shall we like stoics sty up ourselves?" Of the Judgment of Ananias and Sapphira he says, "Hypocrites shall be uncased; no goat in a sheepskin shall steal on Christ's right hand at the last day. The first motion of selling his possession was of the Holy Ghost; but Beelzebub had soon fly-blown and corrupted it." "Patrick Hamilton, a Scotch martyr, being in the fire, cited and appealed the black-friar called Campbell, that accused him, to appear before the High God, as general Judge of all men, to answer to the innocency of his death betwixt that and a certain day of the next month, which he there named. The friar died immediately before the day came without remorse of conscience. The Judge of the earth keepeth his petty Sessions now, letting the law pass upon some, reserving the rest till the great assize. Superiors may not slight their inferiors, sith they cannot be without them, as one time or other they will be forced to acknowledge. It

was a saying of General Vere to the King of Denmark, that kings cared not for soldiers until such time as their crowns hung on the one side of their heads." He comments in the 13th chapter of Corinthians that if we were as constant frequentors of the Church as Anna the prophetess was of the temple, if our ears were nailed to the Church doors, if our knees were grown as hard as camel's knees with much kneeling before the Lord, if our faces were furrowed with continued weeping, as Peter's is said to have been, yet if we wanted charity all were nothing. "Unless I draw out my soul as well as my sheaf to the hungry," is his comment on "though I bestow all my goods." "Many shrink up charity to an handbreadth, to giving of alms. 'Though I give myself to be burned,' as Servetus the heretic did at Geneva A.D., 1555; so Mauzius the Anabaptist gave his body to be drowned at Tigure, A.D., 1527; Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, to be beheaded for holding the Pope's supremacy; Friar Forest to be hanged for the same reason. And how many of our popish martyrs have worn the 'Tyburn tippet,' as Father Latimer phrased it. Like bells, they will never be well tuned until well hanged." "Charity *beareth* all things as the cross main beam in a house supporteth the whole building." "It is the saying of Hugo Cardinalis that the devil hath two daughters, Covetousness and Luxury, or riotousness; the former he married of old to the Jews, the latter to the Gentiles. But now the Popish priests and Romish clergy have taken them both from their husbands and use them as their own." Concerning abstinence he says: "Luther was a small meat man and a great faster, 'So for many days together,' saith Melancthon, 'I have observed him to content himself with a little piece of bread and a herring.' Being often invited to feasts, he came not, lest he should lose so much time through invitations; and I know not what Satan procures it that I cannot say nay, and yet it repents me to have done it. The belly is a troublesome client, saith one; an evil beast saith another; an ingenious artist saith a third. What bird soever fly, what fish soever swim, what beast soever run about, are buried in our bellies, saith Seneca; what marvel, then, though we ourselves are soon brought to burial? And let that be a second motive to moderate feeding." Just what that word might indicate is not quite plain,

but concerning giving he says: "Also that late painful and powerful preacher of God's word at Banbury, as he was much in pressing this duty of liberality, so himself abounded in works of mercy. He set apart and expended, for the space of many years for good uses, the tenth part of his yearly comings in, both out of his temporal and ecclesiastical means of maintenance. Neither may I here forget that late reverend man of God, Mr. John Ballam, pastor of the church at Evesham (my spiritual father and bountiful benefactor), nor Mr. Simon Trapp, late minister of God's word at Stratford upon Avon, my dear and near kinsman, both in the flesh and in the faith. Both of which, out of that little they had, for God saw fit to hold them here to strait allowance who deserved a larger proportion; but a rich stone is of no less worth when locked up in a wicker casket than when set in a bishop's mitre. He laid up by them weekly in store somewhat for the poor, of that their little. They were no losers by it. The poor man's box is Christ's treasury, and with what affection." "The modest beginnings of sin will make way for immodest proceedings." "It is a hard thing to have a brazen face and a broken heart." "Free me from the damning and the dominating power of sin, both from the sting and the stain of it, from the guilt and the shame, from the crime and curse, from the power and punishment. Let any person be justified and my lusts mortified."

Addressing the market men of Boston, standing with their white frocks on and filling Faneuil Hall, I heard Sam Jones begin his address on the 23d Psalm, "A sheep will get lost nearer home than any other animal." Trapp says, "Swine in a storm run home and at night will make to the trough, but a sheep can make no shift to save itself from tempest. There it stands, and will perish if not driven away by the Shepherd. Lo! such a silly, shiftless thing is man left to himself." Of David's desire to be a doorkeeper in God's house he says: "A doorkeeper is first in, last out; so would David be in holy assemblies. Tardy hearers would be loth to beg this office out of his hand." Of prayer he says: "While prayer standeth still the whole trade of Godliness standeth still likewise, and to cast off prayer is to cast off God. We must take heed of falling from the affections of prayer though we continue

doing the duty. Prayer doth sweetly settle the soul and lodge a blessed serenity in it."

It seems a far cry from the days of the King James Version, the organization of the Independent Church at Scrooby, the landing of the Pilgrims, the Westminster Assembly, the Scotch Covenant, the establishment of Presbyterianism; when Cromwell was Lord Protector, when Paradise Lost was written, and when John Bunyan began to preach, but all of this John Trapp saw and in much of it he had a share. Those were hard and stormy times, but great men lived and wrought in them and we are entered into their labors. With reverence I turn the pages of my old Commentator. His was a militant religion, and some of his words seem harsh to our quiescent age, but he and his at least *had* a religion for which they were willing to live or die. They fought the good fight and they kept the faith.

Their bones are dust;
Their good swords rust;
Their souls are with the Saints, we trust.

C. L. Goodell.

W. N. CLARKE IN A NEW ROLE

It is neither possible nor desirable that the brethren who furnish the list of books in our Course of Study for Preachers should be burdened with responsibility for the views of those whom they select. The question is not, Do I as a member of that committee indorse all the views of this book? but, Is the book one of the best of its kind, and one with which all our young clergy might well be acquainted, perhaps ought to be acquainted? It was this point of view which placed on the Course the revolutionary book of my friend, Professor of Church History Rauschenbusch, Christianity and the Social Crisis, which would have dumfounded our fathers, and it is this which has put in one of the most engaging books in systematic theology ever written, the late Professor Clarke's Outlines of Christian Theology; of which the Rev. Charles B. Dalton, B.D., a very able son of Drew, published a thoughtful and restrained criticism in this Review, 1903, and which takes the place of Professor Curtis's System of Christian Doctrine in the Course.

After twenty years in the Baptist pastorate and four years as teacher in McMaster University, Toronto, Dr. William N. Clarke (born in Cazenovia) became professor of theology in his Alma Mater, Colgate University (Hamilton Theological Seminary), Hamilton, N. Y., in 1890, which position he held till his death, in 1915, aged seventy-four. In 1894 he came out with a private or tentative publication of his theological lectures to his students, and these were received with such eclat that they were permanently published by Scribners in 1898, and by 1914 had entered their twenty-first edition. Probably no single volume in systematic theology published in America ever had a more enthusiastic reception among evangelical Christians. This wide success is not hard to understand. It was due to the clarity of the style, the reasonableness and quiet moderation of the argument, and especially to the way in which the book met the so-called liberal or advanced theological movement which, in the wake of evolu-

tion and Ritschlianism, was beginning by 1894 to penetrate all orthodox churches. Thousands of ministers and laymen were reacting against the high-and-dry orthodoxy of their youth, but between the champions of the old and those of the new had not yet found themselves. Here was a man who with masterly power mediated between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism, between a too stiff conservatism and too invertebrate liberalism. Nor was this mediation at the price of vagueness. There was a sureness of step, a clear-cut statement free from technicalities, and a unique openness to the best in the old and the best in the new, a maturity and decision of judgment, and all bathed in a Christian spirit. All this made an irresistible appeal. Hence the tremendous success of Clarke's Theology. Another secret of that success is the lack of sectarianism. Though Clarke was a Baptist clergyman no one would suspect it. His catholicity swallowed his Baptist beliefs, which never appear. There is not a line on baptism, or the Lord's Supper, and though historically the American Baptists are Calvinists the author repudiates Calvinism. He is an Arminian through and through and even holds the possibility of final lapse for the Christian, though he well says that God seeks to make it morally impossible (420-1). For a Baptist to write a theology with no trace of distinctively Baptist teaching is a miracle. Is Clarke a Ritschlian? Yes, and no. He is a Ritschlian in his weak hold on Scripture, in his doctrine of atonement and justification, in his eschatology, and in a general toning down of doctrinal stalwartness. But he is not a Ritschlian in the Trinity, Divinity of Christ, nor in the high place he assigns to the Gospel of John. How did Clarke meet the demand of the age for a central place of rest where conservative and liberal could join hands in essential Christianity?

On the conservative side he retained the doctrines of Trinity and Deity of Christ, and yet freed them from overstatement or mechanical statement, so that the progressive men in the old churches could hold them. He boldly clings to the Miraculous Birth, and yet minimizes its importance. He retains John's Gospel as full spiritual authority, and yet says it represents a later stage

of reflection. He holds Christ essentially divine, but rejects the historic doctrine of his two wills. He emphasizes the humanity of Jesus, that that humanity was central in him, but that he was also absolutely divine. He is not a Sabellian, nor a Unitarian, nor a dynamic Monarchian (like the modern liberals), but he comes near enough to each to attract each. He holds to depravity or original sin as racial weakness, and therefore not in the old Protestant sense. His chief departures from historic Christianity are as follows:

1. His doctrine of Scripture. Here he is Ritschlian. The Bible is simply a record of revelation and serves all essential purposes when it is trustworthy, like Ridpath's History. Some of the things he says here and elsewhere are admirable and true, but there is much of precious truth he does not say. Both Christ and the apostles had a much higher view of Scripture than Clarke, and especially the latter's view does injustice to the Scripture itself, which reveals itself as inspired in a sense not only absolutely unique, but overwhelmingly divine. That is, the Bible itself, in its religious and moral parts, shows itself as inspired of God to the spiritually open mind just as the sun on a summer's midday shows itself as shining to the open eye. Therefore the Bible is the supreme rule of faith and life. Clarke is too minimizing and halting here, and that makes his whole theology somewhat uncertain. If you, only loosely attached to the Word, can reason on these doctrines as Clarke does, and thus build up your plausible sentences, your Unitarian neighbor reasons on them still more loosely attached, and reaches, to him, a still finer result. But both reason in a vacuum. If God spoke to the prophets and in his Son, and if we have that revelation in the Scripture, as most liberals grant, then unless your theology is thoroughly Scriptural you are like one beating the air. Study of Church History would have helped him in several places, as, for instance, in his thought of a possible future incorporation of a modern book in the canon of Scripture. The New Testament is organically connected with the foundation of Christianity and first diffusion of the Spirit, and that any modern book could have pedagogically or spiritually the immediateness of impression or religious compul-

sion as fontal books which is the mark of all the New Testament is as inconceivable as it is historically impossible.

2. His Doctrine of Atonement. His fear of Scripture is nowhere more clearly seen than in his explaining away the Biblical ideas of atonement. Even the great word propitiation he whittles away till it means almost nothing—a word that is the very heart of the Bible doctrine. His doctrine simmers down to the moral influence theory. Unlike Christ and Paul, Clarke sees nothing in the eternal veracities of God which called for the eternal atonement. He follows Ritschl in making the center of God's nature love only, which means that we have no God worthy of the name. Love is at the center, but if the core of God is not also truth, righteousness, holiness, justice, we not only do not have the God of revelation, but we do not have a possible God. Clarke's defect here is fundamental. If he had studied the Greek Testament and scientific commentaries more and modern liberals less he would have done better justice to Bible truth. So also in regard to the history of atonement. If he had gone over any scientific history of doctrine I do not see how he could have retailed that stale misrepresentation that the ancient Church till Anselm believed, that atonement was ransom to Satan (p. 319). It is discouraging that so eminent a theologian as Clarke should have become another sponsor for so contemptible a slander. That two or three men in a thousand years brought in as *one* element in their idea of atonement a kind of ransom to Satan has made most of the liberals color-blind to what theologians generally really taught. In fact, a more scholarly canvass of his sources is a great defect of Clarke. The happy easy-going idealism of his book, and the serenity with which he utters doubtful points as self-evident, need checking by study of great books in systematic theology and in the history of doctrine. I have no space to do that checking here for his individual statements. Take one among many: "Punishment is absolutely untransferable" (p. 331). While not even a Calvinist holds that punishment was transferred to Christ in a literal sense, what Clarke says is untrue. Punishment is not only sometimes transferred in practice (many strikes are instances), but psychologically it is one of the most familiar things in life, and it is

psychological and spiritual truths which atonement and other doctrines illustrate.

3. His Doctrine of Justification. In harmony with the Scriptural doctrine of atonement as ransom, or propitiation, or substitution (of course spiritually and ethically conceived), is the New Testament idea of justification by faith as a declaring righteous of the sinner for his faith on account of Christ and his work. Following his treatment of Bible and atonement and his Ritschlian trend, Clarke harks back partly to Schleiermacher and partly to Catholicism on justification, making it dependent on the new life and subsequent to it. Not only does this overturn the whole New Testament idea of the salvation of sinners, but if Luther and Wesley had had this idea we would still have been living in the Middle Ages.

4. His Doctrine of the Last Things. In this general drift it is not surprising that Clarke denies both the Second Coming, which is declared in the Bible much more clearly and emphatically than the First Coming was, and the eternal punishment of the lost, which was almost axiomatic with Christ. This is due to the slight hold which Scripture has with our author and the strong hold which "modern opinion" has with him. He speaks often of this or that view being "common in our time," "our own age," "the modern world," "present tendency of Christian thought," "a change that our time has witnessed," "Christian thought in our time," "all Christian thought is tending," etc. This is attractive to those who trim their theology to present gales, but a deeper question is, Where can we find eternal truth? the words of eternal life? The wind may veer to-morrow, but your bark is headed toward Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Therefore, the pole star, mariner! Methodism has always felt that Christ and the apostles were more important than the "Christian thought in our time."

John Alfred Faulkner

WHAT A PAINTER TAUGHT A PREACHER

William Merritt Chase, who entered into rest on the 25th of October, was America's foremost artist. It was my high privilege to be his mother's pastor, and through her I became acquainted with her famous son. She told me many things about his early struggles and final victories, but when I met him face to face he became my teacher in many things. Since his departure I have recalled many lessons learned from him, and I have thought that his words might be of value to others who are seeking to make the very best out of life's ministry.

DOING DEFINITE THINGS

During my visit to his studio one afternoon, after showing me several of his works of art, he said: "I learned early in life one of the secrets of success, namely, to do definite things. I was very early impressed with the idea that my life work was to be that of a portrait painter. To that end my people permitted me to have a room which I called my den. I purchased the portraits of the Presidents of the United States and began to copy them. I never worked at random. I focused my energies, and I would say to you, if you desire to succeed you must not scatter your forces. You must be able to tabulate your day's work. A person's weakness is in his wanderings; his failure in his thinness, and his folly in seeking to plow every field. You cannot run the city and your job. Working here, and there, and everywhere is working nowhere. The secret of real greatness is sticking to one thing until you are its master."

WHEN DOWNED, GET UP

"When I was a youngster in Indianapolis I was ambitious to be a student in the school of a certain artist of that city. I took him some of my best work. He looked at it with a frown and said: 'Young fellow, your work shows no sign of a future artist. I have no time to bother with you.' I shall never forget to my dying day how I felt that morning. I knew my own heart and

mind, and I was determined though turned down to get up and go to work with greater vim and vigor than ever before. I found an artist who gave me a place in his studio, and it was not long ere the one who turned me down was glad to come and study my sketches."

I said to him, "Mr. Chase, is not this true in all professions of life, that some are turned down who afterward become very proficient? I remember well one of the most noted preachers of our day who was refused admission by a certain Conference. I also have definite knowledge of a young man who was a great lover of books and inclined toward spiritual things, who went to a prominent business man and told him he felt called to the Christian ministry. He turned the youth down by saying, 'David, you have neither the gift nor the grace for that great profession.' This young man heard his Master's voice from within, and became one of the foremost preachers and authors of his day."

Here the great artist smiled, and said: "He who stays down when he is turned down will never rise very high in his profession, but he who gets up every time he is turned down will some day reach the summit of success."

YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE

I walked with him through his studio, catching every word that fell from his lips. It was honey on every flower. He said: "I found out when young if I expected to be an artist I must pay the price. I knew no one would lie awake at nights thinking about me becoming an artist, unless it was my sacred mother. I said to myself before I left for Munich, Germany: 'Chase, if you wish to succeed in Europe, you must go and begin at the very bottom of the ladder, and work your way, round by round, and even build the ladder by which you climb. If anyone ever paid the price for success I did. I labored for eight years almost unnoticed, until one day my instructor came and gave me commission to paint his children. This was the turn in the tide."

Here he paused, then turned toward me, and continued: "You are young in your profession. I would impress upon your mind that your rise or fall will not depend on your Bishop, or

on the one who precedes or follows you; it will depend on you absolutely. Never blame others for your failure. That man who does not reach the top through his own ability and persistent endeavor will not remain there. Learn this lesson of life, that no one can keep you down but yourself."

TRUTH, QUALITY, TREATMENT

We were now looking at the portrait of Dr. Sparhawk Jones. "That is so true to life," I said. Then he looked at me with his large eyes and spoke with a certain French accent: "I am always looking for the *truth*. I am never satisfied until my portraits are true to the subject in hand. When I wanted to paint a fish, I hired it from the market so as to get a certain exact coloring. When I paint a historic character I learn everything there is to be known about the period and the person to be painted. Truth is above all else with me. I smiled once, to see a modern picture with ancient garments.

"My next important concern is how to treat the truth gathered. Here I consider the place for real creative and original genius. I place as much time on seeking to give my subjects the correct treatment as any other part of my artistic work.

"The next thing that concerns me deeply, and I think it is the vital thought in all my endeavor, and that is the *quality* of my work. I watch with a keen eye for essentials. I know we are living in the age of values, and if my pictures are to have value they must have the essential quality. For years I copied the great works of the Italian, French, German, and English artists, with one purpose of reaching the quality of their work.

"I consider these are the three main points in your profession to be practiced if you are to succeed. You must first of all find the truth, then treat it with an artist's skill, giving it the quality of a spiritual diplomat, and you will be able to turn people's ears into eyes, by being a painting preacher, rather than a preaching preacher."

THE ART OF OMISSION

I said to Mr. Chase on one occasion, "I have noted in your

portraits that the backgrounds are without decoration." He replied, "It is ever my purpose to omit from the picture everything that is unnecessary. During my student days in Europe I learned after severe training the art of omission. There was a time when I thought a portrait should have a very attractive background, but experience has taught me that anything that detracts from the subject in hand is detrimental to the life of the picture."

"Well, Mr. Chase, this is as necessary for the preacher to learn as for the painter, for so many have never made a study of what to leave out of a discourse."

UP TO THE AGE

I asked Mr. Chase of the Old Masters in art, and if he thought it worth while to spend time in copying them. He replied: "It was of great value to me in my younger days, but I learned an important lesson from a friend artist who came to my studio when I was abroad, and after looking at my work, said: 'Chase, it's all right to spend your time copying the Old Masters, but you must bring your work up to the age in which we live, and a little in advance if possible. You are living too much in the past.' This," said Mr. Chase, "set me thinking, and I soon learned the value of his statement. I began to bring my art to the age in which I lived. I found it well to know the great painters of the past, their strength and weakness, but I found the people wanting a certain personality brought out in each portrait that would attract attention.

"Then I have learned the value of this one thing I do. I am not a preacher, a gardener, or a merchant. I am first and last and all the time a painter, and I let nothing interfere with my working hours. While I love my family as fondly as any father, yet they know it is an unwritten law that nothing must come between me and my work. This is not saying that a man should not have a vocation and an avocation, but his avocation should never take the time due his vocation."

SPENDING A VACATION

We sat down before one of his Shinnecock Hill pictures, and

he said: "That is one of my vacation pieces. I learned while in Germany the value of time, and how to spend a vacation. I did not need so much a cessation from labor as a change of work, so in the summer I live and work out of doors with my pupils when in this country. When abroad I take my students through the art galleries of Europe, and then I return to my New York studio greatly refreshed in mind and body, ready for my indoor work."

Just a bit of personal experience. It may be of value to some one who is willing to get an artist's view point. After my visit to Mr. Chase I happened to worship in a church the first Sunday after the preacher's vacation. He had been away four weeks. Before he began his discourse, he said: "Dear friends, you will have to excuse me this morning from giving you much of a sermon, for I did not arrive home among my books until late Friday evening. I have been to the mountains, and there's not much there to talk about." The sermon was stale.

I have learned to prepare just as much for my rest as my work days. The country is always my choice. If on a farm, I go with the brook, climb with the squirrel, run with the dog, play with the children, talk with the farmers, merchants, and millers, study the law and conditions of growth, and always return home with material enough for several articles and my first month's messages.

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY

In talking to Mrs. Chase about her son receiving medals for merit at home and abroad, I asked her if it made any difference in him, or was he in any way jealous of such artists as Sargent, Whistler, or Abbey. She replied: "I taught my son the lesson of humility when he was a youth, telling him 'the bird that soars the highest and sings the sweetest builds the lowest.' It looks to me as if the more medals he receives the humbler he grows. He has not one particle of professional jealousy flowing through his veins." I asked Mr. Chase concerning professional jealousy among great artists. He said: "Sometimes you will find jealousy where you least expect it, but I have learned that no really great artist has time for petty jealousies. I have made

it a point in my career to commend any person who could do a superior piece of work.

"In our profession we are looking for artists who can create, and there is no reason whatsoever for a true painter to be jealous of any of his craft. It has pained me sorely to find men in church and state tinctured with this green-eyed monster. No man who is controlled by jealousy can reach very far in his profession. In your profession," he said, "the fingers of jealousy should never drop their tincture into the ministerial mind. You men should live on the hills of eternal sunshine, where petty jealousies can never come."

INDIVIDUAL SERVICE

I asked Mr. Chase one day how he managed to give his students so much personal attention. He replied: "It is my rule to give individual service. I have learned that each person is an individual, and must be dealt with so differently than any other person. I must give to each pupil my best instruction if I am to get valuable results. I feel a deep concern for each personality, and I have no right to take money unless I give value in return." I looked at him and replied: "Mr. Chase, is not this true in my ministry as much as in yours? Should I not give to those under my care as much personal attention as you do with those under your training?" From that day Mr. Chase gave me a vision of individual service which fired my heart with a new resolve to deal with men as individuals rather than people in mass.

This method of individual service brought boys and girls, young men and young women, strong men and strong women constantly into fellowship with the Church of Jesus Christ.

S. Theresa Jackson

SIDNEY LANIER, A PROPHET OF THE SOCIAL AWAKENING

"And they said one to another, 'Behold, this dreamer cometh.'" These were the words of men whose lives were bent on securing wealth, a group which failed to understand, and because it failed attacked him who dreamed. And it has ever been that man has looked upon the dreamer as one who benefits not, one who is an idle parasite, one who fails to fill the niche God has hewn for him out of the walls of time. Sidney Lanier was a dreamer, a lover of music, a mystic. Yet, like the dreamer of old, he takes his place as ruler of Egypt when he thunders forth the truths that men are but beginning to understand, the truths that the world has heard in that most beautiful of his greater works, The Symphony.

This majestic symphony, wherein Lanier is to bring forth his life views, opens with the violins singing. The first notes startle the man of social passion, and he listens:

> O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead!
> The Time needs heart—'tis tired of head.

This from the poet of the southland, the dreamer? Aye, 'tis fitting he should so speak, he is but a dreamer, replies the man whose heart is gold and soul is greed. The violins sing on and answer the one who questions; telling of all that Trade, the personification of the social order that envelops us, can bring.

> Grant thee, O Trade! thine uttermost hope;
> Level red gold with blue sky-slope,
> And base it deep as devils grope:
> When all 's done, what hast thou won
> Of the only sweet that's under the sun?
> Ay, cans't thou buy a single sigh
> Of true love's least, least ecstasy?

The violins sing not alone. All the mightier strings assemble, and in swinging tones say on: "Yea, what avail the endless tale

of gain by cunning and plus by sale?" The question asked, more confident are they and now command.

> Look up the land, look down the land,
> The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand
> Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand
> Against an inward-opening door
> That pressure tightens evermore.

This hast thou done, O Trade! and the vibrating viols accuse more strong. The poor, oh,

> They sigh a monstrous foul-air sigh
> For the outside leagues of liberty,
> Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky
> Into a heavenly melody.
> "Each day, all day" (these poor folks say),
> "In the same old year-long, drear-long way,
> We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
> We sieve mine-meshes under the hills,
> And thieve much gold from the Devil's bank tills,
> To relieve, O God, what manner of ills?"

The music is telling of the heart questioning of those in the shackles of trade. The prisoners reflect, and as the symphony goes on it tells of their thought:

> The beasts, they hunger, and eat, and die;
> And so do we, and the world's a sty;
> Hush, fellow-swine: why nuzzle and cry?
> Swinehood hath no remedy,
> Say many men, and hasten by,
> Clamping the nose and blinking the eye.
> But who said once, in the lordly tone,
> Man shall not live by bread alone,
> But all that cometh from the throne?

And, in truth, the word of God ne'er left the masses to whom he spoke, and the man in chains remembers the Master's words as he thinks. "Hath God said so?" God so spake and well doth man know. "But trade said No." The dreamer has two themes in play—they stand at opposite poles and rush together in the mighty conflict of music—God, and Trade as it is. Men have dared not face those who say, "Swinehood hath no remedy," and proclaim

the truth of this dreamer's song. It was left for a dreamer to dare and do, and in no uncertain note has the song been sung.

The music softens. It sings of death, of men who die that I, selfish I, may live. Hardly a movement of the bow is seen as the violins whisper the truth well known. Trade?

> 'Tis only war grown miserly.
> If business is battle, name it so.

Still softer, till, as all died in a beauteous chord, a flute note fell

> Upon the bosom of that harmony
> And sailed and sailed incessantly,
> As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
> Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone
> And, boatwise, dropped o' the convex side,
> And floated down the glassy tide
> And clarified and glorified
> The solemn place where the shadows bide.

The flute song tells of nature, and of God; nature, her offerings and her soul; nature, here in the midst of battleground, here where the bugle sound is heard, as line upon line the fighters march by, onward to the castle of gold and death. They pass, but pass not deafened, as did the sailors who sailed the siren sea, for

> Nature calls, through all her system wide,
> Give me thy love, O man, so long denied.

Nature beckons and calls "Come. I'm not the nature, mysterious nature, of long ago. I am real. I am thine. Why know me? Ah, all is for love—love me, I am thine." All for love, yes, but not nature alone, for has not a sweet voice said,

> Love Thy neighbor.
> Then first the bounds of neighborhood outspread
> Beyond all confines of old ethic dread.

The door is open, and nature beckons, Enter! Enter and enjoy, for "All for love" is the motto here, love me and thy brother. But ere the door is reached by "The poor, the poor, the poor," Trade's grimy hand hath clutched the latch and denies. The

music rises and in mighty crashes, like the voice that shouted forth, "Let my people go," sings forth:

Thou Trade! Thou king of the modern days!
Change thy ways,
Change thy ways;
Let the sweaty laborers file
A little while,
A little while,
Where Art and Nature sing and smile.

The flute note softens and flies back to the soft tones of the stringed songsters, as voices of the reed instruments are heard. Challenge they too? Aye, and they indict.

O Trade! O Trade! . . . .
I too well wish thee utterly dead
If all thy heart is in thy head.
For O my God! and O my God!
What shameful ways have women trod
At beckoning of Trade's golden rod!
Alas! when sighs are trader's lies,
And heart's-ease eyes and violet eyes
Are merchandise!
O purchased lips that kiss with pain!
O cheeks coin-spotted with smirch and stain!
O trafficked hearts that break in twain!
—And yet what wonder at my sisters' crime?

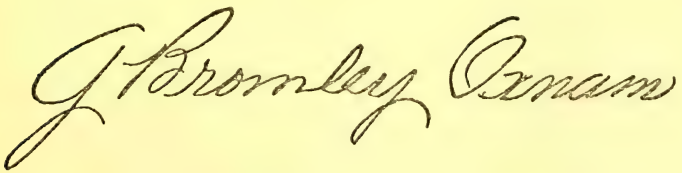
The symphony builds up. The horns will no longer silent be. They speak forth and in strong tone shout answer to the questions,

Is honor gone into his grave?
Will Truth's long blade ne'er gleam again?
Shall self-wrapped husbands aye forget
Kiss pardons for the daily fret?
Shall lovers higgle, heart for heart,
Till wooing grows a trading mart?
Shall woman scorch for a single sin
That her betrayer may revel in?
Shall ne'er prevail the woman's plea,
We maids would far, far whiter be
If that our eyes might sometimes see
Men maids in purity?
Shall Trade aye salve his conscience-aches
With jibes at Chivalry's old mistakes?

The climax nears. Every note is damning monstrous Trade, until at last, orchestra full, the question is hurled, "Life, Life, what art thou? How, O how? What, O what? Give us thy key." And the question rings forth from viols to reeds, from organ to drum. In mighty vibrations it repeats till answer comes at last, comes with joyous notes; notes and chords and song.

Life! Life! thou sea-fugue, writ from east to west,
Love, Love alone can pore
On thy dissolving score
Of harsh half-phrasings,
Blotted ere writ,
And double erasings
Of chords most fit.
Yea, Love, sole music-master blest,
May read thy weltering palimpsest,
To follow Time's dying melodies through,
And never lose the old in the new
And ever solve the discords true—
Love alone can do.
And ever love hears the women's sighing,
And ever hears sweet knighthood's defying,
And ever wise childhood's deep implying,
But never a trader's glozing and lying.

The message told, the music ceases—all is still. Has music spoken? So the dreamer thought, but no, 'twas his heart of love, burning with the passion that led a man to Calvary; it was the heart that spoke; the heart of Sidney Lanier, dreamer and poet, herald of a better day, when men, and birds, and trees sing the heart song, composed by love; when all shall know that the Father forsook not the sad-faced martyr on the Cross, but fulfilled in him the law and the prophets, bringing to mankind the Kingdom of Heaven.



THE PROGRESSIVE CHRISTIAN LIFE: BIBLICAL MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS IN RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

All forms of life are progressive. Growth is both a law and a proof of life. That which does not grow does not live, and that which may have lived, but ceases to grow, declines and dies. In agriculture, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. In horticulture the bud and the blossom are followed by the flower and fruit. The majestic oak tree once lived in the tiny acorn. The same law prevails in the animal kingdom. The eagle was once sheltered in its mother's egg and the ferocious lion was once a little cub with which a child might play with safety. In human life we advance from infancy and early childhood to youth and manhood. There is a close parallel between the natural and the spiritual. What is true in nature is equally true in grace. Saint John writes to babes in Christ, to little children, to young and strong men, to fathers. Saint Peter exhorts us to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Saint Paul admits in his Christian life the principle of progression: "I count not myself to have apprehended; but one thing I do, forgetting . . . I press on toward," etc. Solomon compares the path of the just to the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day. Hence it is an easy transfer of thought to consider the successive stages of the individual Christian life from grace to grace. In the study of the close analogy we do well to associate the divine with the human, the natural with the spiritual. All life emanates from God. In the vegetable kingdom all human endeavors depend for their success on divine appliances. So in the spiritual—Paul may plant, Apollos may water, but God giveth the increase. Animal and human life is from God. No processes, however strong, could generate life. So also is it with spiritual life. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." And as in the vegetable and animal kingdoms continued life and growth are dependent upon nature's many congenial and

helpful agencies, so with the Christian life. The apostle explains it: "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me: and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me." Thus, while it is God who worketh in us, it is ours to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. Our special angle of vision in this article is to show the human element in our Christian development cooperating with the divine. By a process of mental transportation let us act as escort and conduct you to the summit of several mountain peaks in Bible geography suggesting the progressive stages in the Christian life. One has said, "The mountains of the Bible well repay the climber. There is a glorious prospect from their summits and a moral bracing in the breathing of their difficult air. Most of the events in Bible history which embody great principles, illustrate divine perfections, or bear impressively upon the destiny of nations have had mountains for the pedestals of their achievements." On Ararat the lone ark rested, a trial of rival faiths occurred between Baal and Astaroth and Jehovah on Mount Carmel, from Olivet the marching orders for the world's conversion to the Christian faith were announced, and from its hillside our Lord ascended to his Father and our Father. There are two vital questions in the realm of religious thought: How may I become a Christian? and, How may I retain and advance my Christian life? In our proposed journey we shall seek to answer these inquiries. We shall travel the Bible route—taking the apostolic road, halting at orthodox stages, following the old paths, the good way cast up for the righteous to walk in.

Perhaps a word in parenthesis should be stated. Many enter the Christian life in early childhood, like Samuel, Josiah, Obadiah, and Timothy. Their entrance into the Christian life was possibly unconscious, at least without marked demonstration of feeling or action, hence the kind of experience to which we may refer was not duplicated in their religious life. We thank God for Christian homes and the Sunday schools and Junior Leagues of our churches when restraining and constraining forces have checked the evil and stimulated the good, prompting them to an

early decision and a saving acceptance of Christ, without the more painful and emotional experiences of those who know what sin is and what it does. We have in mind those who have let the early period pass without deciding for Christ and who have become actual sinners, realizing what it brings of concern and fear. In our mental vision we have such a one in view; we commence the climbing.

Our first mountain is "Sinai, the mount of Religious Awakening." This is the law mountain. All creation is under law. Man is a creature of law. He is a free moral agent, capable of performing moral actions. An action is moral when it is voluntary and has respect to some law revealed. On Sinai God gave his laws to man in a written form. There were ten in number, relating us to God and our fellowmen. They are mandatory and prohibitory—Thou shalt and Thou shalt not. To disobey or transgress was sin, to which was attached the penalty of death. Amid its flashing lightning and pealing thunder, causing the mountain to tremble, the soul, conscious of its guilt as it reads the divine requirements it has failed to observe, awakened, alarmed, and deeply convicted of sin and its consequences, in the presence of a just and holy God asks, with Job, "How can a man be just with God?" with the jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" and in an agony of conscious guilt cries out, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

We are glad we need not continue on this "mount of awakening," for close by is "Golgotha, the mount of Forgiveness." Geographically many miles separate these mountains, spiritually they are side by side. Saint Paul took the anxious jailer by the hand and answered his question by leading him to this mount of forgiveness. Yes, 'tis "Only a step to Jesus." Here Jesus the Saviour is seen on the cross, wounded, bruised, dying for us; suffering, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. The jailer saw and believed. Like John Bunyan's pilgrim he lost his burden under the shadow of the cross. Like Spurgeon, he looked and there was life for a look at the crucified one. Millions have climbed this hill and found forgiveness. Now what? Happily saved, church relation is sought, an open confession by

Christian baptism is made, and the new life with new relations is begun.

What next? These new experiences make certain demands. I ask myself, What is required of me? I now profess to have become a Christian, how shall I know what my duties are? I am directed to "Mount Hattin, the mount of Instruction." Here the great Teacher is delivering that marvelous discourse, "The Sermon on the Mount": the constitution of the new kingdom, the platform of the new dispensation. Soon I learn how much is involved, enjoined, and how much is required, demanded, of all his disciples. Eight beatitudes describe what a Christian should be and do and expect: he is to be like salt, nutritious, purifying, preserving; light to dispel gloom and illumine, so that God's glory may be thereby promoted. The recent convert realizes that much is implied in becoming a Christian. Conversion is a radical change. It is a new creation. Much to surrender, more to accept. This is one of the crucial periods of his Christian life. Questions arise: Shall I go forward, and discharge the duties and obligations, or shall I settle back on present attainments, or, with Pliable, go back? The progressive Christian has pulled down the bridges he has passed over. Not declension, but advancement, so that he finds himself at the base of "Mount Moriah, the mount of Surrender"; the hilltop of consecration. Here Abraham won a victory. On an altar he laid his beloved son Isaac, dear to him as his own life. This is the most difficult, as it is the most important, mountain to climb. Shall I seek first the Kingdom of God, be a fully surrendered Christian, separating myself from all things sinful, even questionable? Am I willing that self should be subordinated to my Lord and Master, or shall I be satisfied with an average standard of devotion? If my purpose is progressive, then, coming to the altar of dedication after a renewed appropriation of the merits of Christ to my spiritual cleansing, I say as I pass over,

Take my soul and body's powers,
  Take my memory, mind and will,
All my goods and all my hours,
  All I know and all I feel,
All I think or speak or do.
Take my heart and make it new.

Now, O God, thine own I am.
Now I give thee back thine own,
Freedom, friends, and health and fame
Consecrate to Thee alone.
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
Happier still if thine I die.

We have given our all to him, now He gives his all to us.

We pass on to "Mount Hermon, the mount of Communion." Consecration is followed by blessed fellowship. Jesus has the right of way. The Holy Spirit has full possession. On the summit of Mount Hermon the disciples, beholding a transfigured Christ, said, "Master, it is good for us to be here." Thus it is with the surrendered Christian. Like Enoch, he walks with God on terms of intercourse, agreement, and intimacy. Secrets are exchanged; sweet communion is enjoyed. Now the yoke is easy—burdens light. Now the Christian life is enjoyed, not endured. God's thoughts and ways are ours. We love to love God; our delight is in the law of the Lord. With the apostle we say, "For to me to live is Christ"—by, in, for, and with Christ. He is all and in all to me.

But the height is not yet reached. Close by Mount Hermon is "Mount Pisgah, the mount of Holy Vision." From Nebo, one of the heights of Pisgah, Moses, with undimmed vision and natural force unabated, had views of the Promised Land toward which he had led God's chosen people. Passing on from Moriah and Hermon, God opens up holy visions to the progressing Christian which the natural man cannot discern and which are not given to the half-hearted Christian. God reveals by his spirit the deep things of God; heights and depths and lengths and breadths of infinite love are known to him who reaches the elevation of Pisgah. Possibly denied the advantages of the advanced biblical scholar, his clarified vision sees a meaning in the word, a beauty in Christ, a fullness in the gospel denied others who have never gone over Mount Moriah.

Just one more advance. We step off Mount Pisgah up onto "Mount Zion, the mount of Praise." Is this heaven? Yes, and No! It is a heaven to go to heaven in. So completely have these previous ascents prepared and developed the Christian that with

a love unrivaled, a faith strong, a hope radiant, a peace river-like, his meat and drink is to do the will of his Father in heaven. Patient and submissive, he rejoices evermore; he can bless the Lord at all times, even rejoice in tribulation. With Job he can say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," and sing with Habakkuk, "Although the fig tree shall not flourish, neither shall fruit be in the vine, the labor of the olive shall fail and the fields shall yield no food, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in Jehovah, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

These successive stages, which represent the divine order of progression, have been reached by many. They may be secured by all. No specified length of time is given for their accomplishment. John Wesley writes that sanctification may follow justification in less than six months; a spiritual hunger and thirst may find the supplies that will fill in a brief space. Hence, back to the old paths in Christian experience and attainments for preachers and people should be our slogan. We fear the theoretical and the practical have relegated the experimental to the rear. The glory and power of our church has been its spirituality. Just in the proportion that it diminishes are we weak. If this has been discovered, with its painful and depressing results, let us reclimb these biblical mountains and reproduce the results so manifest in the days of yore. Let there be more positiveness in pulpit ministrations; then there will be more of the emotional in our pews and less indifference with the worldling. Let us inhale the spiritual ozone supplied by these biblical mountains. Then the prayer of the apostle Paul for the Ephesian church will become a blessed experience in our individual lives, and, "filled with all the fullness of God," we can distribute to others; men will take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus, and we will be enabled to lead others to Him who is made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

Albert B Richardson

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE RICH AND REEKING HUMAN PERSONALITY

"THERE are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." Ay; and in the human personality.

"Rich and various" is Emerson's descriptive phrase: "O rich and various man! Thou palace of sight and sound; carrying in thy senses the glory of the morning and the evening and the unfathomable galaxies, in thy brain the geometry of the City of God, in thy heart the bower of love and the realm of right and wrong."

"Rich and reeking," a phrase quite as warranted and scientific as "Natural Selection" or "Survival of the Fittest," is from Chesterton, a thoughtful appreciation of whose work has recently appeared from Dr. John A. Hutton of Scotland, who confesses to an enthusiastic prejudice in Chesterton's favor, saying: "I consider him a very great and constructive force, altogether on the side of man, which is eventually on the side of God. Recalling his general line of criticism, I should say it is what pedants would call an *argumentum ad hominem*. Personally I have always held that on matters of prime human importance no other argument tells in the long run except the *argumentum ad hominem*. 'Humanly speaking,' a student began. 'My dear sir,' said his professor, 'there's no other way of speaking.'"

Another recent tribute is from Canon Adderley of Birmingham, who says to his brethren of the Church of England:

> Our Anglican treatment of the biggest asset we have on the intellectual side is on a par with our general muddle-headedness as a religious body. We have never had such an apologist as Chesterton, yet he hardly ever figures at a Church meeting. We prefer the dull logic of some dry-as-dust professor from Oxford to the sparkling paradox of the greatest wit of the century. Religion is still groaning under the weight of kill-joys in this country. Chesterton would lift us up, but we won't let him. We are still scared by mid-Victorian arguments about science and miracles. G. K. C. would deliver us and keep us sane and orthodox at the same time.
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> I cannot imagine any one being offended by the wit of G. K. C. as a rule, though I dare say he sometimes makes a few people a little angry when he does not wait for the cap to fit, but jams it down on some particular person's head by

name. Of course, he is very bold when he writes in this sort of way: "In the inconceivable event of Mr. — [a prominent preacher] being converted to Christianity!"

Part of Dr. Hutton's tribute is as follows:

For one thing, his confidence in the value of human existence, or (to use the words we know best) his belief in God, is a very strange thing in those high places of literature and art and philosophy which together form Chesterton's chosen ground. And in his case belief in God is no difficult attainment, no conclusion to which he merely inclines simply to save him from despair or madness. He believes in God with heartiness and uproariousness. If you were to ask him for what reason he believes, he would probably retort by telling you that it is for the same reason as he eats, or laughs, or takes a walk in the moonlight, that is, *because he wants to.* He would confess to you that ultimately the reason for the faith in his heart was precisely the same as the reason for, say, the nose on his face—namely, that there it is, that he was so made. Deeply considered, that is neither frivolous nor unphilosophical. We might make a list of the most serious thinkers of the world, beginning with Saint Augustine and including such names as Pascal and our own Butler, and closing with the contemporary school of philosophy in Oxford, and with William James of Harvard, the fundamental argument for faith in each case being simply that which Chesterton states and reiterates with tremendous energy and enthusiasm: that so we are made, that to be a man is to have some share in God. This defense of faith which Chesterton has celebrated—namely, that the faculty and exercise of faith belongs to the proper life and essence of man, that belief is a normal function of the human soul—is his message to our time: it is the background and motive of all his work. He is the protagonist of normal men, seeking to declare and to defend their rights, and, above everything, their right to believe in God. Some are astonished that a man of his wide-awakeness and erudition should be saying so confidently the elementary things that he does say, and that his whole work should be penetrated by orthodox Christianity—those people who imagined that the whole Christian view of God and the world had received its quietus from Tyndall and Huxley and Renan and Strauss.

Dr. Hutton notes a similarity between Thomas Carlyle and Chesterton. As Carlyle, with grim humor, girded at the Utilitarians of his day, so Chesterton pokes fun at the "Scientists" of our own day. But there is this contrast:

Carlyle is solemn, he is heavy, he is awful. It may not be true in fact that he solemnly and austerely counseled a humble tobacconist, who confessed that she had not the particular brand that he asked for, but had another quite as good, that "she should always deal in the eternal verities"—that may not be a true story, but it ought to be. Now Chesterton will not be solemn, and never is he so full of laughter and joy as when he is dealing with the most momentous things.

Now I venture to say that just as the teaching of Carlyle—and this is true of all merely solemn minds—is much shallower than it looks, so that the farther you go into it the less original or profound it is, so the teaching of Mr. Chesterton, gay and sportive as it frequently seems to be, is at the last always serious, and his words have the effect of sending the spirit sounding on and on. In his view the happy way of looking at things, the faculty for joy, is an integral part

of the human soul, having rights as inalienable as any other. "Merriment," he says, "is one of the world's natural flowers and not one of its exotics. Gigantesque levity, flamboyant eloquence, are the mere outbursts of a human sympathy and bravado as old and solid as the stars."

"I see everywhere in Chesterton," says Dr. Hutton, "a kind of passion to be understood. His critics are perhaps quite right in saying that he chose his manner in order to startle people into reading him. I should not put it that way; though I think there is something in it. Chesterton would hold that whatever is true is a thing that should be known, and known by as many people as possible, and that it is the first business of a man who has anything to say that he shall say it in such a way that the people, the common people, shall be drawn to hear it, and, hearing, shall understand. He should embody it in such words as shall give it its greatest immediate reach. If a man gets up on a truck at a street corner and begins to hammer a huge gong, so that everybody is compelled to look in his direction; if he lays down the gong and takes up a bell, and rings it violently, so that a crowd gathers, you must not conclude that he is a mountebank. He may be a man who has something to say. He may indeed be one of those men to whom the world has all along owed so much, who imagine that unless the people who are passing stop and listen to him they will in various ways go to the devil. Recollecting the great and even tremendous figures in history, it is only fair to wait until we hear him say what he has to say; not to condemn him by the grotesqueness of his appearance, remembering, say, John the Baptist; or by something in his language that jars; but judging him by the manifest passion which burns within him and by the fire which begins to kindle in our hearts as we listen to him. For in our day also, as in the days of Elijah, fire is the sign of God.

"It is quite as natural for him to be picturesque as it is for a great many of us—not to be. It is as natural for him to be intense and violent and excessive and uproarious as it is for some of us to be tame and timid and futile and ladylike. It is as natural for him to use startling paradoxes and attitudes as it is for us to use platitudes."

Of whom is Dr. Hutton speaking? Of William A. Sunday? No, of Gilbert K. Chesterton, who might be called a kind of Sunday among apologists, as Sunday is a sort of Chesterton among evangelists; each powerful, original, and militant in his own way, and each a surprise.

As to the present state of the scientific-philosophic battle, Dr. Hutton thinks it may now be claimed by the so long hard-pressed camp of idealists, that science has been taught her place.

To speak fairly, science has become sober and judicial, as is the way of youth always, not in deference to the advice of those who were alarmed by her recklessness, but by her own discoveries as she proceeded. Time is on the side of all the facts. It has become evident that when science leaves her sphere of criticism and observation, and presumes to unveil the last source or final purpose of things, she can only guess or talk nonsense. And it is very wonderful how widely that essential limitation of science has come to be known and understood by average people. Wonderful, too, is it, how commonly it is now understood that science, not one whit less than revelation, needs postulates, needs to create an atmosphere of hypothesis, needs to make demands upon faith, in order to get even under way. That all her processes rest upon a credulity

with regard to fundamental things, as thoroughgoing as is required by the twin-postulates of God and the soul. And such a state of things, because it raises a subtle barrier of skepticism against science whenever science seems to assail some ancient safeguard of man's peace, is a result which is already of great consequence for faith, and, in the event of any notable movement towards belief, will throw wide open many a door. It is an immense relief for some people to know, on the authority of university men, that one may believe in God and the soul without being intellectually an ass.

You see symptoms of the same subtle difference of temper in contemporary philosophical writing. Here, very abundantly, you have signs that *man* is fast coming into his own again. Even a worm must turn if he would have his wrongs observed. To a philosophy which had come to regard man as a mere article in the inventory of the Universe, there has arisen amongst us a philosophy prepared to wait upon man, hoping to attain to wisdom by observing patiently and with reverence man's habitual and instinctive life. "Pragmatism," "soft determinism," "personal idealism" are but names for a new mood, a new point of view; the one thing about which I desire at this time to note being, that it puts the accent and emphasis upon *man*. When one contrasts the idealistic philosophy of even twenty years ago with the writing which to-day, on the whole, occupies the same place in the intellectual field, one notes, I think above all other differences, a new robustness, a spirit of confidence, a certain glow and intoxication even, a zest for the battle, which were wanting from the earlier phase. Idealists to-day are very cheery persons. Rightly or wrongly, they feel that they have the ball at their foot. They are not ashamed at times to reply to an argument with a laugh or by telling a good story. When a controversialist on the other side has circumstantially demonstrated the intellectual impossibility of "believing," they will answer, as one did the other day, by protesting that he himself, at the time he is writing, is simply prancing with belief. In short, able men to-day have the hardihood to appeal from the sophistry of pure reason to the generous intimations of a healthy temperament. It may be very Philistine; but it is very human. It is the true and only useful positivism. One thing is certain, it is there, cheerful and unashamed. It is one of those "irrational" movements, one of those "offenses" against the pure reason "which must needs come," in which some elementary instinct or function, long denied, finds at length its voice, and utters its uncontrollable joy. This latest movement in philosophy, though doubtless it had its impulse in the essential nature of man, and denotes a protest by one long thwarted element of our life against the tyranny of the pure reason, has already made some valuable contributions to the apologetic for faith, over and above that sense of cheerfulness with which it has infected a great company of thinking people. It may be that not one of those contributions would convince a man who was disinclined to believe; but coming as they do at a time when, I contend, a great mass of people are waiting for a decent excuse to believe, they have the decisive effect of turning the scale. For it is one of the positions which this new philosophic tendency is not ashamed to occupy—that no pure reason can ever be given for any act of personal life, that we seldom act on reason, that the deepest things cannot be proved, that every step we take here in this world is a leap in the dark, that the evidence always stops short, and that there is no way of filling up the gap except by putting oneself into it; in short, that we live by faith, in obedience to a profound and unconquerable instinct that, to put it variously, a cosmos cannot have chaos for its crown, that there is a final correspondence between man and the Universe, or, in the language of piety, that this Universe is "none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven."

Along that line of insight rather than of argument, it is not difficult to show that there are certain high postulates, prejudices, beliefs, without which man will never be able to accomplish the long task of life, to overcome its disheartening details; without which, most certainly, he will never bring into play the most precious qualities of his mysterious nature. Indeed, so utterly do we live at the bidding of these intangible and potent instincts, that if it could be brought home to mankind that these were not true, that they did not represent realities, it is fair to predict that life would come to a standstill, and despair and suicide would begin with the best first. From that position it is a leap which competent men who see the consequences of the other view are prepared to-day to take, that such prejudices and postulates, such beliefs and intuitions and instincts as lie at the root of man's normal and healthy life, have in that very circumstance sufficient proof and defense.

Already this recovery of personality has led to a new sense of human responsibility in the teachings of the most recent philosophy. Idealism, twenty years ago, was for the most part rabbinical. It contented itself with proving that the idealistic view was rationally tenable. It seems to me that to-day the note is nothing short of this, that the idealistic view is humanly necessary. Formerly, idealists were content to go on, registering the state of the barometer, telling us from time to time the condition of the weather; to-day, the philosophers have begun to preach. It is not putting the situation unfairly to say, that from declaring unweariedly, using the terminology of Hegelianism, that all is well, and bound to turn out well, philosophy to-day has begun to declare that everything may yet be well; but that for that very reason *everything is bound to go wrong, unless we, actual living men, see to it!*

Further, the disabling and morbid idea that we act with human propriety only when we act for reasons apprehended, that therefore we ought to hold ourselves in suspense on such a momentous matter as our personal faith and not commit ourselves, lest through further knowledge we should learn that we had decided wrongly, that morbid idea, which really would keep us in bed all day, has largely given way under this new access of health and energy. We see now that those who ask us to withhold our assent to faith, and to restrain ourselves from faithful actions, until the evidence is complete, lest further knowledge should show us that we had chosen wrongly, are asking of us something which we are not in the habit of conceding in any other department of our life. We live and learn; not learn and live.

Healthy-mindedness is the hall-mark of Chesterton's work. His writings reek with rude, exuberant health, robust and rampant. We witness in them a splendid romp of healthy human faculties, a ruddy display of muscular vitality, a disputant with the red corpuscles of his blood fairly shouting in his veins. He is a gay believer, whose irrepressible soul, guided by a resourceful and ingenious mind, finds believing to be the greatest fun in the world, and faith's adventures the most exhilarating of all human expeditions and enterprises. In this he is one with hardy, healthy Grenfell of Labrador, who tells our college boys of his joy in living the life of faith and the fun he has had in practical Christian service; one also with our own rugged and original Ben Adams of the New York East Conference, who said, at the height

of a new religious experience, "I don't pretend to be perfect, but I've found something that makes me gay." Of this gay company was also that delightful Scandinavian enthusiast, who, when friends or enemies tried to dissuade him from going as a missionary to the tropics, by saying, "Why, man, the thermometer stands at 120 in the shade," replied, with splendid bravado, "Vell, ve don't haf to stay in the shade all de time, do ve?" simply blowing their arguments out of court with a burst of laughter.

The gladdest men and women known to us are those whose lives are dedicated to Christ and who are lavishing themselves in princely service to the needs of mankind.

Chesterton is a cheerful and boisterous defender of the spiritual basis of life. In high spirits, overflowing with warm, healthy, normal instincts, big, bluff, and breezy, he bursts into the circle of the cool and cocky gentlemen who repudiate the spiritual basis of life and who airily dispose of the richest contents of the human personality. Regardless of their air of intellectual superiority and tone of finality, unabashed by the height of their foreheads—belonging himself to the high-brow caste—he pokes them in the ribs and tips their arguments over backwards. Intellectual aristocrat though he is, his manners have not the reserve which marked the caste of Vere De Vere. Jovial in spirit, he is yet grim and deadly in the severity of his grip when he encounters those who seem to him to be assailants of the fundamental interests and rights of mankind. Dr. Hutton says: "Anyone who seriously interferes with the foundations of the soul Chesterton regards as a rebel or a traitor—as a heretic in the sublime sense. And because as such he is poisoning the wells of all sane and hearty living, and cutting man off from his Source, Chesterton, like the great Florentine, would appoint him a place in hell." In truth no more serious non-professional disputant, no more strenuously earnest unofficial defender of the Christian Faith has appeared since Robert Browning laid down his mighty pen. Chesterton treats some conclusions and contentions with the disrespect they are entitled to. He deals flippantly with the frivolous. Sabatier said: "There is only one atheist and impious man—the frivolous." And conversely, Atheism, philosophical or scientific or neither, is so shallow and lazy that it is frivolous.

Chesterton's irony and sarcasm are good-natured. Ridicule is a legitimate weapon in debate. Many pretentious claims have been laughed out of court. Turn the laugh on your opponent by making

his argument look ridiculous, and he and his cause are done for. He cannot face a laugh, because he doesn't know which way to face. A laugh is as surrounding as the atmosphere, and a man cannot repel the atmosphere. In a certain Conference a self-important, persistent, and portentously solemn debater held the realm in awe until one unawed good man appeared, who broke the spell, not by labored debate, but by occasional keen thrusts which punctured bladdered eloquence and made the oracle collapse amid a smile of general amusement. In the use of such keen, clever thrusts at his opponent Chesterton is an adept.

But withal, underneath all Chesterton's startling paradoxes, outré illustrations, and grotesque attitudes—his playful fencings and lungings—he is never engaged with anything less than the ultimate meaning of life. To him the supreme intellectual interest of life, the eternally clamorous problem, is the ultimate significance of man's existence, the meaning of the contents of the rich and reeking human personality. He puts the materialists in trouble with their own postulates by showing that those postulates imply more than was intended or suspected—that they give warrant for faith and reek with justifications for religion. In all this he has undeniably augmented the tide of speculative joy and that fundamental confidence in life which is the token and exponent of faith in God.

Chesterton is spokesman for the common man, for the intuitions, surmises, affirmations of unspoiled, unsophisticated, unartificialized human nature. He arraigns all theories and assertions which attack the soul's vested interests before the general judgment of mankind, just as civilized society tries before a mixed jury of ordinary men all offenders against individual rights or against social welfare. Of the wisdom of trial by jury Chesterton says: "The horrible thing about all legal officials, even the best, about all judges, magistrates, barristers, detectives, and policemen, is not that they are wicked (some of them are good), not that they are stupid (several of them are quite intelligent)—it is simply that they have got used to it. Strictly, they do not see the prisoner in the dock: all they see is the usual man in the usual place. They do not see the awful court of judgment: they only see their own workshop. Therefore the instinct of Christian civilization has most wisely declared that into their judgments there shall upon every occasion be infused fresh blood and fresh thoughts from the street. Men shall come in who can see the court and the crowd, the coarse faces of the policemen and the professional criminals, the wasted faces of the

wastrels, the unreal faces of the gesticulating counsel, and see it all as one sees a new picture hitherto unvisited. Our civilization has decided, and very justly decided, that determining the guilt or innocence of men is a thing too important to be trusted to trained men. If it wishes for light upon that awful matter, it asks men who know no more law than I know, but who can *feel* the things that I *felt* in the jury box. When it wants a library catalogued, or the solar system measured and weighed, or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its specialists. But when it wishes anything done which is really serious, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing round. The same thing was done, if I remember right, by the Founder of Christianity."

We cannot do without specialists, yet there is in the common mind, not without warrant in experience and in the nature of things, considerable distrust of the specialist, whose view is confessedly and by necessity narrow and unbalanced. An old and successful Philadelphia physician said that if he were ordinarily or vaguely ill he would rather have a country doctor, with his all-around experience and practice, than the city specialists. The specialist's lack of breadth and balance impairs confidence in his judgment even in his own specialty. The most famous specialist in New York in a certain disease came from the bedside of a man of sixty, saying, "That man can live but a few hours." The man recovered; was stronger than before his sickness; and lived ten years more. A man was in agony with sudden and violent illness. The doctor who was called in suspected appendicitis, but desired the opinion of a noted specialist. The specialist announced that the appendix must be removed at once to save the patient's life. When this decision was told to the man's wife, she said, "Why, bless your soul, he hasn't any appendix; it was taken out five years ago." The most brilliant and showy specialist in nervous diseases we ever knew lacked ordinary common sense. In matters outside his specialty, and even in his prescriptions for his patients, he was fantastically injudicious, showing, as an African philosopher puts it with ingenious humor, "No mo' sense dan a mussiful providence gin'ly bestows on a young wheelbarrer." What a bright way of saying, "wooden-headed"! He was often called into the courts as a high-priced expert on insanity, but he would have been dangerously incompetent as a juror. What a ridiculous show the professional alienists made of themselves in the disgusting, scandalous, and corrupting Thaw trial, which disgraced almost everybody connected with it, from the presiding judge down. In ecclesiastical affairs the dominance of the spe-

cialist has been unfair and injurious. The Papal Church has long made the mistake of confining the regulation and propagation of religion too exclusively to those expert specialists, the clergy, with the result of tyranny at the top and ignorant, servile submission in the multitude. There are signs that the Romanists are realizing their mistake.

As for the specialists in government, where have they brought Europe? Hall Caine says, and the world believes, that the indescribably awful world-war now making Europe a hell, was precipitated after long preparation by imperial ambition, surrounded and supported by a handful of men not distinguished for intelligence or purity of motive, after a few days of delirious diplomacy, conducted in secret. Does anybody imagine that the common people, who have to endure the agony, and are cruelly sacrificed by millions, would have voted this gigantic folly and wickedness? They are suffering from the despotic control exercised over them by governmental specialists. What profits it to the slaughtered millions that a paranoiac, autocratic hereditary ruler has written his name forever into history in blazing letters of hell-fire? What would the dead men say? How long will it take the common people of Europe to learn their bitter lesson and take their own affairs into their own hands, by substituting democracy for the costly absurdity of hereditary rule by royalty and aristocracy? How long before in every land "the common sense of most," as Tennyson calls it, "shall hold the realm in awe," and "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," in Abraham Lincoln's immortal phrase, prevail among all nations? If those who made the quarrel were the only ones to fight, there would be no wars. "*Saving* common sense" resides with the multitude; and the richest fragrance in human life is the healthy aroma which reeks from the clean, upright, intelligent common man, whom God must love, reasoned Abraham Lincoln, because He has made so many of him.

The forensic manners of Chesterton, champion of the common man and spokesman for the common faith, have been complained of. He has been criticized for unceremoniousness and lack of dignity. The professional infidel, Blatchford, complains of his levity and accuses him of want of seriousness in dealing with serious subjects. If it be lawful to answer a fool according to his folly, Chesterton is not without justification in refusing to take seriously some of the assailants of the things of the spirit. Certainly they have given provocation enough to warrant the ridicule he has

given them and their speculations. Our modern professors in anti-Divinity Schools and Schools of ir-Religion have played fantastic tricks before high heaven enough to make the angels laugh as they make Chesterton shake with Gargantuan laughter at some of the performances of that curious entity, the so-called "modern mind." For example, take one preposterous absurdity which has actually been perpetrated recently with solemn face and scientific seriousness. We present a slightly free but not really inaccurate account of what essentially has happened in these very days. The congregation of the faithful was gathered for worship in the sanctuary on the holy day. The minister gave out the great hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." Up rose a Professor of Political Economy and interrupted: "Mr. Chairman, before we sing I move to amend by striking out 'Lord God Almighty' and inserting instead 'Creative Energy.' Let us be scientific in our worship." Now it would have been like Chesterton, had he been present, to offset this professorial indecorum by lifting his massive proportions into view at this point in the unceremonious proceedings, and looming loftily on his broad foundations, physical and intellectual, recite reverently, sonorously, majestically, joyously, in concert with the million-voiced Christian centuries like the sound of many waters, the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord." Political economy has been called "the dismal science." Certainly the spectacle of a professor of that somewhat mixed and dubious science applying his learned mind to the revision of the hymns of the ages would be dismal enough if it were not so comical. A professor in the largest university in America, being asked which was his department, replied, "It is my business to look as wise as possible from the chair of Political Economy." A professor of any science, assuming to take in hand the adorations of the human soul and to reconstruct Christian hymnals by scientific standards, looks anything but wise. The scientist is valuable in his proper place, but he is not likely to be invited to conduct a prayer-meeting in the scientific spirit and on scientific principles. He would freeze the life out of it. A scientific sterilizing of the rich, warm, spontaneous elements contained in the reeking human personality would be like disinfecting a mother's kiss till it tasted like carbolic acid on the poor abused baby's lips.

Quite justifiably Chesterton feels under no compulsion to treat with punctilious deference some of the enemies of the soul. A few years ago

a party of so-called Free-thinkers spent some convivial days together. The party included an artist, a scholar, an editor, and a soldier. Their education enabled them to be more ribald in their blasphemy than bar-room loafers know how to be. At the close of their conclave, one of the party boasted that their discussions had "stripped the duds off the divinities and deities."

All the lofty titles with which the reverent human soul has offered the homage of ages to the Supreme Power, and all the names by which the divine greatness and glory are revealed to men, these glib blasphemers claim to have torn from your God.

"The high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity?" One dark night when Christians were asleep and nobody was looking these professional disrobers got a stepladder and went up and stripped Him of his "duds."

"The King" whom the Psalmist saw when the gates of glory were lifted up for "the King of glory" to come in? These highwaymen lay in wait outside the everlasting doors and "stripped the duds" from the Lord of Hosts.

"The King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God"? They have stripped the "honor and glory" from Him.

Him whom you call "Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace"? They have stripped Him.

"The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Father of mercies and God of all comfort," they have stripped from Him the adoring titles with which the incomparably great mind of Paul worshiped Him.

An extraordinary collection of "duds" these "old clothes men" claim to have. They are the real successors of those who found the Man of Galilee in Pilate's court, and stripped Him of His garments. Then having nailed Him naked to the cross, "they watched him there" while they gambled for His "duds."

But a discerning centurion said, "Truly this man was the Son of God."

To some things the heart answers like a man in wrath. A certain man remembers how, in the summer succeeding his graduation from Wesleyan University, a "liberal" minister tried to indoctrinate him with "liberal" up-to-date views based on the discoveries and interpretations of science. When in the progressive amplification of the dogma that modern science can account for everything, the "liberal" indoctrinator finally said that it was scientifically proved that mother's love was a purely physical impulse proceeding entirely from the

maternal organs, and added some repulsive details, the young graduate felt his whole nature revolting from the man with loathing and a sense of outrage. Like a man in wrath the boy's heart stood up and answered, "The grass is fresh upon my mother's grave, and my sorrow fresh within me. It is not long since I knelt by her bedside and heard her say with her dying breath, 'My heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.' My mother's love seems to me the heavenliest and divinest gift the good God ever bestowed on me. And you dare to come here and tell me that it was only a physical impulse common to her and to the brutes. Out with you! Get away with your swinish science from my mother's deathbed!" And that progressive scientific "thinker" was shunned with horror forever after. Mother-love is a fit type of the divine.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

This is like God's love, not like the brute's. A deep resentment rises in us when the cold-blooded brutality of science lays its icy desecrating hands on the warm vitals of our inmost life. Tennyson has said it for us in words that are immortal. Many a time for many a man as for the greatest of poets laureate when the negations of science had chilled his faith until all power of believing was benumbed, then

A warmth within the breast did melt
The freezing reason's colder part;
And like a man in wrath the Heart
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

A certain church which we love to remember had two most worthy witnesses in its devotional meetings who balanced each other. One would rise and say, "I been a thinkin'," and he really had. The other would say, "I feel, I feel, I feel." Thinking and feeling go well in double harness. Together, they keep religion sane and warm. Aubrey

Moore said truly, "Human nature craves to be both rational and religious, and the life that is not both is neither." Man being what he is, faith is as rational as reason. If, as William James said, "Philosophy is more a matter of passionate vision than of logic," then religion and true philosophy are in that respect alike and on the same footing.

Often and often there comes to the scientific rationalistic mood a melting moment. Just when the man is most indifferent, when his unbelief seems coldest and most secure, and when he thinks perchance that he is done forever with the whole matter of religion and the soul, "There's a sunset touch, a fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death, a chorus-ending from Euripides, lines or tunes of a hymn his mother used to sing; and that's enough for the starting up of fifty hopes and fears, as old and new at once as Nature's self, to knock and push and enter in the soul." Browning has said it for us.

The notion is broached in some surprising quarters that science has the final word on everything. In the laboratories of some institutions supposed to be Christian, the dogma is announced that science is able to answer all the questions man needs to ask about life, including his own nature and destiny. Now there are vital and momentous questions about which physical science is as ignorant as a tree-toad. We ask no permission from science as to what we may believe concerning the soul and God. For good and valid reasons we believe things which transcend all science, and of which the most modern science knows no more than a black beetle knows of the Hallelujah Chorus or Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Does the beetle's ignorance discredit the chorus and the symphony or the soul which responds to them?

"The rich and reeking human personality": how rich is not scientifically known. All efforts at complete analysis of its contents—its faculties, susceptibilities, potencies—leave an unexplored residuum. In human nature there are regions hidden and mysterious, depths unfathomable, of which science partly confesses its ignorance by naming them "subconscious," "subliminal." In those depths forces unmeasured are at work, and out of them movements unpredictable and irresistible swell and upheave. Upheaves, for example, at times in individuals and in multitudes a mighty impulse toward prayer.

La Rochefoucauld, attempting in his cool analytic way a definition of love, says in substance: "It is difficult to define love. In the soul and mind and body it is an appreciation, a sympathy, a desire to appropriate; it is this, and this, and this—*plus many mysteries.*"

Physical investigation, searching its world finds everywhere this, and this, and this—*plus many mysteries.*

The acutest science, whether physical or psychological, analyzing and listing the contents of "the rich and reeking human personality," can only say after all its efforts, "Human nature contains this, and this, and this—*plus many mysteries.*"

Curtained within those mysteries behind a veil which science cannot draw aside is the sanctuary where men pray, and where the Father of Spirits interviews and communes with the spirit of the creature who is made in His own image and likeness. And there is nothing more rational, natural, and first or last inevitable than that communion and colloquy. Upon the high altar within that inner sanctuary burns forever the light which "lighteth every man that cometh into the world" unless he puts it out.

The disposition and tendency of the physicist are to deny the soul or to account for it on a purely physical basis. Richard Watson Gilder dropped in at a convention of scientists held in Washington, and found them, of course, reporting and discussing results of physical research. He said to one of them, "These discussions are interesting, but my search is for the soul." He was in very truth, as is written in a certain book, "a poet of the soul, a pilgrim of the Infinite." The scientist to whom he spoke responded in the slang of the day, "Well, you may search me."

If the physicist imagines that he can explore and analyze and inventory the contents of the rich and reeking human personality as completely as he has separated and catalogued the elements of the material universe, he is afflicted with "an error of extremely mortal mind." There are elements and forces which the scientist cannot get into his laboratory any more than a Bay of Fundy tailor can collar a tidal wave and drag it into his shop to measure it for a suit of clothes.

The inadequacy of science appeared in an editorial in a New York daily on the death of the astronomer, Dr. Percival Lowell, whose studies of the planet Mars with its alleged inhabitants and their imagined farms and canals gave him notoriety. The editorial sagely remarked that Dr. Lowell's work was a timely boon to the world because "the downfall of the old theology" had left mankind sorely in need of light, and comforting, and because such new information as Dr. Lowell brought takes the place of the old theology in furnishing inspiration and stimulus to right living and discreet behavior. As if

the thought that the hypothetical farmers and canal-boat captains in Mars may be watching us with an opera-glass is calculated to sustain our souls and keep us straight. This inane suggestion shows in how sad a plight, how badly off for noble motives mankind would be with the old theology withdrawn. But "the downfall of the old theology" has been, as Mark Twain said of his death, "grossly exaggerated." The old theology would long ago have fallen down if it were built on nothing more substantial than Dr. Lowell's doubtful speculations concerning the conjectural dwellers on the red war-god's planet. Spite of reports to the contrary the old theology is doing pretty well, thank you. Some alterations in interpretation and in the superstructure, as knowledge grows from more to more; but any "new theology" will have at bottom substantially the same foundations as the old or it will have none at all. Chesterton's distinction is that he champions essentially the old theology, its fundamental and central doctrines. In the volume entitled Orthodoxy, a novel and surprising polemic against newfangled dogmas, he lays about him lustily with the ancient sword of the spirit in defense of the old doctrines.

How little hold the modern deniers and disrobers and desecrators have upon mankind at large, how little impression their negations make, is powerfully demonstrated in various places in these very days. Their unimportance and futility have been recently exposed upon the walls that stand over London streets. The city has been placarded with huge official posters, on which are blazoned the appeals of the navy and the army and the nation. On those posters the British navy bids England to prayer through the lips of Admiral Beatty calling from seas incarnadined and peopled in their depths by the bodies of murdered women and babies whose mute lips plead for justice to be done. Says the Admiral: "Until a religious revival takes place at home, so long will the war continue." By the lips of General Sir William Robertson, the army speaks: "A serious determination on the part of the nation to seek divine help would undoubtedly furnish valuable aid to our soldiers and sailors." These solemn messages are posted on the streets of London. And the official posters publish, in addition to these appeals from the army and navy, this call to all thoughtful and serious-minded citizens: "Will you not join those who, every day at noon and in family prayers at home, pray for our country, our sailors and our soldiers?" The nation in its time of storm and stress flings itself upon the breast of the ancient Faith. The nation, not in weakness but in girded strength, roused and reso-

lute, with heart beating thunders and brain ablaze, goes forward on its knees, caring no more for the whole brood of "advanced thinkers" than the Amazon cares for the midges circling and zigzaging on its surface. "They say," "they say," "they say": Who cares what they say? They say nothing new. To the world at large their words are like the wind that blew on the opposite side of the globe a thousand years ago. They belong with Walt Whitman, who wrote that the odor of his armpits was finer than prayer. A perfectly beastly thing to say; for the squalor and fetor of a mind capable of such a juxtaposition and rating as that proves that the author of "My Captain, O My Captain," and "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," had spells of being essentially an orang-outang. The stalwart, rich and reeking human personality strides through towns and cities, stepping over all the faithless clan and cult without noticing them, and writes the faith of England on the bill-boards, paying no more attention to John Tyndall and his presumptuous prayer-test and the whole class whom he and his test represent than Niagara pays to the bubbles on its brink. The torrent goes over and on obedient to the silent call of the great throbbing ocean, emblem of the Infinite, which yearns for it and expectantly awaits it in the offing. The passionate prayers of the women whose brothers and husbands and sons are sacrificed, do more for a country's salvation than all the prayerless skeptics in the realm. The imperious and authoritative human heart has to be reckoned with. First or last, it will insist upon its rights, compel respect, and issue its decree, against which no antispiritual argument is of the slightest avail. The godless materialists, prayerless rationalists, and destructive biblical critics may do their worst: but after all their hacking and hewing at the Christian Faith, its roots remain untouched. Its deepest root is in the common soul of man, in human needs, cravings, instincts, premonitions, persuasions, and intuitive convictions.

From the days of Tobiah, the Ammonite, the enemy has imagined the defenses of Zion to be weak. He has said, "If even a fox go up he shall break down their stone wall." But the scoffers have ever misconceived the nature and underrated the strength of the defenses of the Faith. In these very days one startling and phenomenal evangelist has the scoffing skeptics beaten to a frazzle everywhere and all the time. By power divine, unmistakably divine, he piles up the evidences of Christianity sky-high in tens of thousands of men and women undeniably and lastingly saved from sin and death. Criticism

is poor business in the presence of such mighty works as the Lord is doing through such as he in spite of unbelief, petty criticisms, and savage denunciations. As once in the land of Judah, so now and here, it is safe to lift this song of confidence, "We have a strong city: *salvation* will God appoint for walls and bulwarks." SALVATION preached and practiced is the proof that God is with his people and to such evidence there is no answer. At sight of it, many kinds of devils fear and tremble, while a wondering world and an awakened and heartened church cry, "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear." Whose was the biggest funeral seen in England in this twentieth century? Not that of any scientist or soldier and littérateur, not even that of Edward VII, King and Emperor, but that of a world-evangelist, William Booth, General of the Salvation Army. To him the rich and reeking human personality gave its most affectionate, multitudinous, and tumultuous homage.

Let our professional Christian apologists attend to their momentous and indispensable business, as they are well able to do; yet, after all, it is the practical demonstrators of the gospel's power to uplift, purify, and transform the lives of individuals, homes, and communities, who build the walls and bulwarks with salvation. Certainly it is by such and by the moral power their gospel brings that the world is to be saved, rather than by all scientific discoverers and inventors put together. The Christian gospel needs proclaiming more than it needs defending. It will prove itself if given a chance. To proclaim it and apply it is the business of the evangelical churches.

Benjamin Harrison went into the White House as President with a purpose to improve the mail service of the United States. To this end, looking the country over, he settled on that great merchant John Wanamaker to be Postmaster General in order to bring the department up to highest efficiency. To the writer President Harrison said: "If a letter is addressed to John Doe or Richard Roe it should be the business of the Postoffice Department to find that man if he is anywhere on top of the earth and put that letter into his hands."

A letter from the Heavenly Father to every soul of man has been committed to the church of the living God. It is our bounden duty to see to it that this great heavenly love-letter, called the Gospel, the good news from God, reaches its destination and is delivered to those to whom it is addressed, in all the ends of the earth, and most of all in the place where we are, that all may read its messages: "Come

and let us reason together"; "Come, ye children, hearken unto me"; "Look unto me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth"; "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Almost inevitably the figure and errand of Chesterton, appearing twenty-five years ago in a time of dubitation and spiritual depression, recall Balaustion's account of the coming of Hercules to the sorrowing house of Admetus bereft of Alcestis. At the threshold, the strong man with the lion's skin covering his broad shoulders, sends his voice before him to herald through the gloomy halls the arrival of a helper; and Balaustion exclaims:

> O the thrill that ran through us!
> Never was aught so good as that great interrupting voice;
> And sudden, into the midst of sorrow leaped
> Hope, joy, salvation! Hercules is here.

The confident, jubilant, and sonorous voice of Chesterton, to not a few discouraged minds, has meant hope, joy, salvation.

"We have a strong city: *Salvation* will God appoint for walls and bulwarks." By all means and all methods—by training children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, by Christian education making schools and colleges thoroughly religious, by works of mercy and philanthropy, and by a resolute, dauntless, and persistently aggressive evangelism, let the ministry and laity of all churches go in for SALVATION! Do it now.

Is it true, as is claimed, that the great, brainy, educated, dignified Presbyterian body is leaving the Methodist Church behind in the matter of aggressive evangelism? Methodism needs to ponder on its knees, whether this claim is true. The mightiest evangelist in the world to-day, the one producing the most widespread, far-reaching, and lasting results, is a regularly ordained Presbyterian preacher. Having the full sanction and backing of his denomination, his good standing in the ministry is as firm and unquestioned as that of Francis L. Patton, or Henry van Dyke, or Howard Duffield, or J. H. Jowett.

> This is the watchword for the hour,
> A thrilling word, a word of power;
> A battle cry, a flaming breath
> That calls to conquest or to death:
> A word to rouse the Church from rest
> To heed the Master's high behest.
> The call is given; ye hosts arise!
> Our watchword is *Evangelize!*

The glad Evangel now proclaim
Through all the earth in Jesus' Name;
This word is ringing through the skies
Evangelize! Evangelize!
To dying men, a fallen race,
Make known the gift of Gospel Grace;
The world that now in darkness lies
Evangelize! Evangelize!

It is high time for the church to mobilize all her forces. Let the order be given, "Forward along the whole line." Let each minister and church, and each school and college, with its faculty and students, choose the method they find most workable and efficient, best suited to time and place and people. Only *do it,* and do it *now.*

THE ARENA

PROHIBITION AND THE FUTURE

THE biggest question in American politics to-day is the liquor question, and the biggest victory yet gained over the saloon was gained on the seventh of last November. This victory pumped certainty into dry workers, put punch in the slogan "On to Washington," and consternation in the hearts of the liquor cohorts. It has already crystallized the national fight, which has for its definite object national constitutional prohibition by 1920. Every barometer of public opinion, every moist precipitation of the national air, and every breeze that blows indicate that there is going to be a long drought in the land. And when it comes, November seventh, in the year of Grace 1916, will be given as the time of the starting of the great drive which resulted in the capture of Washington for God, Home, and Native Land, and the hauling down of the booze flag for all time to come.

Picking up a Chicago daily about ten days after the election, I noticed a wet and dry map of Uncle Sam's domain, and some heavy-faced type just below. Under the caption, "The Results of the Wet and Dry Fight Nov. 7" appears the following:

"Michigan voted dry by over 75,000. Grand Rapids voted dry by over 3,000. Detroit, with over 800,000 population, voted even." (This was a slight error as Detroit gave a wet majority of over 6,000.)

"Montana, 20,000 against saloon. Every city in the State, except Butte, voted dry.

"South Dakota, dry by 25,000. Every city voted dry.

"Nebraska, majority against saloon over 25,000.

"Utah elected Legislature and Governor pledged to immediate enactment of State-wide prohibition.

"Florida elected Legislature and Governor pledged to immediate enactment of State-wide prohibition.

"Arl ansas: Wets tried to weaken prohibitory law, but vote was more than two to one against them.

"Washington: Seattle, which voted wet two years ago by 15,000, voted dry by 20,000.

"Oregon: Wets attempted to weaken law; defeated by over 90,000. Bone dry amendment passed."

This was a graphic picture, a kind of a bird's-eye view, showing the larger and higher crests of the onrushing temperance tidal waves. And between these were thousands of smaller ones which have and will play their part in beating down the alcoholic wall that surrounds the nation.

Collier's, for December 9, has a cartoon entitled, "Double-Crossing the Bar," showing Michigan opening the blind doors of a saloon and setting out toward the rising sun of prohibition, while the booze venders on the inside howl and rage. And it takes no stretch of the imagination to guess what was said in Chicago barrooms as the denizens and operators looked on this luminating sheet of the city's great daily. There is certainly nothing in the signs of the times that would bring any comfort to the liquor trade. The wind blows only in one direction.

On that same memorable November seventh saloons died at the rate that men die in battle. In Alaska 450 were put out of business. In Michigan, 3,285; in Montana, 1,660; in Nebraska, 825; in South Dakota, 203; and in Maryland, 165, making a total of 6,528 saloons abolished in one day. The brewers demolished that same day were 114: Michigan, 79; Nebraska, 13; Montana, 19, and South Dakota, 3. We used to beg men to keep away from the saloon, but drink increased and drunkards multiplied. Now we keep the saloon away from men and crime of all kinds decreases fully 50 per cent in the first six months in cities like Seattle, Portland, and Denver. If the saloonist feels bad about the destruction of his property he may get his compensation in the knowledge that by being deprived of his trade he is bringing the greatest blessing to his age and generation. And be it known that a good conscience is the best reward for the deeds done in the body.

The map now looks pretty white, but we like best to see it whiten in State units. The dry States before November seventh, in their chronological order, were: Maine, Kansas, North Dakota, Georgia, Oklahoma, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee, West Virginia, Virginia, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa, Idaho, and South Carolina. The four added at the recent election were Michigan, Montana, Nebraska, and South Dakota. At that same time Utah and Florida elected Legislatures and Governors pledged to the immediate enactment of State-wide prohibition, and before the third moon in 1917 these States will be on the water wagon. This will make 25 of the 48 States in the Union definitely committed to Prohibition. And the significant thing about the process is its very recent consummation. All these States except three have boarded the water wagon in the very near past. Looks like a drove of sheep. When one jumps the fence all the rest follow.

Giving the wet and dry map a very careful study, noting the number of dry, near-dry and partially dry States, the conviction is forced upon any unimpartial investigator that national prohibition is only a matter of a few short years. The traveler now can leave the Gulf or Atlantic border and journey either to Canada or the Pacific coast and never be out of a dry State. And he has the choice of two routes in the bargain. Nevada is the only State where booze and divorce hold all the territory. Every other State has been invaded by option in some form, and communities, towns, and even cities, have denied the saloon the right to live within their borders. Prohibition does certainly move on in spite of those million-dollar sinews of war collected and spent by the National Brewers' and Distillers' Association.

Coming down to the county unit, we read a story that seems too good to be true. There are 2,543 counties in the United States, and 2,238 of these are now dry, leaving only 305 wet counties in the nation. There are 78 counties in Florida and Utah. When these States pass their proposed legislation there will be only 227 wet counties out of the 2,543 in the entire country. This represents more than 80 per cent of the territory and more than 60 per cent of the population. There is no place outside of Russia that presents such a picture of booze destruction.

With the slogan, "On to Washington," ringing in our ears, and knowing that it will take 36 States to write Prohibition in the national Constitution, what are the prospects of its accomplishment? Here we must get away from dreaming, or from mere wishing what might be, or ought to be, and get down to brass tacks. It will take 36 Legislatures of 36 States to ratify the amendment that will put Uncle Sam on the water wagon for good. We must also consider the fact that booze will fight to the last ditch and that there is plenty of money that will be spent by them before they give up the ghost. To begin, the 25 dry States would ratify the amendment without delay. This would make eleven short of the goal. Going over the field and studying conditions and omens in near-dry States, we can safely count on Minnesota, Indiana, Ohio, New Mexico, and Texas lining up on the dry side by 1918. Kentucky, Wyoming, and Delaware would either ratify the amendment or pass prohibitory laws just as sure as fate. This would leave three to be secured, and Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maryland would just fit in to make the requisite number. And if perchance there would be a slip somewhere there are California, Missouri, Illinois, and Louisiana, whose Legislatures would pass a national dry amendment. The large wet cities in each one of these States, while affecting the vote for State-wide prohibition, cannot in either control the Legislature. Out of these sixteen States mentioned, that might be designated as near-dry, we indulge in no fancy when we affirm that eleven can be mustered to give the necessary three fourths for ratification. And this does not take into account the rapid growth of prohibition sentiment, but is based upon just the present status quo of the liquor situation. It is as sure as mathematics.

In considering a long-drawn-out war, such as will be involved in the fight for national prohibition, we must take in account the possibility

of an ebb in the tide. The saloon dies hard and has wonderful come-back action. What is the possibility of the dry element losing ground before national prohibition can be effected? This question has been answered in two ways. First, by the voters in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Arizona, and Arkansas in the recent election. To be specific, in Washington a beer amendment was voted on which would have realized August A. Busch's belated ideal German saloon system. But the people of Washington, after nearly a year of no-saloon life, turned this down by over 100,000 majority. The city of Seattle, which voted wet two years ago by 15,000, voted dry this time by 20,000. Tacoma changed a wet majority of 3,000 to a dry majority of 8,000. Spokane switched from 1,500 wet to 10,000 dry. Every county in the State voted against the two liquor initiatives. Idaho changed from satutory to constitutional prohibition, three to one. Arkansas defeated a beer amendment, two to one. Arizona defeated the local option substitute initiated by the wets. Oregon literally snowed under the beer amendment. The answer is also found in the decrease of the wet majorities in California and Missouri and in the large dry vote in the cities of the nation. The second part of the answer is found in the attitude of the press in dry and near-dry States. The most influential papers on the Pacific northwest, papers that fought prohibition with all their power, have since changed and become its most enthusiastic supporters. There is hardly an influential daily left in these States that will defend the saloon. And all the rest will come to the side of that which is best when they see the good results of prohibition. As yet there have not appeared any signs of an ebb in the tide.

On the contrary, temperance sentiment is rapidly growing. And men are growing with it, and no longer public men fear the saloon. In the scientific tests of the twentieth century the saloon stands in a bad light. It looks bad, it smells bad, and its every product is bad. Five years ago Pennsylvania was considered an impregnable stronghold of liquordom. To-day in the Granite State there are eleven counties dry, and 1,500,000 Pennsylvanians live in dry territory. Measuring this with the yard-stick it would total 12,300 square miles. The mene-tekel of King Bacchus has appeared on the wall, and it is being interpreted in no uncertain language by the ballots of a sovereign people.

Looking toward a national amendment, what are the prospects of the law getting by Congress in order that it may be submitted to the States? In the House two years ago the vote got a majority. At the same time there would have been a majority in the Senate. Things have happened since which give great hopes that the boys in Washington will think twice before they vote for the booze gang again. Out in Indiana two wet Senators and ten wet Congressmen were retired and drys elected to replace them. Here also a dry Governor was elected by a large majority. The party and the men who had bowed to the booze barons on the banks of the Wabash were eliminated from Indiana's political ballfield. Indiana did not help send Mr. Marshall to the Vice Presidency, and some folks in Washington, we think, will take the hint. Up in Michigan, one Mr. Beaks placed his political fortunes with the wets and voted against the national amendment

two years ago. Another now sits in his place while he contemplates the scattered debris of his fond hopes buried beneath an avalanche of 70,000 votes and sings "Michigan, Dry Michigan." Politicians do not always judge the way public opinion is swinging, but those who fail at this late date are beyond hope. I feel confident, however, that two thirds of them scent the direction, and that the nation-wide campaign will be on within the life of the next Congress.

It does beat all how the prophecies of the booze venders fail, and how villages, towns, and even cities get on without the saloon. And it is just a crime how home industries are ruined by prohibition—such as wife-beating, assault, desertion, and murder. And one of the things that are far from what the trade would have us believe is the significant fact that under prohibition there are more business, increased bank clearings, lower taxes, decreased crime, less pauperism, and less boot-legging. Grass is yet to grow on the streets of dry burgs.

There is one phase of this question that has given thoughtful men concern and that is the seeming destruction of property. The passage of the national amendment, just as with the State amendments, will give plenty of time for the men concerned to dispose of their stocks and salvage their furniture and fixtures. The buildings remain to be used for other purposes and there is no loss here. Chairs and tables are common commodities and would not be classed as loss. Bars could readily be turned into lunch or soft drink counters, and their glasses used in the latter business. Following it down to the last item there would be but very little property destruction in the going of the trade. Given time and care on the saloonkeeper's part, about the only thing he would lose would be his occupation, and many a man has done that, gotten another or better, and lived. This is but the common fate of millions of men every year and goes with the uncertainties of life. If the saloonkeeper's job has unfitted him for another then he had best be out and all men kept out.

With the brewery and distiller there will be plenty of uses for their buildings and equipment, and many men who formerly made booze have changed their factories since prohibition came and are getting splendid results. In Omaha one is already being made into a modern apartment house. In Wheeling, W. Va., one is now the P. O. Raymond Meat Packing Company, and doing a good business. A Cedar Rapids brewery is now a yeast packing company. The Iowa City plant has turned to a creamery and produce company. The North Yakima (Washington) brewery is now a fruit by-product company. The Salem (Oregon) brewery is now making loganberry juice. In Flint (Michigan) one has been made into a Methodist church. Henry Ford has suggested to the Michigan breweries to make wood alcohol, and Henry is thought to have worked out the practical method of making the coming fuel for his automobiles.

The immediate work of the dry forces will be to stop leaks, watch their fences, and bend toward "bone dry" legislation. At the same time Congress ought to exclude booze advertisements and solicitation letters from the mails, stop interstate shipments of intoxicating liquors, and withhold Federal license in dry States. The Federal Government should not nullify

the prohibition laws of the various States. But in the accomplishment of these minor things the aim and object of all the work and effort should not be side-tracked, namely to write prohibition in the fundamental law of the land, and so fence it and guard it that never again will alcoholic beverages prey upon the best life and blood of the nation, and to do this by the year of Grace 1920. GRANT PERKINS.

Gladstone, Mich.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

PAUL'S FIRST LETTER TO THE CHURCH IN CORINTH

PLEA FOR CHURCH UNITY. 1 Cor. 1. 10-17.

IN the autumn of the year 50 of the Christian era a solitary traveler might have been seen entering one of the gates of the city of Corinth. Tradition represents him as a man of slight build, partly bald, a face bronzed by exposure, hands hardened by toil.

His name was once Saul of Tarsus, but now Paul, the apostle of Jesus Christ.

The city of Corinth which he is entering was situated on an isthmus which joins the Peloponnesus with the north of Greece. It was not the old classical city of Corinth which Paul was entering. The old city had been destroyed by Mummius B. C. 146, after which it had been silent for a hundred years. In A. D. 46 Corinth was rebuilt by Julius Cæsar. The glory of the new city was greater than that of the old city. Athens was greater as an intellectual center. Corinth in size, commerce, and splendor was the first city of Greece. It was, when Paul entered it, a great cosmopolitan center of six hundred thousand inhabitants; it was to that time what New York, London, Paris, and Berlin are to our times.

Its inhabitants were Greeks, Romans, Jews. It contained a mixture of the Orient and the Occident. It must have been a strange sight which met the eye of the apostle when he entered the city. He saw before him a city of boundless wealth, of boundless luxury, and also of boundless vice.

The immorality of the city was a dominant feature. To behave as a Corinthian was synonymous with gross immorality. It may have furnished the basis for the description of the abominable condition of the heathen world in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, which was written from Corinth.

But there was another side to the condition of Corinth when Paul entered it which must not be overlooked. Low moral ideas and practices existed side by side with philosophical speculations. It was an age of Sophists, of disputation, of philosophy falsely so called.

As art decayed after the Roman conquest so did literature become perverted. Stanley says: "With a worn-out philosophy, which had sunk from the sublime aspirations of Plato and the practical wisdom of Aristotle into the subtleties of the later Stoics and Epicureans." Goudge says:

"The fine language that Saint Paul despises is not the lofty eloquence of Isaiah, or even of Demosthenes; the philosophy is not the philosophy of Plato, or even of Seneca. Saint Paul could have sympathized with these; it is rather the empty word-play and philosophic dilettanteism of the Corinthians of his own day. High standards had passed away. The Corinthians, as Saint Paul says of some of his teachers, measured themselves simply by themselves (2. Cor. 10. 12), and empty self-conceit was the result."

It is probable that when he entered the city of Corinth Paul, wise man that he was, would contemplate his mode of procedure.

He proposed to attack this fortress of heathenism and to bring this city into the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. It was a gigantic undertaking. To besiege and conquer this fortress of sin and of false philosophy would demand great wisdom as well as great courage.

He would probably, as was his custom, first go to the Jewish synagogue.

It will be remembered that the early converts from Judaism did not break away entirely from Judaism. They were, in their own view, still Jews and had not relinquished their Jewish privileges. They were somewhat in the position in which the early Methodists were in relation to the Church of England.

It was the privilege of learned men to enter the synagogue and address the assembled Jews.

Luke, in the Acts, narrates very concisely Paul's coming to Corinth. It was immediately after his visit to Athens, which he found wholly given up to idolatry, and where he preached his wonderful sermon on Mars' Hill, which had not been very fruitful in results.

At Corinth he made very valuable acquaintances, Acts 18. 1-5; "After these things he departed from Athens, and came to Corinth, and found a certain Jew named Aquila, who lately came from Italy with his wife Priscilla; . . . he reasoned in the synagogue every sabbath, and persuaded Jews and the Greeks."

Five or six years pass away. Paul is in Ephesus when he hears from Chloe, and perhaps others, of the disturbed condition of the Corinthian Church and of the great questions which disturbed them.

It seems that specific questions had been referred to him for solution. He is greatly distressed, as he was not able to go himself to Corinth, and he sends Timothy to travel through Macedonia to Corinth. Thus he sends directly to Corinth his first letter to the Corinthians.

Church Divisions and their Remedy

After a brief introduction, which occupies verses 1-9, he enters formally upon the subject of the Epistle. Paul's first message is in regard to their party divisions. 1 Cor. 1. 10-17.

He introduces this subject quite delicately, verse 10. "Now I beseech you, brethren, through the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you, but that ye be perfected together in the same mind and in the same judgment."

This is certainly very gentle. In verse 11 he comes at once to the subject. "For it hath been signified unto me concerning you, my brethren, by them which are of the household of Chloe, that there are contentions among you."

The words "It hath been signified unto me" are hardly as strong as the original. We think the authorized version is more nearly correct: "It hath been declared unto me." The aorist tense indicates a particular time or occasion when the communication was made to Paul. Who Chloe was is not known. It may have been some one at Ephesus who was related to Corinth and who was acquainted with Saint Paul. May have been "by slaves belonging to Chloe's household." "She may have been an Ephesian lady, with some Christian slaves, who had visited Corinth." Various explanations have been given, but they are all conjectural.

The parties in the Church are indicated in verse 12. "Now this I mean, that each one of you saith, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ." How many parties; two, three, or four? "Each one" does not mean that every member of the Church had joined one of these parties, but evidently the majority had joined in the strife.

The view of Ellicott is that there were four parties. The first mentioned is the Paul party. Paul puts this first because he expects to disclaim any connection or sympathy with it or any other party.

The party of Paul was, of course, those who sympathized with his missionary propaganda among the Gentiles and were in harmony with his doctrinal views.

Apollos, under the instructions of Aquila and Priscilla (Acts 18. 26), held the same views. He is described as an eloquent Alexandrian, whose cultured style contrasted him strangely with Paul, whose style bore no marks of polish or eloquence. "What was felt to be so different in manner was soon assumed to be so in matter. Preference passed into partisanship and partisanship into the sectarian divisions which are here condemned." (See Ellicott.)

The party of Cephas. "Cephas was the Jewish designation of Peter," the form "usually adopted in Saint Paul's Epistles." Peter is used only in Gal. 2. 7, 8. These may have been the party of Judaizing teachers who may have taken occasion of these disturbances to press the claims of Peter, whom Paul had rebuked at Antioch.

The fourth party may have been those who claimed no Jewish relationship with the Lord and yet claimed Christ as their own, and used his name as the watchword of a party.

Put in terms of to-day, we would designate Paul's party as the Gentile party who favored Paul's great missionary policy; the party of Apollos as the party of culture, who were delighted with form and ritual; the Peter party, the extreme Jewish party who gave a reluctant consent to Paul's great missionary propaganda. Peter required a special vision to assure him of Gentile liberty. The Christ party may have been the common watchword of all, but it was also a gathering around personal leaders. Paul, Apollos, and Peter were the great leaders of the Church at Corinth around whom the schism gathered.

It has been remarked that it is a strange fact that no great denomination has been founded after these distinguished names. We have the Lutheran body, and the Wesleyan Church, but no Paul, Apollos, or Peter, Church, although Orders have been founded in the name of Paul.

Paul at once disclaims any connection with any of these parties, 1-13. "Is Christ divided! Was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul? I thank God that I baptized none of you, save Crispus and Gaius, lest any man should say that ye were baptized into my name."

How delicate his allusions. He depreciates only himself. He would not depreciate others. He was not crucified for them. Their true and only leader must be the Crucified One. He baptized very few of their number. He only recalled two, Crispus and Gaius, who were well known to them. He recalls also the household of Stephanas. His duty was to proclaim the gospel, verse 17. "For Christ sent me not to baptize but to preach the gospel; not in wisdom of words lest the cross of Christ should be made void."

What is Paul's message in regard to these divisions? This calls us back to verse 10: "Now I beseech you, brethren, through the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions [Greek, *schisms*] among you; but that ye be perfected together in the same mind and in the same judgment."

The exact meaning of these words is difficult to reach and expositors have been greatly divided as to their meanings.

Lightfoot says, "The clause 'that ye all speak the same thing,' is a classical expression and is used of political communities which are free from factions, of different states which entertain friendly relations with each other." "To 'speak the same' is to be at peace, to make up differences." Sadler says "same mind" means "the Christian way of thinking in general—full harmony of view in regard to a Christian truth; perfect agreement in the way of solving practical questions."

Ellicott: "They must think the same things and in the same judgment and application of those thoughts." "They were to arrive at the same mental decisions in reference to the subject."

Kay: "How but by agreeing in the apostolic preacheing! The apostle says not—I beseech you, brethren, that ye be content to differ or to make allowances for one another; but he says—I beseech you, brethren, that ye speak the same thing. Our first work is, not to arrive at unity, but to conform ourselves to the standard of divine truth; just as the unity of a choir is not gained by each singer striving to keep in with his neighbor, but by all following the prescribed rules of music." (Quoted from sermon of E. P. Eden.)

The important phrase rendered in the revised version "that we be perfected together" means to put together that which has been broken. The apostle here is urging them "to give up not erroneous beliefs, but party spirit." It is evident that the matter which caused the divisions is not doctrinal, for there is no evidence that there were any real differences in doctrine between Paul, Apollos, and Peter, but it was this championship of one leader over another that caused their strifes. None of the parties

had separated from the church. The contentions were always in the church. Is not this adherence to leaders a great source of most contentions within the modern church?

What, then, is Paul's remedy for the divided church? It is to lead them out of themselves and their own narrowness to Christ. Christ is always before him. Christ is mentioned nine times in the first nine verses of this chapter. He says in the tenth verse, "I beseech you through the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." The real duty of one who would heal divisions is to hold up before the parties the symbol of the Master. What does the patriotic leader do who would stir the people to patriotism? He raises in view of the people the country's standard, the "Star Spangled Banner," the symbol of our national unity. So with Christians. The recognition of their union with Christ is the solvent for all church divisions. The Cross of Christ is the symbol and the bond of our Christian unity.

Has the thought of our modern age any better solution for church differences than that presented by the apostle in this passage?

THE CONSTRUCTIVE TEACHER

THE title of this paper contains two very familiar yet very important words.

The word "constructive" has different meanings growing out of the different relations and applications in which it appears. It may mean the power to construct or the constructive faculty.

For our present purpose we employ one of its logical meanings: "tendency toward or resulting in positive conclusions; affirmation, as constructive reasoning."

The word teacher is a personal word. It is a person who has the capacity of acquiring knowledge and wisdom and has the faculty of imparting the same to others who are recognized as disciples.

According to the concordance, the verb "teach" is found in the Old and New Testaments about one hundred and ten times; "teacher" and "teachers" twenty times in the New Testament; besides the words "teachest," "teacheth," and "teaching," the word "disciples" is mentioned about two hundred times. The frequent use of the words relating to teaching shows the important plan the teacher occupies in Christianity. The teaching problem, both as to substance and methods, is one of the pressing problems of our time.

The teaching function is one of the highest functions intrusted to mankind. The position of teacher has been held in honor in all ages. It is not uncommon for those holding the highest political and ecclesiastical positions to accept the post of teacher in a college or university or professional school, without any sense of humiliation in his own feelings or in the views of others. Our blessed Lord is called "the great Teacher." His command to his chosen disciples was: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations."

The modern designation for teachers and disciples is professors and students. It is the method of the teacher, and not the substance of the teaching, that we are considering at this time. The pastor as well as the professor is a teacher and each must employ the methods adapted to his position.

The different professorial methods have been admirably presented by Rev. Dr. F. L. Patton in a biographical paper on Archibald Alexander Hodge, son of Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, the eminent theological professor of Princeton Theological Seminary. Dr. A. A. Hodge was the successor of his father in the Chair of Systematic Theology.

Dr. Patton in his paper says: "It is possible to entertain different views of what a professor's function ought to be. According to one view a professorship means an opportunity for special investigation and leisurely research, the results of which are communicated in the lecture room to men who desire knowledge. According to another view the academic lecture is intended to stimulate interest in the department to which it belongs. It is not intended to be a substitute for independent reading and that mastery of the subject which only independent reading can give. According to still another view the professor's business is to see that a certain definite body of instruction is safely and surely transferred from his mind to the minds of those who hear him. He is not only or even chiefly to present truth that men may receive it if they choose; he is to see that they receive it. Hodge was a teacher of this type, and one of the greatest that America has ever produced."

It is the third view which we would emphasize at this time which we will call the constructive method. It assumes that certain truths have been investigated and definite conclusions have been reached, and that the teacher accepts them as the basis of his instructions to his classes and enforces them upon his students as containing the truth. It does not mean that the student is to accept all that the teacher regards as the truth, but that the instructor has so thoroughly studied the subject on which he is lecturing that he can state his views in a positive manner and help in his personal investigations. It involves substantially all the methods indicated above; "opportunity for investigation and leisurely research," "stimulating interest in the subject," and finally a "definite body of instruction" to be imparted.

The teacher before entrance upon his work must himself have been a careful and critical student of the subjects on which he is to give instruction. No one can teach that which he is not prepared to teach. His critical and logical faculties should have been employed with absolute integrity of determination to ascertain the truth. It is often a long and painful process. In the investigation of his subject, difficulties of which he never dreamed will arise from time to time. He must, however, proceed until his views are clarified, and he is able to express them with simplicity and force. If he is not satisfied with his investigation and does not feel confident of the correctness of his conclusions, he should either defer the discussion of the subject for further investigation or state that he cannot reach a satisfactory statement. Integrity of investigation

and discussion is of course fundamental. When this process of investigation and reading has been completed he can speak with the authority that comes of strong conviction. He is then a constructive teacher.

The constructive method is the natural order of intellectual procedure. It proposes to start with that which is admitted and to advance to that which logically follows from it and which from other sources has been added to it. It recognizes and puts in practice the proper function of the teacher. The constructive method of teaching is specially adapted to our times.

We are living in an iconoclastic age. Intellectual vagaries of all kinds fill the air. The easiest way to secure attention is to become the teacher of a new propaganda of something startling. The restlessness of the world in all matters of intellectual and moral values is apparent to all. The multitudes are bewildered. We are much in the condition of the ancient Athenians. "Now all the Athenians and the strangers sojourning there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or hear some new thing." Acts 17. 21.

Paul's method in that remarkable address on Mars' Hill was a distinctively constructive message. He begins with the statement, which none of his hearers questioned, that they were "very religious" and proceeds to set forth the positive message of which he was the apostle. The Divine Teacher, when he was upon earth, gave a sublime example of the constructive teacher, which all disciples of the Great Master of us all should take as a model of method. It was the authority with which he spoke that astonished the multitudes who had listened to his Sermon on the Mount. It is said in Matt. 7. 28, 29: "And it came to pass when Jesus ended these words, the multitudes were astonished at his teaching, for he taught them as one having authority and not as the scribes."

It is not our privilege to teach with such authority as the perfect infallible Teacher, but each in his measure, whether professor or pastor or instructor in any sphere, can by prayer and study prepare and convey to others a constructive message, as necessary for the upbuilding of humanity in all that is noblest and most Christlike, which is the true object of all true teachers and teaching.

The constructive method which the writer is commending, he believes, has been the method of all great teachers and is well adapted to our times and to all times. Construction in every department of thought and activity is the crying need of the hour, and happy is every teacher who has a share in the reconstruction of the world, now passing through the great upheaval of war, on the foundation of the apostles and prophets and on Jesus Christ the Chief Cornerstone.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

LETTERS, SACRED AND PROFANE

LETTER-WRITING is a very ancient custom, as old, no doubt, as writing itself, which was practiced in many lands in gray antiquity. We have references to letters in Egypt as early as the twelfth century B. C. We read of letters in Homer, Herodotus, and the Old Testament. The Tel-el-Amarna letters are too well known to require anything but a mere mention.

There have been, too, famous collections of letters of private individuals in both Greece and Italy, such as those of Aristotle, Isocrates, Epicurus. There were four collections of Cicero's, having in all 864 letters. Seneca's letters, of about the same date as those of Saint Paul, are known to all. Letter-writing is no modern art, nor, indeed, is stenography, or shorthand.

It is not the object of this article to trace the origin of letter-writing, but rather to compare some of the letters of the New Testament with those, written in the colloquial cosmopolitan Greek, discovered in Egypt within the past forty years. Most of our data have been taken from Prof. Adolph Deissmann's works, one of the best authorities on the subject. He has found such similarity between the vocabulary, style and syntax of Saint Paul's writings and those non-literary letters lately discovered as to force him to the conclusion that the New Testament Greek is not peculiar to itself, but rather, with few minor differences of idiom, such as could be expected from a Jew writing Greek—the same as that found in the writings of those of the non-literary people who made use of cosmopolitan Greek. Many of the words and expressions formerly labeled by eminent scholars as "Hebraisms" or "biblical Greek," are now shown to be the every-day expressions of the common people, the current speech of those who spoke Greek in the Imperial age. In many cases the error arose from the fact that these learned men had neglected some of the classical writers, to say nothing of the late Greek authors. The chief reason, however, was that they had no knowledge of myriads of popular documents brought to light since their days. It is simply another instance of "authorities" drawing conclusions from insufficient data, for, alas! even learned Bible critics sometimes draw upon their imaginations.

Deissmann has collected a number of words and phrases, labeled by Cremer, Blass, and others as "Semitic" or "Hebrew," which in reality are not Semitic at all, but colloquial, non-literary Greek pure and simple. One such phrase is *δύο δύο*, two and two, or by twos. This is certainly, though so labeled, not Semitic, for even Æschylus and Sophocles use it; nay, more, it is used this very day in modern Greek, as any Greek vendor of soft drinks in any of our cities may tell us. We find, moreover, the same usage in German and Welsh. Another phrase is *βλέπειν ἀπό*, to beware of. Both Blass and Wellhausen learnedly call it Hebrew or Semitic. Unfortunately for these two great scholars, a papyrus letter of August 4, 41 A. D., discovered in Egypt, contains this very phrase. In

this inscription we read: "And thou, do thou *beware* of the Jews." Certainly, this warning against the Jews does not sound Hebraic.

The so-called "Johannine style" was likewise labeled Semitic or Aramaic chiefly because of its fondness for and frequent use of "and" as a connective. A comparison of some passages from John with those in non-literary Greek letters of the period shows conclusively that the criticism is not well founded, for the practice referred to is more common in the latter than in the writings of John. Again, attention was called to John's frequent use of the first personal pronoun, as, for example, in John 10. 7-14. In this passage we find the first personal pronoun seven times. A sure proof of Semitic origin. In an inscription of about 27 B. C., quoted by Dionysius of Sicily, of only one half the length of the passage in John, the first personal pronoun is employed eight times. In another only thrice as long as the passage in John we find this pronoun twenty-six times.

The oldest Greek letter so far discovered is written by an Athenian of the fourth century B. C. and preserved in the Royal Museum at Berlin. It seems to be from a man of means, temporarily detained on a journey, to his family at Athens. The following is a part of the letter: "Mnesigergus sendeth to them that are at his home greetings and health, and he saith it is so with him. If you be willing, send me some covering, either sheepskins or goatskins, as plain as you have and not broidered with fur, and shoesoles; upon occasion I will return them." Every reader will instinctively think of Saint Paul's request that Timothy should send him the cloak which had been left at Troas.

A very interesting letter is one written 1 B. C., from an Egyptian workingman to his wife about to become a mother. It was found by Grenfell and Hunt among the Oxyrhyncus papyri. As a specimen of the composition of a laboring man and a picture of the low morality of the age, as well as of the brutal, sentimental coquettishness of the fellow, the letter, which we reproduce in full, deserves careful study: "Hilarion to Alis his sister, many greetings. Also to Berus my lady and Apollonarin. Know that we are still even now in Alexandrea [sic]. Be not distressed if at the general coming in I remain at Alexandrea. I pray thee and beseech thee take care of the little child. And as soon as we receive wages I will send thee up. If thou . . . are delivered, if it was a male child, let it (live); if it was female, cast it out. Thou saidst to Aphrodisias, 'Forget me not.' How can I forget thee? I pray thee, therefore, that thou be not distressed. In the year 29 of the Caesar, Pauni 23."

The letter, though addressed to his sister, was, no doubt, to his wife. It was not unusual in ancient Egypt for a brother to marry his sister. As Deissmann aptly remarks, "The letter displays a sad picture of civilization in the age which saw the birth of the great Friend of Children, a scene in which the fortunes of a proletarian family are neglected in their naked horror, a background of distinct contrast to what Jesus said of the value of little children." From the days of our Saviour to our own the condition of children has steadily improved, and their protection from cruelty and abuse is one of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity.

The discoveries of the recent past have brought to light the fact that letters were sometimes copied and kept in collections. This was done not only by the sender, but also by those who received letters. This, no doubt, may account for the apparent lack of connection noticeable in some letters. For it was very possible to paste two distinct letters so closely together as to make them appear as one. Let it also be remembered that model letter writers are not the invention of modern times. There were in all ages, as there are to-day, people who could write in some fashion, but devoid of all talent for expressing their thoughts in a written form. Hence the value of a Complete Letter Writer. The following letter of condolence was taken from such a collection of models: "The death of N. N., now blessed, hath grieved us exceedingly and constrained us to mourn and weep; for of such an earnest and altogether virtuous friend have we been bereaved. Glory then and praise be to God, who in his wisdom and incomprehensible power and providence governeth the issues to death and when it is expedient receiveth the soul unto himself."

The above, as we can readily see, must have been penned by a person of strong faith in God and immortality and shows a decided advance over the following from Oxyrhyncus and now in the library of Yale University. It was written toward the close of the apostolic age, and though full of profound sympathy and tenderness of feeling it can hardly be from a believer in Christ.

"Irene to Taonnophris and Philo, good comfort. I was as sorry and wept over the departed one as I did over Didymus [according to Deissmann, a husband or son]. And all things whatsoever were fitting, I did, and all mine. . . . But, nevertheless, against such things one can do nothing. Therefore comfort ye one another. Fare ye well. Athyr. 1, that is, October 28."

The writer knows the pains and sorrows caused by the death of some dear ones, but knows not how to console the family so sorely bereaved. How tantalizingly futile the exhortation, "Comfort ye one another." For they are evidently ignorant of the great Comforter. They do not seem to know anything of the words of Saint Paul (1 Thess. 4. 18f.), who knows the power of the resurrection and speaks so confidently of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

One more selection from the Letter Writer. The language, as the reader will observe, is very general and perfunctory. It is a vague request for pardon, and about as meaningless as the well-known phrase, "I beg your pardon," of our time. The letter is as follows:

"I know that I erred in that I treated thee ill. Wherefore, having repented, I beg pardon for the error. But for the Lord's sake, delay not to forgive me. For it is just to pardon friends who stumble, and especially when they desire to obtain pardon."

There is no hint, whatever, as to the nature of the error made. And so the model might be used for any error or crime, small or great.

It would be quite wrong to conclude that spoiled children are the product of modern times or of the new education, for the species was known as early at least as the second century of our era in the land of

Egypt, as we see from the following letter of a young Egyptian schoolboy to his father, who having occasion to visit Alexandria conveniently forgot to take the youngster along with him to the capital. Both grammar and spelling are bad and so is the spirit of the boy. We reproduce the letter verbatim so that the reader may see how a naughty boy of nearly 2,000 years ago could write: "Theon to Theon his father, greeting: Thou hast done well. Thou hast not carried me with thee to the town. If thou wilt not carry me with thee to Alexandria, I will not write thee a letter, nor speak [to] thee, nor wish thee health. But if thou goest to Alexandria, I will not take hand from thee, nor greet thee again henceforth. If thou wilt not carry me these things come to pass. My mother also said to Archelaus, 'He driveth me mad, away with him!' But thou hast done well. Thou hast sent me great gifts—locust-beans. They deceived us there on the 12th day, when thou didst sail. Finally, send for me, I beseech thee. If thou sendest not, I will not eat or drink. Even so. Fare thee well, I pray. Tybi 18"—January 13.

Deissmann characterizes this letter of the urchin as impudent, sarcastic, and ironical. "He will stop everything that a well-brought-up child should do to its parents—wishing them goodby, shaking hands, wishing them good health and writing letters," and—worst of all (?)—he will starve to death of his own free will.

The next letter is from a certain Caor, Papas of Hermopolis, to a Christian military officer in the Fayum. It was written about 346 A. D. Papas, usually rendered Pope and sometimes Bishop, here, no doubt, is assumed by a village priest, for Hermopolis was a little insignificant village. The language, too, betrays the plebeian, unworthy of a Bishop even of that age. Moreover, it is not uncommon even in our day to apply the title bishop to a common, ordinary village minister, at least in a semi-jocular way. And who does not know the extravagant use of the title doctor to ministers, small and great, in our cities? The letter, as we shall see, recalls most vividly the letter of Paul to Philemon. It is taken from a collection of letters, sixty in all, to Abinnæus, and reads as follows: "To my master and beloved brother Abinneus (?) the Præpositus, Caor, Papas of Hermopolis, greeting. I salute thy children much. I would have thee know, Lord, concerning Paul the soldier, concerning his flight. Pardon him this once, seeing that I am without leisure to come unto thee at this present. And, if he desist not, he will come again into thy hands another time. Fare thee well, I pray, many years, my lord brother."

In his letter to Philemon Paul intercedes for a runaway slave, while Caor, the village priest, nearly two hundred years later, precisely in the same spirit as the great apostle, appeals to a military officer for clemency to a deserter, penitent on account of his offense and anxious to return to his post.

"This little genre painting," says Deissmann, "gains interest when we remember that the treatment of deserters was a problem that occupied the early church, and even led to a conciliar decree. In the year 314 the Council of Arles determined that those who throw down their arms shall be excommunicate."

As already stated, though these papyri and ostraca are written in many scripts and languages, the bulk of those discovered are in the common, cosmopolitan Greek. Strangely enough, though the seat of government was at Rome and Latin was the court language, Latin inscriptions discovered in Egypt are comparatively rare. And yet this is to be expected if we remember that most of the inscriptions already brought to light have been dug out of the rubbish heaps of little villages in Egypt—and not from the places where imperial documents were kept—and were thus the correspondence, records, etc., of the lower classes of the citizenship. However, some Latin inscriptions were found at Oxyrhynchus by Grenfell and Hunt. Here is one from the Deissmann collection. It is from the second century of our era: "To Julius Domitius, military tribune of the legion, from Aurelius Archelaus his *beneficiaries*, greeting. Already aforetime I have recommended unto thee Theon my friend, and now also I pray, lord, that thou mayest have him before thine eyes as myself. For he is such a man that he may be loved by thee. For he left his own people, his goods and business, and followed me. And through all things he has kept me in safety. And therefore I pray of thee that he may have entering in unto thee. And he is able to declare unto thee all things concerning our business. Whatsoever he hath told me so it was in very deed. I have loved the man. . . . Be ye most happy, lord, many years, with all thine, in good health. Have this letter before thine eyes, lord, and think that I speak with thee. Farewell."

The above, as all may see, contains several expressions quite familiar to readers of the New Testament. We instinctively think of Peter's words: "Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee," and also the words of Paul in 1 Thess. 1. 9 and Col. 4. 7. If the writer was not a Christian he was certainly highly humane, and filled with Christian sentiments.

As could be expected, there have been discovered quite a number of Coptic inscriptions in Egypt. Coptic was the language of the Copts, the native Christians of Egypt, and "racially the purest representatives of the ancient Egyptians." Coptic is no longer spoken, but was supplanted nearly two hundred years ago by the Arabic. Deissmann selected two of these ostraca from the collection of Mr. W. E. Crum. They are both of about 600 A. D., a time when the Coptic Church was beginning to wane in influence and just on the eve of the Moslem conquest. The fact that they are ostraca, the cheapest and most primitive material for correspondence, bears witness to the simplicity, shall we not say poverty, of the Coptic Church. We reproduce one of these ostraca. It is a letter written by a priest to his Bishop in behalf of three men desirous of ordination to deacon's orders. That the priest, and not one of the candidates, wrote this letter does not necessarily show that not one of the three could write, but rather that the ordained priest stood nearer the Bishop than they did. The letter is as follows: "I, Samuel, Jacob and Aaron, we unite to our holy father Apa Abraham, the Bishop. Seeing we have requested thy paternity that thou wouldest ordain us deacons, we are ready to observe the commands and canons and to obey those above us and be obedient to the superiors and to watch our beds on the days

of communion and to . . . Gospel according to John and learn it by heart by the end of Pentecost. If we do not learn it by heart, and cease to practice it, there is no hand on us. And we will not trade nor take usury, nor will we go abroad without asking [leave]. I, Hemai, and Apa Jacob, son of Job, we are guarantors for Samuel. I, Simeon, and Atre, we are guarantors for Jacob. I, Patermute the priest, and Moses and Lassa, we are guarantors for Aaron. I, Patermute, this least of priests, have been requested and have written this tablet and am witness."

We learn from Coptic inscriptions that candidates for deacon's orders were, among other things, required to commit to memory long portions of the New Testament and Psalms before ordination. Others had to commit to memory an entire Gospel, then recite it publicly or write it out. Still others had to memorize twenty-five psalms, two of Paul's epistles, and several chapters of the Gospels.

The other ostracon selected by Deissmann is an episcopal communication, and may be regarded as "a kind of letter of excommunication." It is very severe in tone and directed against a certain Psate, who had been guilty of making the poor wretched, and oppressing them. He is compared to Judas, to Gehazi, to Zimri, to the accusers of Daniel and Susanna, etc. The venerable prelate, no doubt, justifies his language, harsh as it is, because it is almost entirely drawn from the Scriptures.

Whoever may desire to pursue this subject further may study with great profit the works of Deissmann, Milligan, and especially the Oxyrhyncus Papyri published by Grenfell and Hunt.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Religion of Power. A Study of Christianity in Relation to the Quest for Salvation in the Græco-Roman World, and its Significance for the Present Age. By HARRIS E. KIRK, D.D. 8vo, pp. xi+317. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

IN his latest volume, The Bearing of Recent Discovery on the Trustworthiness of the New Testament, Professor Ramsay pointed out that the word "power" (*δύναμις*) was one of the technical terms in the language of pagan religion, superstition, and magic. "'Power' was what the devotees respected and worshiped; any exhibition of 'power' must have its cause in something that was divine. The term 'power' in plural was used to denote actions exhibiting power like that of God. The goddess who 'makes impossibilities possible' is thanked in a Phrygian inscription." The great problem of the first century was how to translate "knowledge" into "power" and precept into performance. That age of

many religious panaceas found out by bitter experience the fallacy of one of our popular sayings that "Knowledge is power." Its best thinkers were agreed that human nature could not furnish a moral dynamic. Christianity came into a world that was intellectually effete, morally bankrupt, socially corrupt, and religiously exhausted. This is the subject of Dr. Kirk's lectures in the present volume, and right well does he demonstrate the finality and fruitfulness of Christianity in the first century as well as in the twentieth century. When we hear so frequently criticisms to the effect that men in the American pastorate are not producing scholarly works, it is encouraging to meet with this book by the pastor of the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church, Baltimore. It contains a conclusive answer to much of the current superficial opinion and random generalization of the day. The study of history exercises a very sobering and steadying influence; it also gives one the right perspective, as he glances down the centuries and takes careful note of what Christianity has done for the world, and what it is competent to do in meeting our own deep needs in the midst of anguish and defeat. The first lecture, on "The Westward Movement of Christianity," is a searching characterization of the genuine needs of the first century and the conditions which favored the spread of the gospel of redemption. Nothing, however, is said of the remarkable facilities for travel and communication which were offered by Rome through its new roads and new postal system; nor is any mention made of the wonderful unifying of the empire by the extensive spread of the Greek language. These were not merely incidental but providential openings, as Professor G. H. Moulton and Professor Caspar René Gregory have so well shown in their writings. Very lucid is the presentation of the various modes of access to God and their failure to obtain peace. "The moral sense of the age was running far in advance of its religious supports." The pathos of the situation was that eager and restless souls were skeptical of familiar ways of salvation and turned away from the established usages of religion to the multiplied cults of that time, which were like broken cisterns that held no water. In many respects there is a similarity to our own times. The Oriental religions or cults which made a bid for support, in addition to Judaism, were the Cybele-Attis cult from Phrygia, certain Syrian nature cults of a monotheistic trend, the Isis-Serapis cult from Egypt, and the cult of Mithra, which was the greatest and most powerful. Unlike the state religion of Rome, which was cold, austere, and abstract, these cults were warm, sensuous, passionate, and they enthusiastically appealed to the imagination. Christianity came into competition with all of them and won out because, unlike the ritual appeal associated with these mystery religions, it made an ethical appeal to the conscience. This fact is well brought out, and it deserves study in view of many modern cults which place comfort above character, and think more of emotional sympathy than of sacrificial sanctity. The lecture on "The Ethical Quest Among the Greeks" takes into consideration the respective contributions of Socrates, the first ethical thinker who taught men to reflect, of Plato, of Aristotle, and of the two schools of Stoicism and Epicureanism, the first of which believed

in overcoming the world by defiance, while the second attempted it by a judicious compromise and the avoidance of extremes. The Ethical Quest Among the Romans reviews the contributions made by Lucretius, who condemned religion—which was associated in his mind with the superstitions of priestcraft and not with the scientific study of the nature of things; by Virgil, the most spiritual man of the heathen world, and by Seneca, whose stoicism did not dull his perception of moral reality, but was rather mellowed by an intensified sense of God. The next lecture, on "The Legal Quest Among the Jews," is an informing study of Pharisaism. The remaining four lectures, on Christianity as the religion of power, are the answer to the first five on the quest for safe conduct. This second part of the volume may be regarded as a constructive and convincing exposition of Paul's challenging declaration: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Here is a clear distinction well stated: "The test of religion by means of discussion is an easy test, since it can be indefinitely prolonged, and maintain its credit for a considerable time without peril to itself. But it is quite another matter when one falls back on performances. That is the acid test of religion." Judged by this exact and searching test, Christianity is shown to be absolutely satisfying. The secret of its greatness is due to the great deed on the Cross "for us men and for our salvation." Familiar terms like justification, reconciliation, adoption, sanctification, and election are interpreted from a new point of view, and the author enhances the significance of the Christian experience which these words suggest. How Christianity satisfied the needs of that age is well demonstrated in the last lecture, and in conclusion the author states what it will do for our own age. The need for a conception of God on whom one might depend was met by the revelation of Divine Fatherhood, which was based on redemption rather than on providence. The Christian doctrine of sin properly diagnosed the world's spiritual distress; yet so far from producing discouragement, as lesser investigations usually did, it always made the diagnosis in connection with the offer of pardon. The sacrificial death of the Saviour was the basis for faith in the righting power of God. The incarnation of God in Christ was evidence that the Eternal God had come into man's life as an abiding power. The historic significance of Christianity, which is causal far more than cognitive, appeals with equal force and conclusiveness to the modern man. His discontent is due to prosperity and not to poverty, and if he knows it he can see that his unrest and distress of spirit can be wholly removed only as he comes into dynamic relationship with God in Jesus Christ.

The Renascence of Jesus. By James Robertson Cameron, M.A. 8vo, pp. xvi+315. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

Each age sees Jesus from a different angle, but it reaches one and the same conclusion. It is that he can and does satisfy its clamorous needs.

We need to-day such a conception of Jesus as will do adequate justice to his moral greatness and his spiritual supremacy, so that he will be recognized as comprehending and controlling all phases of our complex activities. We saw elsewhere that Dr. Newman Smyth in his volume on "The Meaning of Personal Life" reached the conclusion, by way of science and psychology, that the spiritual dynamic of personal life came to its highest power in Jesus. Mr. Cameron concludes, after a searching consideration of the progress of historical criticism, literature, art, music, and philosophy, that the personality of Jesus is bound to no one age and to no one group of witnesses. "Its uniqueness is not that of its own self-consciousness alone, but of its own self-consciousness accepted and approved age by age. In Christendom there is no eclipsing of that consciousness. 'That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows.' In the personality of Jesus there is something which belongs to every age, as in the greatest art and poetry." Another writer, Mr. Richard Roberts, who has recently been called from London to the pastorate of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, in his very remarkable book on The Renascence of Faith, wrote: "The course of history is punctuated with such happenings as these—Renascences, Reformations, Revivals, Revolutions. The progress of the race has not been a steady ascent." But whatever may be the circumstances of any period, and however discordant may be its voices, we find unity and unanimity of sentiment concerning the inevitable Fact of Christ. The most valuable feature of Mr. Cameron's volume is the way in which he shows how all the divers interpretations of life make for a rediscovery of Jesus. Herein are the words in the Epistle to the Hebrews more richly elucidated: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The substance of Part I, on "Historical Criticism and Reconstruction," is to the effect that this critical movement has re-possessed us of the personality of Jesus, and brought it into a clearness which it never had before. "It has presented it anew, clothed in the atmosphere and color of the first age, commanding and creative, moving on a various background of failure, passion, and perplexity. It has swept aside the obstacles, or most of them, which were once a cause of stumbling and has lifted up the face of Jesus to our nearer gaze. It has evoked a kind of second advent. It has revived the primitive sense of wonder." This has been made possible because the historic method begets an ample reverence for the past, and an ample freedom none the less. A very recent illustration of how violence has been done to the historic method is that of The Brook Kerith, by George Moore, who is a literary artist, but whose imagination has wrought havoc with history in this novel. In modern literature, art, and music, Mr. Cameron recognizes the spiritual note as one of the healthy signs heralding the better day. He has devoted considerable space to Wordsworth, because he uttered the new note with an authentic voice, which had in it that change of tone which told of newness "felt in the blood and felt along the heart." By the side of him is placed Millet, who might almost be called the Wordsworth of France. This peasant painter had the same feeling of nearness to Nature, of mystic reverence in its presence, and a

sense of fellowship between it and man. Beethoven was the bridge between the formalism of the eighteenth century and the faith and freedom of the nineteenth. His idealism, optimism, mysticism, and faith find expression in the symphonies. The purpose of philosophy is to mark the immanence of reason in all the arts. Part III is a lucid record by one who has thought himself through the conflicting theories of true and false philosophy. Mr. Cameron is outspoken in his faith in idealism. He believes that it is only the idealistic interpretation of life which enables us rightly to appreciate the majesty of God and the dignity of man as finally revealed in the person of Jesus. If Kant redirected the course of thought, and was the first to give expression in connected terms to the spirit of the age, Hegel formulated the systematic doctrine of self-consciousness, the concrete unity of things and thought, the outward and inward nature and spirit. The other philosophers whom he takes note of are T. H. Green, Bradley, and Bosanquet. He writes throughout with the ease of one who has mastered his subject and who knows how to write in a clear and pleasant style. In the final and constructive part, on "The Christ That Was and Is to Be," he emphasizes the uniquely distinctive element in the character of our Divine Saviour and Lord: "Grace is the creative secret of Jesus and the Gospel, of his sonship and his saviourhood, and is precisely that which the creed of immanence, as it is found in the highest art and thinking of our age, is most concerned to reproduce." He then goes on to show by the writers of the New Testament, grace was the first word and the last word. Peter marked the era of transition from Jewish Messianism to the Christology of Jesus. To Paul grace was essentially recreative. The Epistle to the Hebrews is not only full of the argument of grace, but full of the very atmosphere of grace, which is more convincing than the argument. "It is, however, to the Fourth Gospel that we owe not only the luminous expression, 'full of grace and truth,' but a portrayal of the person guided by that point of view." This thought is developed with original insight, so that he enables us to see in this adequate phrase, "full of grace and truth," the keynote of the Fourth Gospel and its philosophy of eternal life. This is one of the most valuable portions of the volume. John got home to the secret of the personality of Jesus as no one else within the circle of the New Testament. "If he works upon the work of Paul, he nevertheless outstrips him in the power with which he blends the historical and mystic factors of faith. He interprets the Jesus of history in terms of the Christ of faith, and the Christ of faith in terms of the Jesus of history." The supreme business of the Church is to interpret the extraordinary vision of the spiritual immensity and magnitude of Jesus, as found in the New Testament, in terms of modern thought. Happy the preacher who sees the vision of the human need of salvation and of the Divine supply of grace, and who is able to direct his hearers to Christ, whose commands are invitations, whose imperatives entreaties, whose severities the sanctities of sacrifice which no one knowing him would wish away.

Recovered Yesterdays in Literature. By WILLIAM A. QUAYLE. 12mo, pp. 306. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

THIS is the latest of the score of unique volumes from the heart of Bishop Quayle. We say "heart" designedly. Who else's writings beat so ceaselessly with heart-throbs, in so many directions on so varied subjects? "Incomparable" is a suitable adjective for describing this many-volumed blossomy literature. We, at least, know of nothing like it. Here are nine essays, several of which appeared first in the METHODIST REVIEW, solicited by us. We enrich our readers by reprinting here the essay on "The Literature of Devotion": which will promote rather than diminish the sale of the book, inasmuch as this taste of its contents will create more craving for the book itself. In a Review like ours, devotional literature and the devotional life should have a large place. Not knowing where to find anything more stimulating and helpful, we use Bishop Quayle, presenting most of his essay without quotation marks. Here it is:

To the thoughtful mood not many things are so impressive as to hear the invitation, "Brother Trueheart, will you lead us in prayer?" Here is a captaincy we have given little heed to in our thoughts of leadership, and yet a captaincy so solemn and sublime as to find no equivalent among the renowned leaderships of men. "Lead us in prayer." Adventure for us and ahead of us out toward God—that is what this invitation urges. But we have forgotten this noble and notable meaning, or, what is perhaps more true, we have never remembered it. He who leads in prayer goes out before us in bold and holy quest of God—climbs the high Sinai as Moses did, unafraid and yet all afraid, to find God and order his cause and our cause before him. In no way can one man render another a wiser and calmer service than in giving direction to his Godward thoughts—to give, so to say, an initial impulse toward our heavenly Father. Good men and women want to walk out into the divine presence, which is the supreme journey taken by a soul. God is not hard to find, truly; and yet to come to him in the mood of love and devout search both facilitates and enriches our meeting. God is "not far from any one of us," but how to hasten to him with immediacy, with laughing and yet sanctified and sedate approach, is an art to be studied as above all arts made much of among the sons of men. And when some man, schooled in the direct route to God, sets out, I for one will ask him to let me follow in his steps. I will care to be at the interview. For many years I have noticed this leadership in prayer with personal and pathetic interest, and seldom have failed in finding as I followed in the wake of prayer to have my spirit helped and sanctified. In prayer meeting the philosophy is not ourselves to pray at our own initiative, but to follow the initiative of another, to go his road to God. I love the road prayer takes, and have with uniformity found how helpful the journey was when taken so. Each heart has its method of access. Each has some subtle undertone of pathos springing from a dead past risen to life for a flickering moment, some groping of heart after that hand of pity which assuages the heart-

ache of the world, some sudden leap of faith strong and bold as if an angel made it, some ingenious appeal half childish and half grand, some vision of old truths which made old truths new as love; and this is included in the ordinary leadership of prayer.

Devotional literature is such reading as puts the heart in the mood of prayer; for to make life a prayer is to be religious. This is widely different from suggesting that life is to do nothing but pray. Such a life might be essentially undevout. He who sees his brother have need and restricts his helping to prayer would be in every regard irreligious. Doing is as devout as praying. Religion consists not in praying a prayer, but in being a prayer; and the devout life, whether in cornfield or kitchen, is on its knees. With such devotion God is well pleased. Prayer is to be understood as the setting of the soul toward God as the tide sets for the shore. Anything this side of that is elocution and not prayer, while anything suffused with this spirit is grandly devout and profoundly religious. To induce this mood, then, is the end of devotion. To make the heart pant for God as the stag for the water brooks when wearied with his running is to render the chiefest service. The devout life is the prayer-charged life. When this is the spirit condition there is no trouble in keeping in tune with heaven and in touch with God. When the devotee may whisper to himself in a whisper's whisper, "I am a prayer," then will he work with least friction, sing not knowing he sings, pray with his fingers and his feet, toil thinking his work a whole holiday of gladness. This is, as we moderns understand, the Christ theory of devotion. They who say prayers through long nights of vigil and fasting and of cold are not the apostolic succession in such fashion as those who know that the prayers God is most concerned in are those which bleed from the fingers worn to the bone with toiling for the saving of the world. The Christian is a workingman, sweaty with his toil. Yet are we moderns, while clearer-visioned than they who thought to leave the world to get at God, in danger of overworking our work idea. Life is not as the sunflower, wholly in the sun, but as the violet, partly in shade, partly in sun. Doing is not life's totality. There are midnights just as there are noons; and every midnight is on the road to noon. We shall not err in reckoning that we are in danger of loss in the sum total of possible effectiveness in working over much, in growing breathless, in fumbling our skein when a pause in the toil would be a helper to our effort. The art of pause is not an inconsequential part of the art of music. The rests are in the score. So must there be a pause in the holy life or the music will be sadly marred. One of a pastor's many joys is that as he goes from house to house in the brotherly vocation of pastoral visitation he can take breathing spells by being in strict privacy with God while he is in transit from one house to another. And so he comes to each parishioner fresh from God. How that privacy washes away the drudgery, so called, from the pastoral office, how filled with calm delight it makes an afternoon so spent, how the Ineffable Presence shines on him as he walks about! It is like a day of summer sunshine in a winter month. The hard-worked man can thus find abundant interval for privacy with God. I have known crowded busi-

ness men whose times were crammed with many callers and with many business times, and have sometimes asked them how they contrived to get a moment's space with God, and have had an answer, "I seize the moment when it comes to have my word with God." This is the secret of the holy life. We are crowded, but not so crowded as that we may not have quiet in which to make our breathing unto the "God of all comfort." We must make our battle against being crowded. We must have space to catch our breath and calm the unquiet of our turbulent career.

Hence the need of devotional literature, such books as shall help us unto the ways of God and shall underscore the weightier thoughts and relations. I have had hours many and happy with such books, and count them among my major joys and helpers. Now, we are all so much ourselves as that no one else can prescribe a devotional literature for us any more than he could a table bill of fare, though for all this we must have noticed how similar the dietary tastes of men are. We eat about the same staples. A salad, a sherbet, and such accompaniments will differ, but the edibles are mainly similar. And it may be so with large matters more than we are wont to suppose. Some staples of devotion must appeal to every spirit. All this allowed, room must be left for the individual taste in the devout as in the artistic life. I do not find myself, for instance, helped by the writings of Andrew Murray or F. B. Meyer. This, I hope, is no reflection on me, and assuredly is no reflection on them. To some, even to many, they do make appeal. I chance not to be of that company. They seem to me to write religious platitudes which lack locomotion. They get nowhere. They lack for me the divine element in such writings, namely, the power to push the soul off into the sea of God as a friend sometimes pushes our boat from the strand when on summer nights we take the neglected oars for a row across waters flushed with the afterglow. The push out into God's sea is what makes a manual of devotion for me. I assume that is what everybody wants and what each must in the end determine for himself. Each must select for his own moral palate. Good talk does not suffice for me to take leadership for my devout life. There must be worthy talk, words that sweat beneath their weight of holy meaning, words which are like initiations into mysteries, greeting with a surprise the soul when it sets eyes upon their face. I demand the quality of the apocalypse. A revelation must be involved. Only where such is do I feel that my life is thrust out into the presence of the mysterious God. In much so-called devotional literature appears to me to be this cardinal defect, of supposing that pious talk is devotional talk. Still, speaking for myself, this is an outrageous blunder. Pious platitudes are irreligious when meant for the leadership of others. To indulge in them for oneself may or may not be justifiable, but to inflict them on others in the name of religious reflections is a breach of morals. Goody-goody talk is not devotional, but that talk is devotional which with manly step starts out blithely heavenward, does not saunter but strides, that catches us in its forward goings, and we swing out toward Him for whom the soul is hungry. A devotional book is not an argument on religious matters, not in necessity the exposition of certain Scripture texts, not the settled

face (as to say, "We shall now be devout"). "The Divine Pursuit" and "In the Hour of Silence" seem written more or less to defend the author against some charge—I would suppose from the tone, not knowing, against a charge of heresy. A book of devotion is not a heresy trial either on one side or the other. Cardinal Bona's Guide to Eternity is open to serious objection: 1. It is more heathen than Christian. 2. Its views of women are thoroughly those of a priest and utterly unlike the views of Jesus. 3. The book lacks the impulse Godward. We are weary for deep-sea soundings of the heart. Some books are good exegeses of given texts, but are not winged. They cannot fly, much less make him who reads them fly. They tell what no man in sobriety denies, but no electric spark is in the telling. This is the character of many manuals of devotion with which I am familiar. I would not say, "I dislike them," but would say, "I mislike them." They do not tell lies; but they do not render truths engaging. They are not radiant, heavenly, replete with longing, glorious with hope, uncontaminate with fear. The note the poet organist lost and could never reproduce is the note these writings have lost. I care not for their music. This is not named as if readers were concerned with my personal predilections, but as a word of reminder why these suggestions of devotional literature take the road they do. Nothing dogmatic is here asserted, but simply something personal. As each has his favorite flower, so each has his spiritual preferences; and these infringe not upon the rights of anybody else. Give me leave for my posy for my heart.

What, then, from this standpoint, would appear to be the marks of a devotional book? 1. It would say something. 2. It would say something that breaks across the shore line of soul as a fifth wave across the sea bar. 3. It should possess depth as a deep wave, "Too deep for sound and foam." 4. It should have the power to wake the better part of the heart. It should have the tang of the unanticipated. 6. It should be big with God. 7. It should prate little, exhort little, but say much, and urge the soul like Christ talking with it face to face. 8. It should cause the heart to drift into the prayer mood as a quiet wind drifts a boat. 9. It should serve to give divine matters a stately preeminence which shall belittle every other thing when swung into the field of vision. 10. It should make God a joy and his service a holy passion to the soul.

In the list to follow no attempt is made to be exhaustive and give a list of devotional books; but the proclaimed purpose is to name such books or parts of books as have proven devotionally helpful to myself, with the hope that what has given me succor might have leading for others, for it is barely conceivable that in many helpers of one there would not be found some helpers to all. This list is now submitted: Saint Augustine's "The City of God" and "Confessions"; Bishop Hall's "Meditations"; Baxter's "The Saints' Everlasting Rest"; Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying"; Bunyan's three books, "Grace Abounding," "The Holy War," and "Pilgrim's Progress"; Spurgeon's "Treasury of David"; "Wesley's Journal"; à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ"; Luther's "Table Talk"; "Rutherford's Letters"; Phelps's "The Still Hour"; "The Book of Common Prayer"; "Clarke on the Promises"; William Law's "Serious

Call"; Horder's "American Sacred Poetry"; "The Shadow of a Rock"; "Lancelot Andrewes's Private Devotions"; the "Life of George Müller"; "The New Acts of the Apostles"; Keble's "Christian Year"; George Herbert's "Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata"; Armstrong Black's "The Evening and the Morning"; Young's "Helps for the Quiet Hour"; Joseph Parker's Prayers; Beecher's Prayers and Sermons; Pascal's "Pensees"; Bishop How's "For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest"; Newman's "The Dream of Gerontius"; Jay's "Morning and Evening Exercises"; George Matheson's "Times of Retirement" and "Studies in the Portrait of Christ" and "Rests by the River"; The Prayers of the Bible; Spenser's "Faerie Queene"; Tennyson's "In Memoriam," "The Idyls of the King," "The Vision of Sin," and "The Palace of Art"; Browning's "Instans Tyrannus," "Prospice," "Christmas Eve," "Easter Day," and "Saul"; Matthew Arnold's "East London"; Bryant's "To a Waterfowl"; W. H. Channing's "My Symphony"; Henry van Dyke's "The Source" and "The Other Wise Man"; Longfellow's sonnet, "As a Fond Mother when the Day is O'er"; Rowland Williams's "Psalms and Litanies"; Bacon's three essays, "Of Truth," "Of Atheism," and "On Death"; Milton's sonnets "On His Blindness," "This Three Years Day these Eyes," and "Written on His Reaching the Age of Twenty-three"; Lowell's "Sir Launfal," and "The Present Crisis"; Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty"; Whittier's "Pictures," "Our Master," "The Eternal Goodness," "Questions of Life," and "At Last"; Annie Trumbull Slosson's "Deacon Phœbe's Selfish Natur"; Hawthorne's "Earth's Holocaust," and "The Celestial Railroad"; The Hymnal; the Bible.

"The City of God" is to me devotional, not so much, I think, in what it is as in the memory it evokes. The name itself sets my heart singing and hastes me to the hill from which, without lifting up my eyes, I can see the eternal city of which I trust myself to be a citizen. I can see the glinting of the golden streets and the glimmer of the golden towers and catch the blaze of walls of chrysoprase and sardius and see the peaceful river flow and catch the splendor of the "sea of glass mingled with fire." Ah me, my heart, the City of God! And thus I am touched to dreams in thinking of that early Christian who saw, past all the checkered careers of falling states, the fadeless glory of the things of God. That was a vision! Augustine wrote the first philosophy of history; and to compare it with Hegel the similarity is striking. That old lover of the Lord pulled the far ends of the circle of the ages together and made them touch. The venture was wild with daring, and he marches like a captain in the army of our God. And the "Confessions" fairly boil out of a big, hot heart. Augustine was not a repressed quantity, like Matthew Arnold, but an expressed quantity. The veins in his forehead are swollen to bursting, and you can hear the drumbeat of his heart—a heart aware of God, and wisely afraid of him. I like that attitude. We shall do well to go to school to him. There is something in God to fear; and in our overworked phrase "the Fatherhood of God," many of us have forgotten the fearfulness of God. He is in a high hill; and they who walk that way must take great heed. "With godly fear" is a thought worth practicing

our lips to pronounce and our heart to remember. A passion for God—that was Saint Augustine. He wanted God; all besides seemed dirt-cheap. He would watch the sun with unwinking eyes and loved the glare of thoughts that burned like fire. He raised all great questions simply because he must who fellowships with God. The Gospels are writ in capitals because all things which touch the Christ are rendered illustrious. The sovereignty of God engulfed him as the sea does the random bather. And if he overdrew this side of the divine character, think it not strange. He saw how august God was and tarried there. His mistake in emphasis was natural and laudable. Thought was not yet schooled to get the exact emphasis; but he caught sight of some great meaning foreign to the thoughts of man thus far and blazed it on the pages of his book. God is great—Augustine knew that. God is white light—he knew that too; and so sin was black as summer storm clouds. No book is wholesome devotional reading which does not by affirmation or inference assert the wickedness of sin and so, ring the alarm bells of the soul. Sin not a mistake but a curse—that is the tune to which devotion has set its music. All best lives are white with fear of sin, like a scared soldier. Notice that in the books as they pass before our eyes. "O wretched man that I am!" Who is that calling? Paul? No, the centuries of men and women who have caught a full vision of God. Who see him fall out of conceit with themselves. "Sin" is a hard word in the vocabulary of a profound life met with God. That is the crux for Huxley and Darwin and Arnold and Tyndall and the ironers down of the rude wrinkle God calls sin. They think by snubbing sin to iron it out; but their treatment of sin is their doom as moralists. Bunyan and Andrewes and Rutherford and Parker and Browning and Matheson knew better. Sin is a diabolus, an attacker. This is admirably wrought in "The Holy War;" and for that in particular do I praise that similitude. Sin never wearied, ever renewing its aggressions, subtle, acrimonious, fertile in expedient, indirect, never defeated when defeated—is that not sin? Does it not lie abased in the light of the Eden of the heart always ready, ready to make speedy entrance? Read "The Holy War"!

Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," for a vivid, that is, a just sense of sin, has no equal outside the book of God. It is tremendous with the sense of sin, and as tremendous with a sense of grace when men turn from their sins. This book burns like a tank of oil. Compared with such writings as Cardinal Newman's, the contrast is visible even to poor eyes in such way as no argument could disclose the defect in Newman's religious writings. Of "Pilgrim's Progress," to use many words would be "vain repetition." Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "'Pilgrim's Progress,' the Divina Commedia of Protestantism, is probably the only religious poem —for it is a poem in all but versification—which is read through like a novel by those who take it up for the first time." In an expression of opinion among prominent Wesleyan ministers some years ago as to those books which had been profoundly influential in their career, scarcely one omitted "Pilgrim's Progress." In our day we read it too little. This book you cannot outgrow. Its fidelity to the experiences of a Christian is so

absolute as to make a moving picture of a Christian career. The book is poetry, as Holmes has said. This Bedford tinker when his heart is moved with the gospel—and a big heart he has—steps into poetry as naturally as a happy child into singing. The Saxon tongue finds the wine pressed from its grapes at the hands of this manly man who thought it joy to suffer for the Christ. I read it repeatedly in a single year. I go and walk alongside Pilgrim and find my heart and lips at prayer as we make journey together toward the Delectable Mountains. When with him I must lift the song. Bishop Hall's "Meditations" have such godly depths, wisdom, research, such gracious piety, such wide goings in search of God, that to hold his hand is strength. You cannot think religion insipid when with him. Baxter's "Saints' Rest"—is it because this book I have belonged to my long-lost mother that its words are become so dear? that she read it with a heart on fire? To untwist these scarlet threads of love is not permissible. We cannot tell; but this "Rest" is dear to me, and its uphill look is full of comfort to my heart. Jeremy Taylor—but why linger? Who does not know the honey-sweet words of the poet divine, and who does not find them full of grace? They mind me of the breath of the heather on the sea cliffs where my father and mother spent their childhood. Spurgeon's "Treasury of David" I value not so much for what Spurgeon has said—though in such a book he is at his best—but for that quaint multitudinousness of sayings of the saints of God he has gathered into this harvest field of his. The good gather about the psalms as bees about purple asters. "Wesley's Journal" and "à Kempis" are to be read together. A Kempis is in the most part too lacking in vigor to suit strength, too like day-dreams on holy things, though on occasion, as in his prayer, he becomes the full brother of strength; but to read him, the man of sequestered life, and Wesley, the man of the world parish, the circuit rider whose goings could only be hedged in by death, will afford a wholeness, a helper for the antipodes of life. A Kempis, cloistered, introspective; Wesley, "shod with the preparation of the gospel"—for his journeys are so oft that other sandals would wear out. Wesley has dreams, but they lift into action. I know not any books so incitant to action, wakeful, intelligent, and to service cheerful and delightful, as "Wesley's Journal." "Luther's Table Talk" must do anybody good. That healthy manliness of his off dress parade, devout, humorous, vigorous, talking out of the deep places of a life which knew only one star—how his talk does put a man in tune with the infinite! Of Rutherford, say only Adeney's words: "These letters stand in the front rank of devotional works." They glow with a great love and mind us of the love of Christ. "The Still Hour" makes us think as well as pray. "The Book of Common Prayer" has access in it. What more need be affirmed? "Clarke on the Promises" is a book packed full of only what God has promised. They are words sweet, very sweet to hear.

William Law's "Serious Call" is so great and wise and devout a book that Samuel Johnson and John Wesley both found meat for men in it, and Wesley's own hand made an abridgment of it for his Methodists, not as agreeing with the mystical tendency of the author, but as being heart-

ened by his profound religiousness. I have found the book very good to know. In Horder and in "The Shadow of the Rock" are poems which can lead the thought and love to God. Andrewes, so loved of Alexander Whyte, is loved of all who know a big heart—hungry, wanting God. "The Life of George Müller" is faith rendered into modern English. "The New Acts of the Apostles" is a story to put fire in the bones. Keble's "Christian Year" sings us on our way heavenward. "Quaint George Herbert!" His quaint poetical conceits do but lend emphasis to the man's love of Christ. "The Evening and the Morning" has the true devotional uplift for my spirit. "Helps for the Quiet Hour," chosen with that fine literary instinct characteristic of Dr. Young, has words fit to help the traveler along the road to God. Parker's and Beecher's prayers have wings. Of "Sacra Privata" and "Psalms and Litanies," while many words would not suffice to say the truth concerning books which are crammed with beauty, help, nobility, insight, devoutness, and divine healing, no other word than this is permissible: The books help the faith out a long way toward God. Those good men, if they could know this, would rejoice and be exceeding glad. How "All Saints" hymn rouses sluggishness into animation, doubt to faith! "The Dream of Gerontius" has vagaries truly Roman Catholic, but a hint of great truths and vision of them, betimes, are good for a soul to have.

For me, George Matheson is without a peer among contemporary devotional writers. He says things. He is not given over to ejaculatory piety, but freights his meditations with such heavenly truths that as you read, yourself become ejaculatory should you proceed. The singer needs not himself applaud; the auditors will do that if the music prove worthy. In Matheson is the moving of the waters seaward; and his prayers are like your father's when his heart was full. In the poems and prose writings here named as devotional, no time is afforded to underscore. But how good they are and full of heavenward look! This remark of Lowell regarding the "Ode to Duty" may touch with a caress these various works: "In the 'Ode to Duty' he [Wordsworth] speaks out of an ampler ether than in any other of his poems, and which may safely challenge insolent Greece and haughty Rome for a comparison in either kind or degree." From these varied souls may be had a world of help ruddy with the blood of life. I cannot estimate their services to myself, those services have been so real, so varied, so instinct with the generosity learned of Christ, so unthought-out and spontaneous, like the lilt of birds. I bless the God who lifted minds to render such a holy help.

The Hymnal! Dwell upon its contribution of help! Who reads Charles Wesley's "Wrestling Jacob," Bernard of Cluny's "Jerusalem the Golden," Thomas Oliver's "The God of Abram Praise," impregnates his soul with odors grown in heaven. 'Tis a book of divine leadings, rich in worthy renderings of love and longing and hope fearless of despair. "Let us all sing!"

And God's Book! Read the Psalms for their sense of God and man, and man as interesting to God. How God and man are caught up together in the Psalter! Where man is, there God is, and interested in man beyond

belief. This is it which makes the Psalms perpetual as the refrain for the heart. This it is which sobs in those tearful tunes where God is seen and man is seen very full of sin. We shall never outgrow the "Sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow"; and the "Shepherd Psalm" shall whisper from sleepy lips while mankind endures. We have committed it so to heart that we say it while we fall to sleep. Job abashes the soul. Nehemiah makes sloth and indifference to hang head in shame. Lamentations drenches the soul with the grief for a state ruined and a city sin-dethroned. All the prophets wake the life to God. They blow like bugles of tempest. Ecclesiastes declares the insufficiency of the world to satisfy the hunger of man's life. Luke is so human, Matthew so kingly, Mark so martial, John so Christ-filled. Paul's prayers have a celestial summons in them. They take wing when we least anticipate it. And the prayers of Jesus, how they hearten and subdue, how they guide and sustain, how they take the soul into the holiest of all and make such climates have the homelike feeling! He knew how to pray. The cry, the fleeing for succor, the gratitude that laughs while it wipes tears from the eyes, the resignation, the sublime fortitude, all in the prayers of Him who taught us how to pray. Jesus's prayers walk straight into the presence of God. They are not experiment, rather a child walking a well-known path to his father's door. Blessed prayers, blessed access! And the Passion of the Saviour is devotion's self. If ever the heart has dried up like parched ground, if prayers come slow like words to a wandering intellect, then read the "passion" chapters of the Gospels. The hill they climb leads into heaven. To see Him there! Will that not make the dry heart to be rained upon with tears? I read and cry, "My Christ, my cross!" We are to read each Gospel as if it were a journey to a mountain top; for each Gospel narrative climbs to the cross that clouds the mountain's summit with its midnight gloom. The august spectacle of the God dying for a single human soul, that brings us to our knees, that hushes our poor babblings into expectant silence. The Dying God! Dying for me! I *must* pray!

I have been impressed that there is a room and need for a book of devotion which should be put into twelve vest-pocket booklets, one for each month, thus making the carrying it to the office, on the train, on the street car possible, and yet make the books of sufficient bulk to contain for each day a prayer, a text, a Scripture passage, a selection in verse or prose from some of those nobler words the hearts of manly and holy men have bubbled up like fountains of water. This would be a book of days. The Anglican devotional books are for the church year; a deeper Christian philosophy should have a book for God's year. The entirety of the year is God's and ours. The secular and the sacred year synchronize: each day and each season, mine and God's, is the right interpretation of the calendar. And a book conceived from this standpoint and executed with wide knowledge of the hymns of the ages, with a gift of prayer and a knowledge of the prayers of holy women and men, would not such a volume or volume series (twelve booklets for the months of the year) be a distinct helper for the holy life? All the ages and all the minds

might lend their voices to such a book of days. The advantage, as I have found, of a book of devotion has been that it has set the thoughts of the day out with God, and has supplied, so to say, provender for the day's thinking and the day's delight. A scripture looks very different when set out thus alone than when sunk in the context. The average Bible word is too large for the soul to pronounce more than one of them at once; and when they are isolated the real magnitude and meaning light the landscape of our thought. I appeal to all lovers of God's Book whether this be not so. One passage will serve as a staff for the heart all day. The leaning on it for the day of toil makes the staff precious ever after. And a poem holding a radiant thought in solution, to be set out from the book wherein it was housed with many others, becomes thereby personal and visible. The same is true of a thought in noble prose or a prayer which flowed from a heart in which God was consequential. Such a page pushes the boat of life out into the sea of day, gives it a vigorous thrust which holds to the heart through the livelong day. A book of devotion should be catholic, fetched from afar. The wise souls were never dwellers in a single house. Like families, they live under many roofs. This is the objection to such a book, to select at random, as "For Days and Years," by Lear. It is an Anglican book and contains that amusing church egotism which writes church with a capital "C" and dissenter with a small "d," and the selections of words from the wise are all but entirely from the church fathers or Roman Catholics or Anglicans. The obliviousness to the wide Christian world outside of these limits is humorous rather than devotional. Cardinal Newman is scarcely the sanest and most wholesome religious guide, to say the least. What is wanted is to walk through the churches as Christ among the candlesticks, going everywhere and hearing all and holding the most precious truths as the flower the dew. True Christianity is eclectic in tastes. What holy moods have meditated and what holy men have done—these are the precious considerations. What cares the good man's heart what church David Livingstone was of, or Thomas Coke, or Hannington, or Gardiner? For each we thank God and take courage. "There is one God and Father over all, who is rich unto all that call upon him"; and that is the conclusion of the whole matter so far as touches the point of devotion. That heart which held God's hand, it is good to touch. Those eyes which for a sublime moment looked into the face of God, it is blessed to look into. The whole family of God is sacred; and the voice of any one of them, no matter what name he wears, is good to hear. "Did not our hearts burn while we listened to him by the way?" And there is and can be but one answer.

Let us listen to the words of Brother Standfast as he stands in the river waiting his turn to pass "To where beyond these voices there is peace," recalling Rufus Choate's words, "On the whole, the most eloquent, mellifluous talk that was ever put together in the English language was the speech of Mr. Standfast in the river"; "This River has been a Terror to many, yea, the thoughts of it also have often frightened me. But now methinks I stand easy; my Foot is fixed upon that on which the

Feet of the Priests that bare the Ark of the Covenant stood while Israel went over this Jordan. The Waters indeed are to the Palate bitter and to the Stomach cold, yet the thoughts of what I am going to and of the Conduct that waits for me on the other side do lie as a glowing coal at my Heart. I see myself now at the end of my journey, my toilsome days are ended. I am going now to see that Head that was crowned with Thorns, and that Face that was spit upon for me. I have formerly lived by Hearsay and Faith, but now I go where I shall live by sight, and shall be with Him in whose company I delight myself. I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of his Shoe in the Earth, there I have coveted to set my Foot too. His name has been to me as a Civet-box, yea, sweeter than all Perfume. His voice to me has been the most sweet, and his Countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the Light of the Sun. His Word I did use to gather for my Food, and for Antidotes against my Faintings. He has held me, and I have kept me from mine iniquities, yea, my Steps hath he strengthened in his Way." The Editor of this REVIEW thinks that the material for a great sermon on books and reading is in this rare essay. A goodly number of well-thumbed choice devotional books in a minister's library are good for his own soul and for his hearers if he goes to his pulpit full of the spirit of such books. We all owe a large debt to that inspiring spiritual leader, Dr. James Mudge, for the wise, sane, up-lifting service he has rendered by his writing to the devotional life of thousands.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Wordsworth: How to Know Him. By C. T. WINCHESTER, A.M., L.H.D. 12mo, pp. 296. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1.25 net.

WOODROW WILSON has called Professor Winchester of Wesleyan University, "The greatest teacher of English literature in America." We feel sure that no other teacher of English literature in America has made more teachers of English literature from among his students, by masterly instruction and inspiring stimulation, than appear in the long list of men in high positions in the world of letters who gladly acknowledge that they owe themselves and their careers to Professor Winchester. A partial list of professors, editors, and authors who owe their training and inspiration to him is as follows:

Daniel Dorchester, Professor English Literature, Boston University.

Levi Gilbert, Editor Western Christian Advocate.

Archie E. Palmer, editorially connected with Princeton Review and North American Review.

William E. Mead, Professor English Language and Literature, Wesleyan University.

Bradford E. McIntire, Professor English Literature, Dickinson College.

David G. Downey, Author Modern Poets and Christian Teaching, etc., book editor The Methodist Book Concern.

Albert Perry Walker, Professor English Literature and Head Master Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.; also Editor of various English textbooks, and Author Essentials of English History.

Oscar Kuhns, Author Sense of the Infinite, Dante and the English Poets, A One-Sided Autobiography, Professor Romance Languages, Wesleyan University.

Harry K. Munroe, Professor of English, Allegheny College.

William E. Smyser, Professor English Literature, Ohio Wesleyan University.

Stockton Axson, Professor English Literature, Princeton University; Professor English Literature, Rice Institute.

Frank C. Bray, Editor The Chautauquan, and Managing Editor the Chautauqua Press.

Richard W. Cooper, Professor English Literature, Hamline University; President Upper Iowa University.

Albert E. Hancock, Professor English Literature, Haverford College; Author, The French Revolution and the English Poets, Life of John Keats, and two or three novels.

Frederick A. King, Literary Editor, Literary Digest.

Lincoln R. Gibbs, Professor of English Wells College; Mount Union College; University of Pittsburgh.

Harvey C. Grumbine, Professor English Literature, University of Wooster.

Ashley H. Thorndike, Associate Professor English Western Reserve; Professor English Literature Northwestern University, Columbia University.

Abraham H. Espenshade, Professor of English, Pennsylvania State College; Author, Essentials of English.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles, on staff of Atlantic Monthly; Literary Adviser L. C. Page & Co., and Dana Estes & Co.; Author, On Life's Stairway, Love Triumphant, and other minor works.

William Seaver Woods, Editor Literary Digest.

Cornelius C. Berrien, on staff New York Sun.

Jean Louise de Forest, Author The Love Affair of a Homely Girl, and other shorter stories.

Ferris Greenslet, Associate Editor, Atlantic Monthly; Literary Adviser Houghton Mifflin Co.; Author, Joseph Glanvill, The Quest of the Holy Grail, Walter Pater, James Russell Lowell, Thomas Bailey Aldrich; Editor of Longfellow's Sonnets, Ticknor's Life and Journals, Praed's Poems.

Frederic William Roe, Professor of English, Wisconsin University.

Harry Torsey Baker, Instructor in English, Harvard; Instructor and Assistant Professor Beloit College; Assistant Professor University of Illinois.

Lee F. Hartman, Associate Editor, Harper's Magazine.

William Harry Clemons, Instructor in English, Princeton University; Reference Librarian.

Carl F. Price, Author, The Music and Hymnody of the Methodist Hymnal.

Thomas P. Beyer, Professor of English, Hamline University.

Lucius L. Palmer, on staff New York Sun.

Henry A. White, Instructor in Purdue University; Instructor in Colby University.

George W. Sherburn, Instructor in English, Northwestern University, in Beloit College, in Wesleyan University; Teaching Fellow and Associate in Chicago University.

Ernest F. Amy, Associate Professor of English, Ohio Wesleyan.

Carll W. Doxsee, Instructor in English, Morningside College.

Francis C. Lockwood, Professor of English Literature, Allegheny College, University of Arizona; Author, Browning's Philosophy of Life.

Morse Allen, Ohio Wesleyan.

John C. White, in Northwestern.

A great list, indeed! But only part of the fruitage of a powerfully inspirational and illuminating life of as devoted teaching as was ever given to students anywhere. Almost equally significant is the fact that few teachers of English literature have ever been in so great demand for lecturing before institutions outside their own as Professor Winchester. He has refused many invitations in justice to duties in his own college. Indeed, it has been almost impossible for him to go far from home for the purpose of lecturing. Here is a partial list of institutions before which he has given formal courses of three or more lectures: He has lectured at the Thanksgiving season in Wells College every year for twenty-five years, being present there about ten days, and giving at least six lectures at each visit; three courses of lectures in the Johns Hopkins University, of six to nine lectures each; three courses of lectures in Brown University, of three or four courses each; two courses of lectures in New Haven, under the auspices of Yale University; one course of lectures in the Ohio Wesleyan University, also lectures in Amherst, Dartmouth, University of Vermont, Williams, University of Pennsylvania, Michigan University, University of Minnesota, Purdue University, Clark College, De Pauw University; also many lectures in institutions not quite of collegiate rank, as the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn; also three or four courses of lectures before the Brooklyn Institute. He has lectured more frequently in Hartford than anywhere else, having given no less than six full courses of lectures there under the direction of the same society, and later repeated two of the courses by request. He has lectured in Hartford from seventy-five to a hundred times.

By far the greater number of his lectures have been given before clubs, literary societies, lyceums, churches, and theological schools like Drew Seminary at Madison, N. J., and Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston. This list is enough to give an idea of his great popularity as a lecturer.

Few men now living have such distinct and widely recognized qualifications for estimating Wordsworth's work and character as Professor Winchester, whose serenity of mind, simplicity of thought, gentleness of touch, and delicacy of shading singularly fit him for communion with the soul of Wordsworth, and for correctly interpreting his work. Winchester's

Wordsworth has been justly commended by Professor Pierce of Yale, and Gauss of Princeton, the latter of whom says: "It is well planned and most engagingly written with a background, taste, and nice sense of literary values, and points the way fairly toward the sympathetic approach to the greatest of the English nature poets." Possibly the noblest distinction of Professor Winchester's work in the realm of letters is the unerring ethical sense which shows in all his criticisms of literature and authors. In his court, genius, however brilliant, is always compelled to stand before the bar of clean moral judgment. This is exasperating to certain non-ethical circles of would-be literary culture; which doubtless helps to account for the crude attempt of a sophomoric tyro who tried his 'prentice hand at reviewing the book before us in one of the New York dailies with manifest irritation and incapacity, showing as little knowledge of Professor Winchester as of Wordsworth, and of literature in general. The attempted review might have been written by Alice's Jabberwocky which "came whiffling through the tulgey wood and burbled as it came." It made one reader curious to know whether a puppy can have rabies before it gets its eyes open, and recalled an ophiologist's statement that a baby rattlesnake's venom sac is full at the age of three days.

In the London Quarterly Review, July, 1916, appeared an admirable article on "Wordsworth—Seer and Patriot," by Dr. W. T. Davison, which seems a fit companionpiece to Professor Winchester's book. We read the two together with delight. We quote from Professor Winchester: "This is Wordsworth's claim to his high and lasting place. He has written not a line that is idle or insincere. Everywhere it is the quality of truth that gives highest value to his work. For example, in his nature poetry. It will now be generally admitted that Wordsworth is preeminently the poet of Nature. This not merely because so much of his poetry was inspired by the phenomena of the external world, certainly not because he had any unusual gift of description—for he had not; but because of his peculiar view of the meaning and influence of what we call nature. As that influence must be chiefly in the realm of feeling, it is not possible to express it adequately in words; but nobody will any longer deride the attempt to do so as merely subjective mysticism or empty raptures over stocks and stones. We have come to recognize that our deepest feeling in the presence of the outer world is something more than the mere sensuous delight in form and color. What we call beauty and sublimity in nature make their truest appeal to our moral sensibilities; and they imperatively suggest behind all the changing phenomena of the world some Universal Moral Life. In this conviction philosophy and religion are agreed, and science will not dissent. Here, as elsewhere, Wordsworth has seen and spoken the deepest truth; and he was the first English poet to speak it. Different men may put different names upon this view of Nature; but every man who has well read his Wordsworth knows that the world has come to have for him a new and deeper meaning. Not merely because the vales of Grasmere and Rydal lie so fair in the embrace of their encircling hills do lovers of the poet resort thither as to a shrine; but rather because it

was just this valley floor, these mist-wreathed hills, this slow moving river, that first spoke to the soul of William Wordsworth deeper truth than any other scene has ever spoken to any other poet. Wordsworth was not merely a poet; he was a seer. The mind of Man, as seen in his own mind, was, as he says, 'My haunt, and the main region of my song.' His profoundest verse is the veracious record of what he saw there. All his work, indeed, in a degree true of no other poet, is subjective, born not of action or passion, but of reflection. His nature poetry is always the interpretation of sensuous impressions in terms of moral feeling; and his poems of humble life are concerned not so much with some character or incident as with the truth or impulse that character or incident had left in his own mind. But his most characteristic mood is one of pure introspection. Without any external suggestion or impulse he turns his eyes directly inward upon his own mind, to ask those questions which must find their answer there or nowhere. Whence came this desire for order and reason that forces us to ask such questions? What is the warrant and authority of that feeling we call duty? What are we to think of those intimations that rise into consciousness we know not how or whence, those sudden glimpses of larger truth than we can comprehend, the 'obstinate questionings of sense and outward things'? How far may we credit that blessed mood when 'laid asleep in body and become a living soul, we see into the life of things'? Shall we trust our affections or our reason? And what is the meaning of this we call Life? Now it is the mission of the seer to ask such questions. It is the high praise of Wordsworth that he was the first of English poets to ask them. For a century before him our poetry was philosophical and didactic, but shallow and formal. There are no deep places in the eighteenth-century soul. Its questions and answers are authorized by the catechism of the churchman, or set aside by the easy philosophy of the deist. Its truths are conventional, its emotions second-hand. But Wordsworth explored his soul for himself, and recorded with absolute sincerity what he found there. Here as everywhere the value of his work consists solely in its truth; he had no gift, like Shelley, to clothe a false or dubious teaching in surpassingly beautiful imagery. He had, indeed, no system of philosophy into which he could fit all the facts of life. There is no such system. It is precisely the greatness of man that he must always ask questions which he cannot answer, that his vision will always transcend his knowledge. But Wordsworth found no essential contradictions among his indubitable beliefs, no conflicts among the imperative impulses.

"All his thinking issued in a sane and settled optimism. He found no evidence to lessen his confidence in the rule of order and benevolence beyond the limits of our knowledge. His poetry will never speak to the busy crowd. But it can render us better service than that. It can take us out of all passionate striving, away from the dreary intercourse of life, and set us in the solitude of nature as in a sanctuary filled with 'the breathing balm, the silence and the calm of mute insensate things'; it can infuse a healthy sympathy for the essential virtues of men, however homely; and it can dilate the soul with thoughts as

lofty and as pure as the naked open sky." We follow this extract from Professor Winchester with one from Dr. Davison: "Wordsworth's supreme claim upon our homage is that in his inspired moments he was a true seer. Not so much an artist, a skillful painter in words, a subtle master of musical sounds—though as an artist he ranks high—but rather as one possessed of immediate, intuitive powers of vision, one to whom it was given to behold the heart of all reality. Some of his lines stand alone in English literature for their rare power of expressing the ineffable in words. He himself claimed above all things to be 'a teacher,' but when he consciously reflects, analyzes, and preaches, his chief power is gone. Wordsworth's philosophy is carefully thought out and well worth studying, but it is not poetry. The moments when he *sees* and can record in magic words the vision which enables others in their measure to see also, are those which give him a power, shared by few others, to refresh and renew the human spirit. Readers will remember how J. S. Mill in a period of deepest dejection ascribed his very salvation from melancholia to Wordsworth, who opened up to him 'the perennial sources of happiness.' Mark Rutherford was no light-hearted optimist, but he tells from his own experience how one who has once really learned Wordsworth's secret can never look upon the world with the old, sad eyes again. Matthew Arnold differs widely from these two very different men, but the lines are familiar in which he describes how Wordsworth loosed the benumbed heart of the world in purifying tears.

> Time may restore us in his course
> Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force,
> But where will Europe's latter hour
> Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
> Others will teach us how to dare
> And against fear our breasts to steel,
> Others will strengthen us to bear,
> But who, ah, who, will make us feel?
> The cloud of mortal destiny
> Others will front it fearlessly,
> But who, like him, will put it by?

"The true seer must have insight which enables him to discern Nature, Man, and God. To few is a revelation granted which lights up all three fields of human meditation. Some learn to understand Nature and man through their knowledge of God; others, studying either Nature or man alone, never pass beyond the bounds of their special province; and too many never reach the thought of God at all. To Wordsworth was given a mystical vision of Nature, reflected in the spirit of man, which enabled him to gain visions of God. Nature does not consist of so much inert 'matter'; nor is it the beautifully ordered result of 'law' and processes; nor does it speak with the voice of a God made in man's image. Nature is *alive!* Such a phrase sounds to-day like a mere platitude. It is just as much or as little of a truism as Dale's celebrated exclamation, 'Christ is alive!' Genius changes truisms into 'truths that wake, to perish never.' The man who has learned to view Nature with Wordsworth's eyes can never look at a landscape again as he did before. But he must conquer

Nature by obeying her and become wise by being humble. When Wordsworth tried to utter the secrets he had learned among the lonely hills, he was called, sometimes a rhapsodist, sometimes a Pantheist, little better than an Atheist. Stilling his own soul to a wise passiveness, and not as yet freely using the sacred name of God with its conventional associations, the poet might appear to be a belated Pagan, or a mere Nature-worshiper. But it is not the mere outward objects in their loveliness or majesty that he sees, nor the anthropomorphic Deity of popular mythology. For him Nature lives with a life and meaning of her own—not dead, nor mechanical, not an abstraction, not the creature of human imagination, but quasi-personal—instinct with a vitality which can only come from an indwelling, informing, inspiring Spirit. The theologian of to-day with a superior smile claims perfect familiarity with these ideas; he sums up all in a word and learnedly propounds the doctrine of Divine Immanence, which must be held side by side with Divine Transcendence. But the reality is apt to escape his formulæ. In any case, the poet will often enable him to do what is constantly very hard—understand the meaning of his own words. The lines

> Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!
> Thou Soul that art the Eternity of thought
> And giv'st to forms and images a breath
> And everlasting motion,

are not a grammatical figure of speech, in which the poet 'personifies' a system, or an abstraction. They describe the living presence of One who has the power to speak to all who have ears to hear. Words at best are poor vehicles of thought, though Wordsworth at his best knows how to make them 'pierce and pierce,' like the notes of the nightingale. But his well-known words, 'something far more deeply interfused,' may easily mislead, unless interpreted in the light of their context. The 'thing' that is 'interfused' is 'a spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought.' The poet is thinking of the Divine Spirit as entering into that which is impersonal and giving it life so that it moves and breathes and reveals with an imparted life and luster of its own. Hence Nature becomes 'unsubstantialized.' This is Wordsworth's own word for a state of rapture which all mystics know, which Tennyson experienced and described to Tyndall, and which he himself has enshrined in the well-known description of the 'growing youth' and his vision of the sunrise, in the first book of the Excursion.

> In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not: in enjoyment it expired.
> No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request:
> Rapt into still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise."

Some of Wordsworth's lines abide forever in the mind of his readers. The writer of this book notice remembers the thrill of joy he felt on reading for the first time these lines which close the ode to Toussaint L'Ouverture:

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; *thou hast great allies;*
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Also abide the words, "That best portion of a good man's life—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

Dante. By JEFFERSON BUTLER FLETCHER. In the Home University Library Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, 50 cents.

NEARLY six hundred years of commentary has not completed Dante literature. Each generation seeks its own interpretation of classical antiquities, just as each generation establishes its own traditions. Wherever the genius of man has fashioned enduring instruments of self-expression, there the lesser run of men have sought inspiration and guidance. To-day we estimate the intellectual sterility of the Middle Ages by their superficial and precarious hold on the great Latin authors; and so, perhaps in view of the greatness of Dante himself, it is to the credit of this generation that it is witnessing a renaissance of interest in and sympathetic understanding of the Florentine poet. Professor Fletcher's book takes its place as the interpretation of the cultured man of to-day when he has studied and learned to admire the cultured man of a by-gone century—an attitude refreshingly different from the painstaking dissections of the ordinary scientific commentator. Dante's environment was so different from our own, his intellectual atmosphere so foreign to anything we may readily conceive, that it requires a special effort successfully to penetrate the form or mold of his genius. But Professor Fletcher has realized that in spite of twentieth century superiority, Dante on the face of things had struck out boldly on the same voyage of discovery that to-day occupies us; and so the fact that he used a ready-made system of speculation and shaped his course by stars unrecognized by modern astronomy, no more prevents his reaching the familiar headlands of truth planted by God himself, than does our own self-limitation within the bounds of established scientific fact. When a man appears who can partly distinguish the thing seen from that travesty or distortion of it which the thousand disturbing influences within him and without him tend to *make* him see, we call that man a great philosopher. Despite the marked restrictions of the mediæval mind, Dante was just such a philosopher; and Professor Fletcher's book strives to place before us those essential elements of Dante's vision which transcend his generation, and which refuse to be wholly circumscribed by any system of dogma or by any ignorance of nature's operations. In this endeavor Professor Fletcher has been remarkably successful. He has succeeded in creating for us an atmosphere—the reflection of the atmosphere that Dante himself gives. We find

ourselves for the time being suspending an immediate judgment born of our modern education and mayhap prejudice, and penetrating more and more deeply into Dante's conception of the universe, of the need for allegory, and for symbols to express the meaning and worth of life. We learn to see through Dante's eyes, to think in some measure with Dante's mind; and we enjoy the process. For Dante was not merely philosopher dealing with terms of scholastic theology. He was poet, artist, above all, a struggling human brother. There is the very essence of romance in his life and in his writings; we join with him in his chivalric quest for God; we live with him the terrors of hell; we share his intimate intercourse with angels and with saints. All this Professor Fletcher does for us, partly with well-planned and therefore easy steps by which he leads us on, and partly by his own high appreciation of Dante's craftsmanship. A thorough student of the times, he makes Dante's personal confessions reveal the true heart, and the mind that interpreted the heart's impulse, lying behind many apparently conflicting statements. The poems of the New Life are read in the light of prevailing troubador canons, and the book itself is seen to be "a carefully thought out attempt to render dramatically the gradual process of Dante's own spiritual enlightenment under the guidance of love," and very far from being "boyishly naïve and immature." By the close and thoughtful study of this little book we gain an insight into the man Dante, and obtain the key to all his later writings. The personal teaching of Dante runs throughout his works, and this is the link that gives us a new and sympathetic understanding of his theology and cosmography. Everywhere we are brought to recognize the man, and though we may regret his limitations, we can still see as he sees. This Professor Fletcher has made abundantly clear; and in so doing he has opened the heart of the poet. In the sections on the Banquet and on the Divine Comedy we feel less as spectators and more as fellow-pilgrims with Dante. The way is paved—Dante's own method absorbed and utilized by Professor Fletcher—for us to appreciate the impersonal teachings, to assimilate, rather than to rebel against, the principles underlying the symbology of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, to recreate in ourselves, in fact, something of the spiritual emotion that impelled Dante to think and write as he did. So when we come to what is perhaps the most original contribution of Professor Fletcher's study, the "Liturgical Symbolism of the Divine Comedy," instead of turning away bored by the very name, we read, and read with interest, how Dante associates "symbolically the function of Beatrice in the earthly paradise with the function of the eucharist in the Christian life." He acknowledges his debt for the original suggestion to Miss Fisher, one of his former students, but the argument in the text is his own, and will undoubtedly open a new and rich field to Dante students. The closing chapter on the literary art of Dante, which includes a discussion of his *Canzoni* and lyrics, binds the many themes into one. For Dante, as with Keats, "beauty is truth, truth beauty," and this has its full significance in the form that Dante has given to his teachings. "Beauty without intellectual significance, beauty as mere ornament, he contemns," says Professor Fletcher; and therefore those "modern critics

who would reject as valueless Dante's 'truth' and yet hope to retain his 'beauty'" are "ironic," and, in Dante's own words, "persons not of deep insight." Fully to appreciate Dante's literary gifts we must apprehend what for him was truth. Rightly to estimate his truth we must seek the underlying moral and spiritual principles essential to all human thought, rather than those differences that are so obvious at the first approach. Once done, our æsthetic appreciation is free not only to enjoy the many beauties of Dante's verse, but to discern realm within realm of color, harmony, and light. Professor Fletcher's book, then, embodies in literary form a method of studying Dante, and as such it has made a distinct advance over similar essays by Dean Church or by Dinsmore. Scholarship is there in abundance; but it is the fruits of scholarship applied for purposes of enjoyment rather than the assembling of facts, that we have before us. Parts of the book are beautifully written, especially towards the end, which makes us the more regret a tendency to compress sentences. But this, though teasing, does not detract from a full appreciation of an ably constructed and thoroughly interesting study of the great Italian seer.

The Meaning of Personal Life. By NEWMAN SMYTH. 8vo, pp. x+363. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $2 net.

THE subject of this volume is receiving considerable attention with particular reference to its bearings on immortality and the future life. Dr. Smyth has to his credit several notable books of a philosophical and theological character, written while in the active pastorate, and this fact explains the practical purpose of all his writings. He has been interested in thought-movements only as they bore directly on life in its many ramifications. His latest book is his ripest. In it he expresses his most personal and cherished convictions on Christian life and destiny. With the calmness of optimism he concludes his inquiry into the significance of life in these words: "The self-revelation of God on this earth is not finished. If men have eyes to see and ears to hear, there is and always shall be more manifestation of the Divine to be seen; there shall be further teachings of the Spirit to be understood by men. The Christian faith, least of all, may regard the revelation of God as a closed book. To think of the world problems, to judge of the ways of the living God as though Divine revelation had come to an abrupt pause at the end of the apostolic age, or at any hour since to doubt of the Lord's presence among men, would be to empty of its full meaning his last promise to his disciples—to be with them always, even to the end of the world. A sure faith must needs be a progressive faith to keep its own assurance. For Christian theology at any hour to halt, and to remain content to stand still marking time, would be for theology to lose its leadership of thought and to be disobedient to the spirit of truth." Dr. Smyth reckons with the findings of biology and psychology in his lucid interpretations of the unique marvel of personality. The ultimate problem is not one of statics, but of the dynamics of consciousness, and this he demonstrates

by a searching analysis of sense-perception, memory, thinking, feeling, and will. Much damage has been done by the failure to understand the subtle interrelationships between body, mind, and spirit. This question is carefully threshed out in Chapter IV. Among the outstanding features of personal individuality are the consciousness of its worth to itself, the solitariness of personal being, its sense of incalculability, and the power of selective formation of its own proper environment. Thus understood, the personal life is seen to be the social life. What this implies is thus stated: "Truest individuality becomes richest fellowship. Individuality is not realized perfectly in social isolation. Self-inclusiveness is not necessarily exclusiveness of others; rather it is a condition and means of comprehending others within its own enlarging life. One becomes more and more himself in and through his participation in others, he in them and they in him. Personal individuality is at once a power of self-withdrawal and of self-revelation." Apply this thought to church fellowship, and we have a powerful argument for Christian communion as an indispensable condition of Christian activity. These discussions of the significance of personality lead to the heart of the subject. Personal life finds its richest fulfillment in Jesus Christ, who is the supreme manifestation to man and of man at his highest and best. "The personal influence of Jesus has become the dynamic of the ideal in the world, the power of God with man." This thesis is finely worked out in Chapters VII and VIII. The creature spirit of Christ has produced a Christian experience, which is characterized by a new sense of energy, a right regard for self, a new ideal of the worth of life and its ultimate good, and sense of reconciliation with life, power to change its own environment, and a prophetic expectation that the whole world and all nations will come under the influence of Christ. Chapter IX, on "The Future Personal Life," is itself a treatise in which Dr. Smyth passes in review of metempsychosis or transmigration, conditional immortality, inherent immortality, and of pantheistic mysticism, which holds that the limited individual life is at once lost and saved in union with God. He then recalls the fact that in the natural evolution of life death has rendered a needed service. Death occurs seemingly naturally as life reaches toward a more differentiated state; it seems to be a condition required for the more complex organization and variation of the matter of life. Death comes in for the sake of life more abundant, for the increasing fulfillment of life's promise, and for the greatest possible variety, richness, beauty, and universal joyousness of life. It is, however, in the revelation of Jesus Christ that this truth assumes a comforting aspect. "Man's consciousness of immortal being, which was realized to the full in Jesus's self-consciousness as the Son of God, has been the inner assurance of countless minds in hours of deepest insight or moments of highest endeavor. This consciousness of living after the power of an endless life is a fact of Christian experience, a luminous fact as positive in human experience as is a star in the sky. It is an ultimate result of Christlike living, indestructible, repeated, confirmed, verified in the fellowship of an innumerable company of witnesses." Concerning death-bed visions he

writes: "Apparent visions at such moments may not be what they seem; yet, even so, they may be symbols of things that no eye can see. It is not the vision, but the power of the spirit to have such visions, that is the reality, beneath all our science, to explain away." Throughout these informing discussions science and religion are regarded as co-workers. As science comes to the aid of faith from one side, so Christian experience confirms it from another. What has been obtained thus far of vision and possession is declared to be but an earnest of the yet larger self-disclosures of the Heavenly Father to those whose lives are hid with Christ in God.

Five-Minute Shop-Talks. By HALFORD E. LUCCOCK. 12mo, pp. 176. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

WHEN we noticed this author's suggestive volume "Fares, Please!" we said: "This is Halford E. Luccock's first book, but will not be his last." We expected for that book a sale which would invite and justify subsequent volumes; and in this son of Bishop Luccock we discerned capacity for a literary career. These pungent, piquant, and practical "Talks" are well described by the Book Editor: "Direct, convincing, manly appeals to workingmen. In each of these thirty or more brief addresses Mr. Luccock employs terse, epigrammatic language and contrives to compress into a five-muinte talk the wisdom and counsel of a fifty-minute sermon. Every word is made to tell—to tell something worth hearing and heeding." The author, who is now Registrar and Instructor in Greek in Drew Theological Seminary, delivered these "Talks" while he was pastor in the town where they were given. He says in his preface: "The most interesting congregation in America meets every working day at the call of the noon whistle. Its place of assembly is the shop or mill or street car barn, wherever the men come together for lunch. Its only pews are work benches and packing boxes. Its only ritual is the courtesy of quiet attention. Its only sacrament is the hand-clasp of friendship. The number of noonday meettings in thousands of shops throughout the country, organized and conducted by the industrial department of the Y. M. C. A., church federations and individual churches and ministers, is constantly increasing. It is an encouraging sign that the church is growing more and more awake to a superb opportunity of community extension. This audience of workingmen is a very critical one. It has a deeply rooted antipathy to two things in the speaker who undertakes to address it—patronage and cant. Let but the slightest trace of affectation, of conscious superiority, or of a simpering 'talking down' to the men be felt in a speaker, and his usefulness is entirely over in that shop. The shop audience makes high demands of those who seek to win its confidence. It demands thorough democracy and sincerity. It demands, also, that its attention be *won* and it must be won usually against absolute indifference on the part of the men. Pious commonplaces are a vain thing for safety when one faces the crowd in the shop at the noon hour! Yet, if one is able to put pertinent truth in a form so original as to compel attention, and in language simple, direct

and colloquial, and still at all times dignified, he will be given a ready hearing. So long as honesty and good-will make themselves felt in his words, he need never fear to give the strongest message he has, and the one that cuts deepest into his audience. The men will listen to it and in most cases be glad to get it. It is the conviction of the writer that it is as rewarding work as a man may ever do. The chapters which follow are records of an attempt to 'fill the pulpit' at a neighboring shop during a recent winter. They are presented in the hope that they may prove suggestive to others in the same work, and possibly lead new recruits into this promising field of service." To the writer of this book notice the Shop Talker confides: "I ventured on these 'Talks' because I was scared to death at the very thought of doing it. It was like jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge." Here is a shop-talk entitled "What's the Idea?"—"Fashions in slang change just about as often as fashions in clothes. We pick up an expression that is new and everybody uses it for a few months and then we drop it and take up something else. A couple of years ago, no matter what you told some people, they would answer you, 'I should worry.' I am glad that is dead. We all got pretty tired of it. A few years farther back it was 'Twenty-three!' Now it has been 'Safety First!' for a long time. Of course that isn't slang, but it has been just as often repeated. Now we hear that question asked by some one nearly every time we turn around, 'What's the Idea?' We usually ask the question when we are making fun of some one; a person doing a thing that seems to have no sensible purpose or idea behind it. But it is a good question to think of seriously for a few minutes. 'What's the Idea?' The question implies that everything ought to have an idea behind it. It ought to mean something. Everything ought to represent some rational purpose. When we go into a shop and see a steel drill we do not think of it as a queer shaped piece of metal. It has an idea behind it; it was made to do something. And if I am going to make good on a job in that shop I have to know the idea that is behind that piece of machinery—what it can do and how to handle it. A man is not worth much in a shop until he learns the idea behind the whole thing; otherwise he is liable to hitch up the belts on the wrong axles and somebody is going to get hurt. It is just as important for us to learn the idea behind the great big 'Shop' in which we all work all the time—the world itself. For the world is a great big works, bigger than any man can possibly conceive of. It produces uncountable billions of tons of raw and finished products every year. In addition there are manufactured every year lots of products which we cannot weigh on the scales or put a price tag on—happiness and beauty, joy and pain, love and friendship. These things all come from the world's mill. What is the purpose of the whole thing? Don't you think it is as much worth while to try to learn the meaning and purpose of the world and our life in it, as to know the purpose and working of a lathe or a drop forge? There have been some few folks who said there was no idea behind the world at all. It was just an accident—a horrible accident, they usually call it. But not many people are satisfied with that. There is not much sense to it. It will not stand close examina-

tion. Suppose we see a great automobile factory turning out a thousand finished machines a day. Suppose we asked some one of the workmen, 'Who started this factory and who runs it?' And suppose he were to tell us, 'Oh, it just happened. There was a lot of scrap iron lying around loose and it just came together and now there is an automobile factory.' We would look at him closely and wonder whether it was safe to have him loose on the streets without a keeper. When we look around and see the world producing machines far more wonderful than automobiles—living, thinking men, and the civilization they build—it seems more idiotic to say it just happened without a purpose than to say it of an automobile factory. If it has an idea behind it—what is it? Jesus answered that question a long time ago in a way that has struck men as sensible and true. He said the world was designed to be a *home*—a place where God's children could live together in peace and happiness and love. He taught men to pray for the coming of that time when he said, 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.' He thought of all men as brothers, children of the same great Father who loved them all. God made the world and took men into partnership in the job of finishing it and making it into a place where every man got a fair chance and a square deal, and where every man gave his share of work and kindness and love. As a man named Paul put it a few years later, 'God hath made all men of one blood to dwell together.' That is the big idea. It sounds good and it is no wonder that men have been willing to live and die for it. But you may well ask, 'How do you know it is true?' Here is one answer, 'It works.' Wherever men have tried to work this idea of Jesus, that they are brothers and children of one Father who loves them and who wants to make the world a place full of love and good-will, wherever they have quit killing each other and tried to save, quit hating each other and tried to love, quit cheating each other and tried to be just, the world has been a lot better and happier place to live in. Because the idea of Jesus does work wherever men give it a chance, is the best reason I know of for believing it is true. But there is another question—'What is the idea behind your own life?' Is there a plan and purpose there or is it just hit or miss? When you want things to go right in a machine room you have the cogs on one wheel fit into the cogs of the other exactly. If they don't there is some sort of a hitch and things don't go right. The reason things do not go better in the world is that men do not always fit into the idea behind the whole thing—a fair brotherhood of helpfulness. When the cogs in men's minds fit into the cogs of God's purpose of making the world a homelike place, when they both have the same idea, that will be the Kingdom of God on earth. And we move up a little closer to it every time that any one of us lets the idea of fairness and unselfishness get into action." Here is a talk entitled "What Does God Look Like?" "It is a question that every child has asked at some time or other and a question no one can answer. It is a natural question for a child to ask; he hears about God; is taught to say his prayers at night; and naturally wonders what God looks like. While it is a child's question in just that form, it has been a grown man's

question in its real meaning as long as men have lived on earth and will continue to be so as long as men exist. It makes no difference what creed a man possesses or does not possess; whether he ever goes near a church or not. There is no man who ever takes serious thought of things but who wonders at times what is the nature of the great Power above and behind the world. Each man makes for himself at least some kind of a rough, crude answer to the question, 'What is God like?' The answers are as different as the men themselves are different. The principal trouble with the idea of God that many men have is that it is not really a man's idea. It is a little boy's idea of God, which they have carried over from childhood without thinking very much about it. Their ideas of the world and the things in it have grown larger, more worthy of the reality. But often they still keep a child's idea of God and that is one principal reason why religion does not mean more to a great many people. The Apostle Paul once said, 'When I became a man I put away childish things.' It is a good thing to replace a childish idea of God with one more suitable to the mind of a grown man. Some men, for instance, think of God as a great *Policeman* who delights to order people around and make rules for them to obey. They do not exactly put a blue uniform and a helmet on their idea of God in their imagination, but the main features are just about the same. They think of God in terms of law and punishment and penalties; they think of the Almighty mainly as One who wants to keep people from having a good time. Consequently they look on religion with dislike, just as a small boy dislikes a policeman. A child may be excused for having such an idea, but it is a childish thing for a man to have it. Others think of God as though he were an exalted *Bookkeeper*, carefully entering up a black mark against a man every time he does a wrong thing, drawing up a large bill of damages to be settled for by punishment in the next world. Still other people, when they think of God at all, think of him as a sort of kind-hearted old *Santa Claus*, whom they try to keep on the good side of by going to church and making prayers. They think of a prayer much as a child thinks of a letter to Santa Claus, a sort of a charm which will bring them just about what they want. If all these ideas are childish things to be put away when we grow up—what shall we put in their place? A man might say, 'Why put anything at all? Why not give up the idea of God entirely as good enough for children but not necessary for a grown man?' The answer is very simple. Simply because man's mind needs the idea of God. As some one has said, 'Man is incurably religious.' It has been in men's minds since history began and no changes in living or advances in learning have ever crowded it out. The idea of God is the *only* thing which has satisfied men for any length of time, as they have looked out on the greatness and mystery of the world. A man came to Jesus once with this very question, 'Tell us what God is like. Show us the Father and it will be enough.' Jesus answered him, 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' In other words, he told men that the qualities they saw in him, the love for them, the desire to help them and willingness to suffer for them, were the very qualities of God

himself. He did not give a definition of God in long words. He drew some plain pictures. He told a story of a Samaritan who came along a road and met a fellow half beaten to death and who took care of him at a great deal of trouble, and he said, 'God is like that.' He told a story of a father who was sorrowful because his son was away off, lost in a far country, and who saw him coming back and joyfully runs out to meet him and forgives him. And Jesus said, 'God is like that.' In his own death Jesus gave the clearest answer to the question, 'What is God like?' As he was put to death by the hatred and evil passions of men, the cross on which he died has become a symbol of the truth that God suffers from the sins of men, but loves them through it all. That is a man's idea of God—large enough, strong enough for any man's need. How do I know it is true? I believe it is true for the same reason that I believe there is such a thing as electricity—It works. I can see it accomplish results just as plainly as I can see the street car move. I believe the current in the wire is a reality, even though no man on earth ever saw electricity. No man has seen God, but wherever men have believed in the kind of a God Jesus believed in, they have reached a higher, finer kind of manhood than they ever did before; there has been more of honor, pity, kindness, strength, enlightenment, freedom, and progress than there ever was before. So I am ready to believe in that kind of a God. It makes life more worth living to me; it makes me more able to live the kind of a life I know to be best. And wherever I see an act of unselfishness, of love or of pity, in that very act of unselfishness and love I have a picture of what God is like." Here is a talk on "What to Make Out of Your Mind": "What are you making out of your mind? I want to convince you, if I can, that it is worth your while to study out an answer to that question. You needn't give the answer to anyone but yourself. But I'd like you to find an answer, and then tell it to yourself and see if you like it. You are making *something*, there's no doubt about that. The brain changes its form to some extent and its weight every day. Your mind is different to-day than it was yesterday. The slang expression we frequently hear, 'a new wrinkle,' stands for a real thing. Every time you think hard over a question your brain gets a new wrinkle in the gray matter. The more wrinkles, the better brain it is. So that you are making something, whether you intend to or not. You can't say to yourself, 'Oh, I'm not bothering about my mind. It's just growing.' Minds never 'just grow,' any more than a garden does. You have to 'make' a garden by downright hard work. You can't do any fooling about it. If you don't work and *make* a garden you'll have something else—a patch of weeds. You have to 'make' a mind that is good for anything by downright hard work, or you will have a mental patch of weeds inside your head. And the market price of weeds is never very high. Think for two or three minutes of the choice you have as to what to make out of your mind. You can make a *Wastebasket* out of it. Plenty of people do. And a wastebasket is a nice thing to have. There's nothing disreputable about a wastebasket, nor is there necessarily anything unclean. It is full of various odds and ends, many of them interesting in themselves, letters

and newspapers, but they are all jumbled up together and have no relation to each other, and the whole thing is worth nothing. Now a good many people have a mind like a wastebasket. It is full of scraps of information, all kinds of odds and ends of knowledge, miscellaneous facts and bits of gossip, all jumbled up together. I have a neighbor who knows all kinds of interesting things about a great number of occupations and trades. There is only one thing that he does not know, apparently—that is, how to do one thing *well*. His mind is made up of scraps, out of which he can make nothing worth while. It is a wastebasket. You can make a *Cash Register* out of your mind. You can think pennies or nickels or dollars until about all your mind is good for is to ring up the money that goes into the cash drawer. The only thing that will make a cash register work properly is some kind of a sale, some kind of a money transaction, and that is all that will ever cause some men's minds to get into action. They are like the cash register, whose little bell rings every time a nickel goes into the drawer. So they begin to sing whenever they ring up cash. A sort of a *Bureau Trunk* is what some people make out of their minds. Their heads are full of clothes. Instead of a normal head, full of all kinds of human interests and sympathies, it is stuffed with dry-goods, things to wear. We frequently find a head like this on a woman, but not every time, by any means. I know a good many men in whose heads, if you took an X-ray picture of them, you would be able to find a large assortment of suits, neckties, and fancy vests. Some men, and you know them, have made a *Garbage Can* out of their minds. That is a strong expression, but it is no exaggeration. What was given to them as a container for knowledge, truth, power, they have filled up with filth. Some unclean story is always coming out of their lips like a bad odor from an uncovered garbage can. They spoil whatever atmosphere they come into, on the street, store, or shop. They ought to be treated the same way as a garbage can is, be made to shut up. General Grant knew how to do it. An officer joined a group in which he was standing one day and started to tell a coarse, unclean story, asking as he began, 'Are there any ladies present?' 'No,' Grant answered, 'but gentlemen are.' The story was not told. The best thing to make out of your mind is what it was designed to be, a *tool chest*. That is what God intended it for when he gave it to you. By discipline of work and study, not necessarily in school, but anywhere, you can shape your brain into a kit of keen cutting tools. With a mind which, by dint of application, has learned to think and work, you can cut your way through tough problems. The best chisel with which to carve out a place for yourself in the world is your head, sharpened to fine usefulness by using it on all occasions. The human mind is a complex assortment of tools, the most complicated, delicate, and priceless machinery in the world. What are you doing to keep it sharpened? It is not only as a worker that a man needs a sharp set of tools. The great problems of living are before us all, how to live, what to do, what not to do. It is a task for a clear head to decide what courses of action are going to make for our finest, most lasting welfare, and what things are going to be harmful in the end. For every one man who goes

wrong because he is bad there are ten who have gone wrong because they never sat down and thought things *through*. They do things because some one else did, because it looked pleasant, and for most any other reason. It is poor business. The Apostle Paul has a good proposition to lay before us along this line. 'Prove all things,' he says. That is, don't follow the crowd blindly. Figure things out for yourself. And then, 'Hold fast to that which is good.' Make a good strong vise out of your mind, and hold on!" The following clipping from a New York daily is an excellent text for a talk in shops or churches or homes: "The Rev. Fred Winslow Adams, pastor of Saint Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church in West Seventy-sixth Street, who on Sunday read from his pulpit answers to the question: 'What are the greatest safeguards against temptation?' yesterday received the reply of Thomas A. Edison to his question. Mr. Edison said: 'I cannot answer the question contained in your favor of the fifth instant, as I have never had any experience in such matters. I have never had the time, not even five minutes, to be tempted to do anything against the moral law, civil law, or any law whatever. If I were to hazard a guess as to what young people should do to avoid temptation, it would be to get a job and work at it so hard that temptation would not exist for them." Equally suggestive is the fact that the verb to "debauch" is derived from an old French root which signified, "To entice away from the workshop." In hard work is safety as well as profit. It is in unoccupied hours that temptations find opportunity to assail us. Idleness is an open door for Satan to enter. Whether shortening the hours of the day's work will prove a blessing or a curse depends on each individual worker. For many it will mean more hours opened to evil influences and temptation to wrong doing.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Memories. By Edward Clodd. 8vo, pp. 288. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, with portraits, $3, net.

Edward Clodd was born of devout parents who desired to dedicate him —the only survivor among their seven children—to the ministry. At the age of fifteen the boy disappointed them by jumping into business, hiring himself to an accountant in London. Thus he has spent his life sitting on a stool instead of standing in a pulpit. For fifty-three years he was in the London Joint Stock Bank, retiring from it in 1915, at the age of seventy-five. From the faith of his parents he drifted away until he became of Robert Ingersoll's class, at sea without chart or guiding star or compass or port. One of those who helped to loose him from Christian moorings was Moncure D. Conway, whose so-called "ministry" did the same sort of damage to not a few and who was no more a Christian than Ingersoll was. To-day Clodd condescends to speak of the Christian Church as "a venerable institution whose existence, on the whole, has been more for good than for evil." His life, if written, might be entitled "A Journey Toward Nowhere." Turning his back on the Church of his childhood and

looking out of the windows of his bank, he caught sight of the agnostic scientists, and read their books and sought their company out of business hours. He would join with Prince Kropotkin when he laments over the *un*scientific methods of thinking prevailing in England even among the immense majority of educated men; laments also that three quarters of the education of the country is in the hands of men who scarcely know there is such a thing as *scientific* thinking. Kropotkin adds that so long as Science herself preaches absurd and *un*ethical doctrines such as *Woe to the Weak* (essentially Nietzsche's gospel), so long the unreasonable demand of man for *religio-ethical* conceptions will build cathedrals and churches and worship in one way or another. Quite likely. We find J. A. Picton, an avowed Pantheist, unable to dispense with religion, saying thoughtfully: "Something in the nature of religion, an instinctive sense of an encompassment by a Life larger than one's own, has accompanied every step of human Evolution ever since there was any human. I find it impossible to believe that the disappearance of any particular conception of that encompassing Life can abrogate so fundamental an element in the forces of progress." Clodd's volume contains memories of numerous and various people. We join with him in commending the widow of W. K. Clifford for having "made her calling and election sure among those who maintain the high standard of English literature, unsoiled by the erotic, neurotic, and Tommyrotic." Turning the pages before us, we enjoy seeing Huxley in his home life, when his daughter had said something witty and pert, laying his hand on her shoulder fondly and saying to his guest, "You see this household is a republic tempered by epigram." We read where F. Manning in one of his books makes Pope Leo XIII say: "The impregnable Rock on which we build is the impregnable ignorance of the majority." We hear one of the "scientific thinkers," Sir Henry Thompson, saying concessively: "I regard the beneficence of the Infinite and Eternal Energy to be proved beyond dispute. The existence of wars and misery has no difficulty for me. The human race is in its infancy; man is going through the process of evolution and education, a process long, slow, and painful, yet the only possible training to develop him. As a result of this process I look for a being but a little lower than the angels." How can the agnostic know anything about angels? Are angels in the scientist's realm and ken, we wonder? We complain of these "scientific thinkers" because they will not "stay on their reservation," like good Indians: they continually stray off into regions that do not belong to them. Here is one of them casting worshiping glances toward "the angels," which is *unscientific*, and shows lingering traces of "superstition." There is no room even for the Bethlehem angels under the "scientific thinker's" sky, no Gloria sounding in his firmament. Clodd thinks that a letter which Herbert Spencer wrote to Grant Allen about his health shows " a soft place in a heart that seemed adamant" and "redeems much unloveliness." Here is a sample of Spencer's tenderness to a sick man: "You must improve your mastication. If I had to teach children I should give them a lesson on the importance of mastication, and should illustrate it by taking a small iron nail and weighing against it some pinches of iron filings till the two balanced.

Then, putting them into two glasses and pouring into each a quantity of dilute sulphuric acid, and directing the children to stir the contents of the two glasses from time to time, they would see that whereas the iron filings would dissolve quickly, the dissolving of the nail would be a business of something like a week. This would impress on them the importance of reducing food to small fragments. If you do not masticate well, you do not deserve to be well." The gist of it seems to be, "Serves you right. You are only getting what you deserve." The scientific tenderness with which this admonitory letter reeks is enough to make a graven image weep. And to think of its gushing from "a heart that seemed adamant"! So an admiring "scientific thinker" says. At one time in his centrifugal flight away from every faith-center, Clodd tells us, he paused to repose for a while on that phase of denatured Christianity called Unitarianism, described here as "a soft feather-bed for falling Christians"; and "sat under" Dr. James Martineau when he was "the hierarch of the now well-nigh moribund Unitarian sect." He says: "Forty years have not effaced from memory some striking passages in Martineau's sermons. Preaching on the text, 'Remember how short my time is,' he flashed with the force of an epigram, 'God is the great I Am: His verbs have no tenses.' Right after announcing the text, 'Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up,' Martineau compressed his sermon in these opening words: 'He who could build a faith might well destroy a temple.'" We find Carlyle in his late years writing thus to Edward Fitzgerald: "I am in my usual weak state of bodily health and not even expecting to be better. I study to be solitary, in general; to be silent, as the state that suits me best; my thoughts then are infinitely sad, but capable, too, of being solemn, mournfully beautiful, useful; and as for 'happiness,' I have that of employment befitting the years I have arrived at." When Carlyle received from Charles Eliot Norton a copy of Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam, Carlyle, after reading some of it, wrote: "I think Fitzgerald might have spent his time better than busying himself with the verses of that old Mohammedan blackguard." This book gives us a variety of Sir A. C. Lyall's sayings: "If you hold that ethics are man-made, your problem is to find some *authority*, because you must appeal to the masses on that basis. And the authority has to be invisible. So you can't put religion into liquidation. . . . Religion is an instinct and aspiration, and even as a social institution of high utility is not to be easily or safely uprooted it will continue to be a mighty force among mankind." "What the Anglican parsons can't stomach is the refusal of the Church of Rome to admit the validity of their 'orders'; they want to get on the main line and are kept on a siding. That riles them." "The wisest scientific men have given up the search after origins. The doctrines of Evolution and of the Conservation of Energy give them enough to do. As Huxley said, the mysteries of the Church are child's play in comparison with the mysteries of Science in the realm of causation." Yes, and Science has no explanation of the mystery of causation, while the Church has. Its declaration of "God, the Father Almighty, *Maker of heaven and earth*," is the rational and adequate answer to the question of causation. Lyall is pictured to us as standing with Clodd to watch a sky

glorious with sunset, gazing long at the illumined and dissolving clouds, and then, putting one hand on his friend's shoulder and pointing to the splendor in the west, saying "A great Artist." That was his theory of causation, near the end of life. In this hurrying stenographic, typewritten age of ours, the fine old art of letterwriting is in danger of disappearing. Letters worth reading will soon have to be looked for in historical museums. Of Fitzgerald as a letter-writer Lyall said: "Here is a man to whom correspondence was a real solace and a vehicle of thought and feeling. A faint odor of the seasons hangs around some of his letters—of the sunshine and the rain, of dark days and roads blocked with snow, of the first spring crocus and the faded autumnal garden plots." In a letter by J. Rhys we read that Mrs. Humphry Ward longs to see all who cannot accept miracles duly accepted as members of the Church of England: if only they were included under the name "Christians" it need not matter what they believed or disbelieved or whether they were ritualists or agnostics: the *name* is the great thing and would enable them to enjoy the Eucharist together! A curious study in psychology is Mrs. Ward, fit and obvious niece of Matthew Arnold. Think of her proposing to regenerate the east end of London with a sort of agnostic theism! Merely adding one more futility to "the dreary list of ineffectuals." The most interesting chapter, possibly, in Clodd's book is the one on George Meredith. Walking was Meredith's keenest enjoyment, and, looking back when he no longer had strength for it, he said: "How my mind leaped through leagues of thought in the days when I could walk!" Walking alone is promotive of meditation and clear healthy thinking, but walking with a fit comrade doubles the pleasure. A certain man remembers gratefully some years in which, at Clifton Springs, a card would come up to his room bearing the friendly and enticing question, "Have a Twalk?" inviting to long strolls in village or country with accidental, incidental, wandering talk on many themes under bright golden sun or silvery full moon. Though Meredith's fictional writings are what made him known, he himself set greater store by his poetry. [The same is true, we are told, of Thomas Hardy.] Meredith said: "I wrote verse before I was nineteen: some of it I wish could be suppressed. Chiefly by that in my poetry which emphasizes the unity of life, the soul that breathes through the universe, do I wish to be remembered; for *the Spiritual is the Eternal*." We were not looking for such a statement as that from the author of the poem, "Earth and Man"; but there it is. When Hardy's pessimism was mentioned to Meredith, it evoked from him the reply, "I keep on the causeway between the bogs of optimism and pessimism." The difference between himself and Hardy was likened to that between Lucretius and Epicurus; "to the one, human life was a pleasant sojourn which should be temperately enjoyed and gracefully terminated at the proper time; to the other, it was the more somber and tragic side of the august spectacle which all Nature presents to the contemplative mind." When Meredith's friends sent him a congratulatory address on his seventieth birthday, he said: "Oh, I understand what they mean, kindly enough. They mean, 'Poor old devil, what a pity he *will* go on writing. Let's cheer him up a bit. The old fire isn't quite out: a stir of the poker may bring

a few more shoots of gas.'" When J. R. Lowell was threescore and ten he said: "I'm not especially proud over being seventy. If you'll forgive me, I'll never do it again." When Clodd was well into his seventies, George Gissing wrote him protesting: "Horrible that you should be at work in the bank till eleven at night. Don't let that go on much longer. Stand firm for your right for retirement. It is all very well for amiable directors to bind you with compliments—but they cannot add one day to your life. I shall rejoice when I hear that you have quit work. No man can make better use of tranquillity than you. There was once a prætorian prefect under Hadrian, a fine old fellow (like you) named Similis. Permitted at length to lay down office, he retired to his country home where his life ended seven years later. He ordered this inscription on his tomb: 'Here lies Similis, who *existed* sixty-four years, and *lived seven.*" Here are some of Meredith's literary judgments: "I don't agree with Matthew Arnold that Shelley's prose will outlive his poetry. Shelley has neither head nor tail. Arnold is a poor judge: a dandy Isaiah, a frigid poet without passion, whose verse, written in a surplice, is for freshmen and for gentle maidens who will be wooed by future rectors. Keats is a far greater poet than Shelley. Byron has humor in his satires, but his high flights are theatrical; he was a sham sentimentalist. Favorites with me are the whole of Keats and the earlier verse of Tennyson. In the 'Lotus Eaters' and 'Aenone' there are lines perfect in sensuous richness and imagery. Tennyson's opulent diction and marvelous singing power cannot be overrated, but the thought is thin; there is no suggestiveness which transcends the expression; nothing is left to the imagination. Emerson's poetry is an Artesian well: the bore is narrow, but the water is pure and sweet." Meredith, speaking of the Browning Love Letters and their high level, said: "In them you see Browning's love for the unattractive-looking invalid, and watch the growth of love in her, as under a microscope. You see a spark of life, then the tiny red spot that shall be a heart, then the full pulsation of each blood corpuscle. So Browning made her a woman, and both mind and body at full tension had that development which her father, like all narrow and incomplete men, repressed." *Fas est ab hoste doceri:* it may profit us to attend to this saying of Meredith's: "Parsondom has always been against progress, treating Christianity not as a religion, but as an institution." The young writers around him whose works he saw, Meredith criticized thus: "They seem to me not to have read and observed enough: their books lack *the allusiveness which is a note of culture and an evidence of character and hard study.*" We are told that what asperity there was in Meredith's virile temperament was mellowed in old age with that divine gift of pity, which, as John Morley has said, "One that has it could hardly be willing to barter for the understanding of an Aristotle." A few more of his incisive opinions: "Dickens was the incarnation of cockneydom. William Black's novels have nothing in them but fishing and sunsets. Walter Besant was a commercial traveler with pinions. George Eliot had the heart of Sappho; but her face with its long proboscis, and the protruding teeth as of the Apocalyptic horse, betrayed animality." As for Lewes, whose wife she was not, "He was the son of a

clown, and had the legs of his father in his brain." In this book at the foot of page 162, we come once more, as often in high literary circles, upon that elementary blunder in grammar which any schoolboy ought to avoid —the use of "whom" for "who"; "Those whom he desired should win imperiled their cause," writes Edward Clodd. "Whom . . . should win!" Any schoolboy who has studied grammar ought to know that "whom . . . should" is impossible grammar. Evidently Edward Clodd never went to school to Thompson H. Landon. We thank the author for putting under our eyes once more the well-known lament of Callimachus for his departed friend:

> "They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead;
> They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
> I wept when I remembered how often you and I
> Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.
>
> "And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
> A handful of grey ashes laid long ago at rest;
> Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake,
> For Death, he taketh all away, but these he cannot take."

Oh reader, does this confession made by George Gissing make you think of anybody nearly related to *you?* Writing to a friend Gissing says, "It is one of my small manias to imagine that friends from whom I have not heard for some time are utterly alienated. I imagine causes of offense, misunderstandings, etc.: therefore I am particularly glad to receive your cheery note." Here is another bit from Gissing: "That there is *some purpose, some order* in the universe, seems a certainty. My mind rejects the idea of a Universe which means nothing at all. Above all the existence of beauty haunts me. I can, for a time, forget the world's horrors; but I can never forget the flower by the wayside and the sun falling in the west. These things must *have a meaning.*" Gissing and his fellow "free-thinkers" find that one cannot escape the grip of such things by being a "free-thinker." His clan have just as many of these meaningful things to account for as we Christians have, and they are not able to shed any such illumination upon them as the Light of the World gives. Face to face with the same puzzles and problems, we are better off than they, and we have a rational explanation of a confessedly mysterious universe, while they have none. We find William Holman-Hunt speaking of Saint Paul and saying, "What a splendid life for an artist to illustrate! Imagine the great scope for contrasts there are with the zealous and fiery creature standing by at the death of Stephen, the heavens open overhead: and then his wilderness life; his preaching; his tent-making; his domestic teaching; his writing by the hand of an amanuensis; his imprisonments; trials in the arena at Ephesus and in the Courts; his position when all forsook him and fled, but 'Christ the Lord stood by' him. I cannot imagine a more splendid series of subjects for a real artist." Father Tyrrell characterized "the Clodds and Allens and Langs and other popularizers of the uncertain results of evolution-philosophy" as a "crowd of sciolists." We are told that when Herbert Spencer was asked, fifteen or eighteen years ago, to join an International Peace League, he declined, saying that the prospect was for something

very different from peace: "We are in course of rebarbarization, and on the way to a bad time. Civilization will be uncivilized before it can again advance." Therefore a peace movement then was visionary and had no chance of success. How does it look now? Has barbarism been knocked out? We linger with brief interest over Mary Kingsley, daughter of Dr. Kingsley, author of "South Sea Bubbles," noting a few significant things. We find her saying, "I grew up with the scientific agnostic set." Then we find her fighting the missionaries for reporting liquor as a curse among the natives of West Africa. She charges missionaries with misrepresentation, and declares that the liquor trade is no such curse as is claimed by religious fanatics. She makes herself very popular with the Liverpool dealers who carry on with Africa the rum traffic which is Liverpool's trade backbone. She thinks the least Liverpool ought to do is to erect a memorial to her, though she fears the grateful rum-sellers might select as a design "a West-African Ju-Ju hung round with square-faced gin bottles." Certainly! Why not? just to show the high moral influence of a "scientific agnostic" exerted in fighting missionaries and defending the liquor traffic. When Ingersoll decides to fight against Christianity it seems only natural and congruous to find him defending the Star Route thieves and the unspeakably filthy fiends who want to use United States mails for the circulation of vile literature to debauch and ruin the innocent boys and girls in decent homes and schools. When ex-Rev. H. O. Pentecost declared conscience to be a bugaboo, and religion a sham, he made it plain what conscience and religion had become to him. And when rejecting and flouting the great names and devout characters of Christian history, he cast in his lot with the "scientific thinkers" and selecting a list of eminent scientists said, "These are *my* saints!" it was interesting and amusing to note that a majority of his eminent scientific "saints" were avowed Christians. So far as is reported, agnosticism, whether scientific or unscientific, has not appeared as a powerful evangelist in transforming a multitude of sinners into saints. The world still looks to Christianity for its saints—clean, upright, intelligent, consistent, self-sacrificing, inspired by and patterned after Christ. George Haven Putnam, in his Memories of a Publisher, mentions Frederick York Powell, from whose letters given now in Clodd's Memories we care to preserve only this written when near life's end, which came at fifty-four: "I have had good friends; I have met men I am proud to think about; and if they cared for me half as much as I have cared for them, I have not been badly loved. I tremble now when I hear of a friend's illness. I realize how short a time one has to pass with those one loves; and how few opportunities can be snatched from daily business and cares—but those hours with friends are the only golden beads in the chequered necklace of one's life. I never had a moment's coldness with them. Our hours together were sunny and unclouded. But it was to their gentleness, not to mine, that I owe these pleasant memories. They were patient and generous and gave me credit for more than I was worth. But I really loved them all the time and I think they must have felt that"—which words the editor of the Review selects to use as a message to his friends and to close this last book notice of 1916.

Letters of John Wesley. A Selection of Important and New Letters with Introductions and Biographical Notes. By GEORGE EAYRS, F.R., Hist. S. With a chapter on "Wesley, His Times and Work," by the Rt. Hon. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C., M.P. A Portrait of Wesley and Letters in facsimile. 8vo, pp. xxxix+510. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $2.50 net.

JOHN WESLEY will never cease to interest people. His work will continue to be reviewed and the influence of his Christ-filled personality appraised from different points of view. One of the best studies of this "Saint John" of the eighteenth century was recently given by Dr. Cadman in "The Three Religious Leaders of Oxford." In his discerning historical and literary sketches of "Social Life in England—1750-1850," which were delivered as the Lowell Lectures by Prof. F. J. Foakes-Jackson, and just published by the Macmillan Company, the first chapter is on the life in the eighteenth century as illustrated by the career of John Wesley. In a refreshingly original way this writer shows how the Journal is an independent and reliable record of English life because of the shrewd observation, caustic humor and enlivening wit which enrich its pages. Wesley here appears is a new role in the company of Crabbe, Dickens, Trollope and Thackeray. Many of the qualities which enhance the value of the Journal are also found in the letters, which have additional features of worth. We therefore welcome this splendid collection of Wesley's letters, edited with filial affection and historical accuracy by one of the recognized authorities in matters pertaining to Methodism. Those who are familiar with "A New History of Methodism," in two large volumes, which appeared in 1909, need not be told about the qualifications of Mr. Eayrs, who is a minister of the United Methodist Church in England. The spirit in which this edition of the letters has been prepared is seen in the following testimony. Brother Eayrs states that from the day he became a preacher, to serve the "commonwealth of Methodism," he was drawn into wondering admiration of Wesley and his work and began to feel the spell and stimulus of his character. "Since then, helped by many whom I hold in grateful remembrance, I have learned to think of him, not as he is often regarded and represented, as immaculate, a plaster saint, and almost infallible, but far otherwise: as a young growing man, struggling, sinning, sorrowing, praying, moving upward and onward by Divine help; as in his later days mounting to self-mastery and shining serenity; as high and lifted up, a genius and a dedicated spirit, but also a creature not too bright and good to be followed afar off, in so far as he followed Christ, by the humblest. His strong, gravely beautiful face looks down upon me in many forms from my study walls, and he seems to sing his living and dying faith, mingled of humility and confidence:

> 'I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me,'

and anon to utter one of his golden counsels: 'Never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed; never while away time.'" This volume is

dedicated: "To the dear and sacred memory of My Mother, a mystic and a Methodist, who conquered, like Wesley, by prayer and holy song." Book I consists of an introductory study of the man, his character and work, his time and its conditions, and an outline of his life. Mr. Birrell's famous essay is also reproduced, but revised and enlarged. Book II contains a selection from the thousands of letters which this extremely busy man wrote on every conceivable subject touching the welfare of humanity; but of course of special value are the letters on the needs and benefits of the religious life. There is hardly any letter without something attractive or distinctive. "A golden, memorable phrase, a witty turn, an epigram, a flash of irony, a touch of intimacy, or some self-revelation is here." He was withal a master of a chaste English style, and he always wrote with clearness of thought and directness of expression, showing wonderful versatility and catholicity. Even the *ex cathedra* spirit which he at times manifested was mellowed by the heartbeat of sympathy which was inspired, as Gilder wrote:

> By that divine omnipotent desire—
> The hunger and the passion for men's souls.

The letters are arranged according to topics and the character of his correspondents. In almost every case the editor furnishes important biographical and historical particulars relating to the letters in a manner similar to that employed by Thomas Carlyle in "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches." These paragraphs are the result of extensive research and furnish a wealth of information on Methodist history which is not accessible to the average student. Let one illustration suffice. It is taken from Chapter VI: "To Eccentric Thomas Wride, Steady Joseph Taylor, and other Methodist Preachers." Mr. Eayrs introduces his batch of letters with these observations: "Wesley's tact and resourcefulness come out strikingly in his dealings with the rank and file of his preachers. These were of all types. There was Goodman Dull, like John Easton, who, to Wesley's amazement, neither laughed nor cried when he read Wesley's favorite novel, which he abridged for the Methodists—Henry Brooke's Fool of Quality. There was 'Diotrephes, who loved to have the pre-eminence'; and 'John, whose surname was Mark, who departed' from the work because of its difficulties, and, unlike the nephew of Barnabas, never returned to it. Wesley's good-humor seldom or never failed in dealing with these and many other varieties. He saw instantly the possibilities of a situation and used them. Michael Fenwick complained that although he traveled with Wesley, he had not figured in the published extracts from his Journal. He had his wish gratified, and more, in the next issue. Wesley so wrote: 'I preached at Clayworth; I think none was unmoved except Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick.' Another preacher, when with Wesley at the table of a wealthy Methodist, bemoaned the departure of many from the Spartan simplicity of early Methodism. 'My Brother,' said Wesley, glancing at the preacher's well-filled plate, 'here is an opportunity for self-denial.'" Wesley was consistently outspoken in his letters, whether they took the

form of counsels, appeals, criticisms, rebukes or self-defenses. But he was considerate even when he administered sharp discipline; and he "directed, trained and controlled his preachers with discrimination, firmness, and patience." Here are a few extracts from the thirty letters to "Tommy" Wride: "I know not what to do. You know not what spirit you are of. Therefore there is small hope of cure. I have no heart to send you anywhere. You have neither lowliness nor love. What can I say or do more? . . . Your letter was read at the Conference and our brethren desired me to inform you you are no longer fit for our Connexion. Such a foul-mouthed railer (upon whatever provocation) is quite unfit for a Methodist preacher. Such base language is too bad for the fishwives of Billingsgate. It is such as an archangel would not use to the devil. You must have done with it for ever. . . . I hope you have *now* got quit of your queer arch expressions in preachings, and that you speak as plain and dull as one of us." Here is a characteristic extract from a letter to Dr. Adam Clarke: "You will have need of all the courage and prudence which God has given you. Very gently and very steadily you should proceed between the rocks on either hand. In the great revival at London, my first difficulty was, to bring into temper those who opposed the work; and my next, to check and regulate the extravagances of those that promoted it. And this was far the hardest part of the work; for many of them would bear no check at all. But I followed one rule, though with all calmness: 'You must either bend or break.' Meantime, while you act exactly right, expect to be blamed by both sides." There are numerous instances showing the heroic strain of this great apostle, who in so many ways resembled Paul. Here is one case: "For a few days I have had just such a fever as I had in Ireland a few years ago. But all is well. I am in no pain; but the wheel of life seems scarcely able to move. Yet I made a shift to preach this morning to a crowded audience, and hope to say something to them this afternoon." And this at the age of eighty years! From a little-known letter to Alexander Clark, a steward of the Methodist society in Dublin, we quote: "I blame all that even speak the truth otherwise than *in love*. Keenness of spirit and tartness of language are never to be commended. It is only in *meekness* that we are to instruct those that oppose themselves. But we are not allowed upon any account whatever to return evil for evil, or railing for railing." Chapter VII, "To American and Canadian Methodists and Concerning Them," will be read with a great deal of interest. In a letter to Shadford we read: "I let you loose, George, on the great continent of America. Publish your message in the open face of the sun, and do all the good you can." To Thomas Rankin, he wrote: "Let brothers Shadford, Asbury, and you go on hand in hand, and who can stand against you? Why you are enough, trusting in Him that loves you, to overturn America." The letter to "Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury and our Brethren in North America" is full of significance and is regarded as "the constitutional foundation of the great Methodist churches in America." It is, however, too long to be quoted here from page 263ff. In a letter to Asbury, full of the warmth of affection and confidence, he addresses him as "Franky," and says: "There is indeed

a wide difference between the relation wherein you stand to the Americans and the relation wherein I stand to all the Methodists. You are the elder brother of the American Methodist: I am, under God, the father of the whole family." How well this "elder brother" discharged his commission is finely shown by Dr. Tipple in his noble volume, "The Prophet of the Long Road," which should be in the hands of every preacher. One of the last letters which Wesley wrote is worth quoting in view of the blessed prospects of Methodist union: "Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue." The several chapters in this volume are of such intense interest that each one deserves a separate notice. Chapter VIII, "To his most intimate lay friend, Ebenezer Blackwell," occupies sixty-four pages, and contains some of Wesley's remarkable self-revelations. Chapter X consists of letters to Lady Maxwell and displays Wesley's anxiety for the highest welfare of men and women, whether poor or rich, and also his old-world courtesy. There is another chapter, "To Young Friends and Others—concerning life, learning, literary style, sleep, health, and religious earnestness;" and yet another "On Public Matters and to Public Men." If space permitted there are any number of passages that might be quoted. Enough has, however, been said to persuade our readers that this volume is a veritable treasure trove. It will open a new world to every preacher and impress us with the value of letter-writing in the discharge of an all-round ministry.

METHODIST REVIEW

MARCH, 1917

THE UNITED STATES IN MEXICO

THE problem as to the relationship between the United States and Mexico is one of actual conditions and not of theory. Or, rather, all theories must conform to actual conditions of long standing. The two nations have been closely connected from the beginning and will remain closely connected to the end. Their careers have been indissolubly bound together and there is no reason in anyone's thinking that they will ever be pulled apart. Since this is true the essential question is: How best can the two countries get along together?

The military interventionist is ready with his answer. Manifest destiny, he declares, calls for the conquest of Mexico by the United States. This destiny is written in the very face of the geographic and historic facts and must sooner or later be wrought out. Of course not all interventionists speak thus outright, but some do, and the implication of conquest runs through what they all say about vindication of American rights, putting Mexico's house in order, and the rest of it. Nobody understands better than these interventionists themselves that the avowed purpose of military intervention could be accomplished only by complete conquest. There is very little prospect of stopping with any such half-way scheme as limited intervention or protectorate. Limited intervention begets what the old-time philosopher called "the calamitous necessity of going on." The interventionist is very fond of pointing to Cuba as an illustration of what the United States can do in the way of bringing order to countries that cannot rule themselves. Cuba, however, is not altogether an instance in point. Cuba

is a small island. Any part of the island can be reached from the sea by just a few hours marching. Mexico is a vast territory with fifteen millions of inhabitants, with mountain fastnesses where resistance could hold out indefinitely. Moreover we obtained a foothold in Cuba by going in as an ally against a despotic foreign oppressor. Mexico is a sovereign nation, standing in high rank in our diplomatic relationships. Our first step would have to be an assault on the dignity of a technically sovereign nation.

An ex-officer of the United States Army once said to the writer that a regiment of United States soldiers could in time of war march victoriously from El Paso to Mexico City and down to Vera Cruz. This soldier seemed to imagine that this remark made some contribution to the solution of the Mexican problem. What the martial thinker was really doing was to make a contribution to the difficulties of the problem itself, for it is misunderstanding like this that complicates our entire thought of the troublesome Mexican question. We will say nothing of the absurdity of such a boast, but suppose the boast could be made good. Marching through Mexico is not conquering Mexico. Conquest would be a very huge task which might well tax the energies of the United States. The Mexicans are, as a race, proud and brave. It would require two or three generations of successful physical holding of Mexico to bring the people into any genuine acquiescence toward foreign rule. The travelers who bring back from Mexico tales of the eagerness of the Mexicans themselves for American intervention have been talking with American residents in Mexico, non-Mexican priests, or "cientificos." The vast mass of the Mexicans resent the very mention of intervention. The Mexican agitator is indescribably persistent. When the writer of this article first went to Mexico there was in the Methodist Annual Conference there a well-trained young man who was radical on the land question. This radical believed that the huge estates in Mexico should be divided up and distributed among the landless. In advocacy of this economic creed he fought as a common soldier, he dodged officials who had orders from Huerta to shoot him, he crossed to the United States, spent weeks on the border enlisting recruits for Carranza's army, fought his way at the head of troops from the

border to Mexico City, served on a committee that dared to tell Villa to get out of Mexico for Mexico's good, was hunted for days by Villa's soldiers, won finally the place of General in the Mexican Army. Gifted with persuasive utterance, this former Methodist preacher represents the type of man who would oppose, and as I think justly oppose, American occupation of Mexico. Men such as he have enormous power in keeping alive the spirit of revolt in the Mexican heart. The only way to silence them is to shoot them, and we may well believe that the United States will not resort to firing squads to quiet Mexican orators.

Suppose the United States should annex Mexico, what would we have as the result? Fifteen millions of people who care nothing for our type of democratic institution. Would we plan to admit the Mexican States as States into the Union? That would raise up trouble of the gravest order whether the new citizens took their political rights seriously or not. Would we attempt to hold Mexico as conquered territory? How long would our democracy here at home last before imperialism of that sort? It is conceivable, of course, that the United States may be forced to intervention as a last dreadful resort, but we need not indulge any rosy hopes as to the outcome of such intervention. If we go in for just a "little while" the plight would be as bad as ever after the withdrawal—unless we made the stay long enough to provide for real training of the people. By the time any such training could be made thorough the Mexican nation as such would have been Americanized out of existence—to the whole world's loss through the obliteration of many fine political possibilities in the Mexican people.

If we will not intervene ourselves, why not let someone else intervene? The subjects of England and Germany have suffered large financial losses in Mexico. If our ideals will not allow us to take hold of Mexico by force, why should we stand in the way of foreign nations? The answer is, of course, the Monroe Doctrine. The Monroe Doctrine is founded on our own self-interest. We are champions for a western ideal of democracy. We do not care to have that ideal imperiled by the workings of imperialistic systems too close at hand. The Monroe Doctrine is a message to European

nations to keep their distance. But the Monroe Doctrine, though founded on our own self-interest, must be handled with regard to the true well-being of the Latin-American peoples. It is hard to see how the interest of the Mexican would be served by allowing either England or Germany to take possession of his country, even assuming that either European nation had any such desire. In dealing with less favored peoples England has borne herself with a spirit of large justice. Under her rule subject peoples have come to material prosperity as compared with the conditions in which England found them; but England would not look forward to the development of independent nationality on the part of her subject peoples with complacency. The most that Mexico could expect would be to remain on the colonial basis. If this should be true in the case of England, how much more would it be true in the case of any other European nation? Moreover Mexico has experienced colonialism and has rejected it.

Much can be done by the United States for Mexico through diplomatic channels. Not only can European nations be compelled to keep their hands off, but the Mexicans themselves can be aided by the diplomacy of our government. Unfortunately there is very little confidence toward the United States on the part of the people south of the Rio Grande. The present writer has no disposition to criticize the Mexican War, or the Vera Cruz incident, or the so-called Punitive Expedition. Very sound and substantial reasons can be urged on our part for each of these movements against Mexico. But the United States view is not the Mexican view. Each of these manifestations of force has been viewed by Mexico as conceived in a lust for Mexico's land. Moreover the diplomatic bearing toward Mexico has often been far from considerate. Until within very recent times our attitude has been patronizing and condescending. We have assumed the role of big brother to Mexico with the rather patent intimation that if the little brother does not behave properly there may be trouble. Many forces are at work just now to relieve Mexican distrust of the United States, but much must yet be done before American diplomatic suggestions will be taken in Mexico City at full value. In this direction the problem must be in part worked out. It would be far from absurd for the

United States to underwrite a loan to the present Mexican government for the sake of helping to reestablish order; but suppose the United States might lose something by such a loan, would not that be dreadful? Especially in face of our record on pork-barrel River-and-Harbor and Federal Building appropriations.

Why cannot we trust to the commercial intercourse between the two nations to uplift Mexico? Is there not such a thing as peaceful penetration by the more-favored nation which carries the blessings of civilization to the less-favored nation? There is indeed such a thing as peaceful penetration; and commercialism certainly penetrates, but it does not always carry the blessings of civilization. There seems to be something of an assumption in commercial circles that financial intellects are the only ones who understand Mexico. They have the last word of wisdom. What Mexico needs is a return to the good strong-man methods of Porfirio Diaz. Such wise philosophers inform us, of course, that Mexico must be uplifted. They wish the strong man, however, to do the uplifting. The notion that the Mexicans themselves can do any uplifting is a pestilent heresy. Moreover these thinkers always postpone the date at which the strong man shall begin uplifting. All such statement fails to see that Porfirio Diaz was an expression and instrument of the capitalistic era when that era was at its height. It has been only recently that capitalism has been prodded into any adequate sense of its social responsibility. Diaz was undoubtedly a great man, but he stood for a type of control rapidly falling into disfavor.

The financial relations between the United States and Mexico will ultimately be adjusted on a better basis than at present. The element of speculation will have to be reduced to the minimum if investments of United States money in Mexico are not to be always productive of trouble. If the investors were willing to receive about the same sort of remuneration they would have to take at home, there could be no doubt that the inflow of American capital would help Mexico. This whole field, however, is one for gravest apprehension. Here at home capitalistic enterprises are coming more and more under the control of enlightened public sentiment. Labor must be given a fair chance—no matter if

dividends are cut in two. In foreign investments, however, domestic sentiment does not get a fair chance to work. If there is any failure of dividends the investor has a right even to call the attention of Washington to the loss. No Mexican ought to protest against a reasonable protection for American property interests in Mexico, but those property interests in themselves should be subjected to severe scrutiny. There is no virtue in trying to throw the mantle of patriotism over a purely speculative enterprise seeking an exorbitant return, nor is there any justification for calling American soldiers to protect business enterprises whose operations leave Mexico worse at the end than at the beginning. Professor Vida Scudder, of Wellesley, has suggested that a next step for the Church in the Christianizing of the whole social order will be to insist upon a "white list of investments." That is to say, investments which the judgment of those best qualified would pronounce most just in their effects on all concerned. If such a white list of investments were drawn up a great many foreign investments would have to remain among the blacks, or at least among the greys. There have been thousands of American business men in Mexico whose conduct has been above reproach, but on the whole there has been all too little attempt to keep the Mexican side of the investment problem in mind. For example, think of Mexico's oil. The deposits around Tampico are enormously rich. The oil is going out of the country, however, to England at such rate that these vast reservoirs may not last more than fifty years longer. The English are no doubt upright enough in their dealings, as such dealings go. They pay the royalty that Mexico asks. But what harm would be done if the oil deposits should remain untouched until Mexico can use them for her own social advancement? This is of course rather a counsel of perfection, but it may serve to point toward the higher issues involved in exploitation. Suppose that foreign capital in Mexico should devote itself to the development of farming enterprises by sound agricultural policies. All such development leaves Mexico better after than before. The problem of the conservation of the treasures of mines, on the other hand, is hard even for the constructive statesmanship of the most enlightened nations. Ought not these nations to have conscience enough

not to strip a less-favored nation of her mineral treasures, simply because the desperate straits of the unfortunate nation compel her to take any sort of bargain she can get?

Cannot the immense philanthropic agencies of the United States help Mexico? Can they not wipe out the dreadful diseases like smallpox and typhus? They certainly can if they learn better how to appreciate Mexican sensitiveness. The type of United States philanthropy which shouts from the housetops that Mexico's chief trouble is dirt, and that we will all fall to and "clean her up," need not wonder at a chill in the reception it gets in Mexico. Not all parts of the United States are utterly scrupulous in their cleanliness. If a visitor from Europe should tell us that we have a perfectly abominable typhoid deathrate because we habitually drink filth, the visitor might discern some traces of frost in the United States atmosphere. The people of the United States are about as sensitive as any people to criticisms of this kind, and yet they cry out in amazement when the so-called "little brother" objects to their cleaning him up. Moreover, the conquest of a plague like typhus means practically the putting of the police power of the cities of Mexico in the hands of the health authorities. Would any city in the United States turn over its police power to foreign health commissioners? The Mexicans are getting hold of these problems themselves. Probably the best discussion of typhus ever written is by Dr. J. Mesa y Gutiérrez, a Mexican. Some Mexican seaports have been delivered from yellow fever by Mexican efforts as intelligent and efficient as those of the United States in Cuba and New Orleans.

But cannot the Roman Catholic Church save Mexico? The Roman Catholic Church will first have to save herself. Nobody can doubt the appeal which Roman Catholicism, as such, makes to the Mexican. The stateliness of the ceremonials is especially impressive to the Mexican mind. The priests are many of them able and devoted and the spiritual instruction is by no means inconsiderable. But it is the old story—Romanism in Mexico is in its higher officialdom to be counted among the reactionaries. Catholic instruction does not encourage any sort of initiative. Perhaps some day there may be great reformation. Any intelligent Catholic

ought to welcome the advance of Protestantism in Mexico. Only as Catholicism gets a new birth of that emphasis upon inner spirituality for which Protestantism stands can she hope to do much with Mexico. The persecutions of Roman Catholic leaders by revolutionists have been severe, but the resentment of the revolutionists is deep and abiding—arising from decades of ecclesiastical wrongdoing. If Roman Catholicism could really break loose from the reactionaries and range herself on the side of the people, if she could get the emphasis firmly placed on the human and spiritual values, she might make fitting use of her wonderful opportunity in ministering to a people for whose guidance she has very special qualifications.

There remains, then, the hope for Mexico through the spread of the Protestant religion. This religion should first, last, and all the time keep on high the spiritual values of the New Testament. The time is ripe, not so much for a revival of true religion in Mexico as for the initial propagation of true religion on an immense scale. The very nearness of the problem to our own doors and our prejudice against the Mexican blind us to the dawning of the day of our opportunity. The Mexicans, even of the lowest classes, are not degenerate. They simply have never had a chance. If we find that they lie, let us remember that what slight chance they have had for centuries has come through outwitting those in authority over them. Moreover Mexico has not by any means a monopoly of lying. Quite as many lies have been told about Mexico in recent years as have been told in Mexico. It is true that regard for marital relationships is lax; but this laxity again must be historically understood. Here again there is no reason for the United States to cast stones. When the Mexican is taken early enough he responds to kind treatment about as well as any human being under the stars. A gospel of the human values set before us in the Incarnation which aims not merely at personal relationships so called, but at social relationships, is the only hope for Mexico. The missionary who goes to Mexico should root out of his mind as an abomination his sense of American superiority; he should determine rigorously to look at things from the point of view of Mexico; he should never fall into the error of "lording" it

over the Mexicans; he should put up with Mexican characteristics which may seem to him the height of folly. He should put denominationalism in the background, and the great spiritual essentials ever at the front. He should avoid any temptation to seek to Americanize Mexico except in so far as moral and spiritual essentials are involved. In a word, he should take the Lord Jesus to Mexico to let him work out his own plans for the Mexican people. He should encourage the Mexicans to interpret Christianity in their own way. The gospel of the Lord Jesus, interpreted in the largest terms, is the only power that will permanently settle Mexican questions. When we consider the numbers of the nation and the possibilities in the people as good human stuff, it would be worth a hundred years just to get the foundations of Christianity properly laid—and what is a period of one hundred years in the life of a nation?

Francis J. McConnell

THE SPIRITUAL EMPHASIS IN EUCKEN'S PHILOSOPHY

The Paschal moon is flooding with white light that Holy City of which prophets dreamed and psalmists sang. The myriad worshipers, exhausted by the day's festivities, lie fast asleep. Two men there are, however, to whom sleep does not come. One of them is the new Rabbi who had that very day driven from yonder temple which gleams on the hill-top those who trafficked there. He is reclining on the flat roof of the house at which he is staying for the feast. He cannot sleep to-night, for He is full of the thought of the great work which awaits Him, and already He sees that it will end in His death. Presently He is joined by the other man whom sleep eludes. He has seen and heard the new Teacher, and a strange unrest possesses his soul. The two men begin to talk—an intimate conversation which bares the inner life of each. "Nicodemus, you have come far on the Way, but you have not come far enough; you need to be born into another world, even as once you were born into this." The listener, trained in Pharisaic literalism, does not comprehend. A grown man cannot be re-born! Just then a gentle breeze rustles the fronds of the palms in the court-yard below. Again the new Teacher speaks: "The wind bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

A man whose experience can hardly be paralleled in the history of our race, whose colossal intellect was destined to dominate the thought of centuries, sits down to write the story of his life. In the completeness of its revelation the story is unique. This man had exhausted the ordinary means of human satisfaction before his heart found surcease from its ache. How shall he begin his story? And in the first paragraph of the *Confessions,* Augustine writes down these words: "Thou didst make me for Thyself, and my heart was restless until it found repose in Thee."

A little emaciated monk steps out of the rocky gorge in which

he has made his home. He is the greatest preacher of his age, and the multitude which has impatiently awaited his coming hangs breathless on his fervid utterance. He is pleading for love and service as the prerequisites to a knowledge of the divine. The *credo ut intelligam* of Anselm does not fully satisfy this restless soul. The *intelligo ut credam* of Abelard arouses his unrelenting opposition. "A poor woman," cries Bernard to the vast audience which scholastic dialectic has served but to confuse, "a poor woman may know more of the things of God than is known by the most learned doctor of theology. It is not by logic that we come to know the divine, but by faith, and love, and devotion. *Pectus facit theologum.*"

In the message of Jesus to Nicodemus, in the keynote of the Confessions of Augustine, in the basic principles of Bernard of Clairvaux, "the last of the Fathers," we strike fundamental positions in the philosophy of Rudolf Eucken. He may not say these things in so many words, and there is, of course, much in his work which lies outside the range of these statements. Nevertheless, we have here clues to his central thought. That which is of lasting value in his thinking lies about these three main positions: first, there is a world beyond the phenomenal world of nature; second, man belongs in the phenomenal world as its crown, but he has also within him potencies which can be realized and satisfied only in the world beyond nature; third, entrance into this other world is attained, not by intellectual insight, but by a life of action under the domination of love. This world which lies beyond nature—that is, beyond the phenomenal world—is called "spiritual." To have established oneself in this spiritual world is to have achieved one's destiny and entered into eternal life. To have refused to do this is to have lost one's place among those spiritual personalities which alone are immortal. Windelband describes Eucken as "the creator of a new metaphysic." But it is a metaphysic of life, not of mere abstraction. Eucken's problem is the problem of *life,* and he will allow no mere speculation, however fascinating, to divert him from his main interest. As an evolutionist, he is most emphatic in relating men to the physical and organic world, and he is equally emphatic in describing that world as "under law";

that is, as a mechanism of the most perfect kind. Indeed, he believes that yet larger concessions will have to be made than have yet been made as to the dependence of man on the organic world. But Eucken insists that there is more in man than can be physically explained. Thus over against all physical and organic phenomena he places what he calls "the spiritual life." He grants that the former must be considered in an explanation of the latter, but he denies that they can explain it altogether. Though consciousness may have originated in things, it is now different from things, and that is the important fact. The *What?* and the *Whither?* of man are held to be much greater questions than the *Whence?* Eucken, like Huxley, earnestly maintains that the cosmic order alone does not answer all our questions nor satisfy our deepest ethical need. The great task of man is to domicile himself in that world which is supra-physical.

Eucken finds in the fact of consciousness a witness to the reality of spiritual life. He admits that the values of life may be physically conditioned, but he fails to see how, if they are also physically caused, man could ever have come to a consciousness of his own personality, or of the world as meaningful. It is because consciousness is over-sensuous that values and meanings are not to be sought in the physically conditioning factors. The sensuous is by no means to be denied, but neither is the non-sensuous. As between these the non-sensuous is the greater, because from it the sensuous gets its meaning. In the very act of knowing, something other than the thing known is present. The materialist, in the very act of denying the spiritual, and in the reasons he states for so doing, surrenders his case. Thought requires a thinker, and the thinking must ever be over against that on which it works as a distinct and separate reality. This distinct and separate reality, which is present in thought and which is the consciousness of other than itself, is "spiritual life." Eucken uses the term to include the whole inner or non-sensuous life of man. This spiritual personality, tied to the phenomenal but essentially different from the phenomenal, is the beginning of a new mode of existence, the breaking forth of a new kind of reality. And to the possible development of spiritual life there are no discernible limits.

Eucken believes that natural science is receding from the dogmatic materialism of its earlier triumphs. There is a growing realization of the truth already stated, that an external world is nothing without a subject to know it. The very hypotheses which science constructs to explain phenomena witness to a reality other than the explained phenomena. The particular can be subsumed under the universal only by the action of mind. The "laws" which are framed to interpret nature exist only in a world of mind and meaning. Eucken, it is already clear, does not discard or despise nature; his Idealism is not of that type. Only, he insists that the primal place be accorded to spiritual life. It is in that quality which knows and interprets that we find the ground of a mental and spiritual activity which takes us into a new world, a new order of existence, a new reality. Often will this quality find that the physical is its strong enemy, but the man who has once caught the vision of the spiritual world must perforce struggle until he enter in. Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leads unto life.

Pursuing his inquiry farther afield, Eucken finds evidence to the spiritual life in what he calls certain over-historical and over-personal norms. He investigates history and the whole sphere of social relations, and concludes that there is more history than mere history, and more in social relations than the social relations themselves. In history, says Eucken, we are dealing not with mere things, but with will-relations, conditioned though these may be by heredity and environment. Men have wrought together in the past under the influence of some plan or purpose. In the impact of will upon will there originates a state of things in which something is thought and done. But no one individual does this; no one will brings it forth. It results from the impact. There is thus on the field of history a reality which is beyond the experience and beyond the intention of the individual *as an individual*. That is to say, norms are present and operative which are brought to light by means of will-relations. Amid the flow of history these norms, over-individual and over-historical, are the abiding realities. They exceed the ordinary meaning of the hour. They are that which works in history and upon which history depends.

What is this—this reality above physical things, above sense, above time, above history, above the content of the individual life, above even the will relations? Eucken answers: It is the entrance of the Eternal into time and its changes in the shape of over-individual and over-historical norms. Philosophy calls this the Ideal; religion calls it God. Herein the spiritual life in man, which is purely subjective in the act of knowing, and which in the act of formulating hypotheses only objectivizes itself, finds its counterpart in a certain kind of independent objectivity. The spiritual life in man therefore takes on a cosmic significance. Eucken reaches the same conclusion by an investigation of the social relations within the broader historical movement. He declares that disaster has always awaited society when it has depended wholly upon physical environment or upon utilitarian ideals. Any Life-system which represents or seeks the good of a section only of society necessarily is inadequate. The Parts find their function and the Whole finds its meaning only under the sway of the universally true, good, and beautiful. What is this but to say that society, to make real progress, needs to conceive and utilize an absolute spiritual life? Only as men do this can they resist the tide of environment. The modern world is drifting because it is resting so much upon the external. It is at his peril that man denies spiritual values.

Here, then, Eucken has reached his problem. He has found a phenomenal world, and a spiritual world which gives the phenomenal its meaning. He has found that man is the common apex of each world. He has found that the spiritual exists in man largely as potency. He has found that the spiritual in man has affinities with a spiritual which is objective and absolute. He has found evidence of this objective and absolute spiritual life in those over-historical and over-personal norms which operate in history and society. He has found that man cannot fully realize himself in the phenomenal world. What means all this? It means that the spiritual potency in man is a focal point of the absolute spiritual life. What, then, is the problem? The problem is to release man from the thraldom of the sensuous, to relate him to the absolute spiritual life in such a way that

it shall utterly possess him, and so to raise him to that true personality, freedom, and immortality which is the real end of his being. From this point of view, Eucken examines the numerous Life-systems which have been proposed as solutions of the problem of life. He demands of them that they meet certain conditions. That which would solve the problem he presents must provide an adequate basis for the true business of living, it must lift the individual above the influence of the sensuous, and it must make possible the attainment of that life in which alone true freedom is to be found. In this examination of the various philosophies Eucken has done, on the whole, very thorough work. Indeed, the broad basis for his constructive thinking was laid in his historical investigations, and properly enough. Absolute Idealism, Immanent Idealism, Materialism, Pragmatism, Socialism, Individualism, and other modern philosophies, receive attention. The wide range of knowledge which is thereby incidentally brought to light makes all the more impressive the investigator's protest against Rationalism as a sufficient guide to truth. He is quick to see the good in all systems, but he is no less alert to expose the defective. Thus Absolute Idealism is logical, but it does not satisfy the necessities of Life, which are greater than those of Logic. Immanent Idealism overlooks the objective and imperative character of that which is admittedly present in consciousness. Materialism has truth so long as it confines itself to things, but it necessarily fails when it tries to identify thing and thought. Pragmatism is helpful in its insistence that the human task be done piecemeal, but it tends to turn life in the direction of least resistance, and does not emphasize the need of something abiding and self-subsisting which shall summon the individual to fullest activity. Socialism has aspects of large value, but it is inextricably bound up with material advancement as the most cherished good, and this necessarily condemns it. Individualism is right in contending for a free and joyous life, but it fails to see life in its larger relations and in its essential inwardness, and is therefore inadequate. In the same way Eucken examines the Life-systems peculiar to the great historic personalities, but, although he admires where he can, in none of them does he find what he seeks. What, then, will help man in the struggle?

For it is only by struggle that the solution of the problem will be found. Eucken never permits this fact to be lost sight of. Indeed, one of his books bears the title, *Kampf um einen geistigen Lebensinhalt.* This naturally follows from his conception of man as sprung from nature and conditioned by nature, yet as really finding himself only as he establishes a spiritual independence over against nature. Eucken believes that his idea of the elements which enter into this struggle overcomes the age-long antithesis between Idealism and Realism. These become two sides of one encompassing life. But the recognition of the self-subsistence of the spiritual life in man, fully carried out, creates a cleft in his nature, so that he can never again be satisfied with a merely sensuous world. The natural then acquires a new function: it is to assist the spiritual away from the natural itself into a new kind of world. There comes a new kind of experience which certifies itself as real, and so certifies the self-subsistence of the spiritual life. Out of this struggle for spiritual self-subsistence grows the conviction that it is of cosmic significance, and out of this conviction grows the idea of the God-head. To this idea Eucken refuses to attach any close intellectual determinations. The struggle for spiritual life leads not to a correct "explanation" of God but to a satisfying possession and experience of the life of God. "Man never succeeds in reaching the Divine unless the Divine works in his own life and is acknowledged in it." (*The Truth of Religion,* p. 456.) Man, then, must struggle for spiritual independence and self-subsistence, and in the struggle *he must have help.* Eucken therefore turns to religion. It is with religion that he is supremely interested. Only by its help is the problem of life to be solved.

The two factors in the religious process, according to Eucken, must be the spiritual potency within man and the universal and absolute spiritual life without man. The second must by no means be infringed upon, while yet the first must be raised to the highest level of free and enduring personality. In considering the general fact of religion, Eucken makes what is at first sight a rather perplexing division. This division is into Universal and Characteristic. The first is the recognition of the road to be traveled; the second is the actual attempt to follow that road. Uni-

versal religion is the conviction of the fact and of the supremacy of the spiritual life. By this conviction there is opened the passage to the absolute. The sensuous and intellectual domains are seen to have only a secondary place. The two facts are fully recognized: on the one hand, the norm that is given; on the other hand, the potency of the soul to realize the given norm. The *Sollen,* the Ought—this is the objective element. The *Wollen,* the will to do—this is the subjective element. The one is seen to require the other, and the two appear as indissoluble factors in the evolution of the higher life. But the mere consciousness of inwardness, the mere assent to the grounds of religion, although good and necessary, is not sufficient. To the recognition that the spiritual is the highest manifestation of life must be added the personal struggle to realize it. This is characteristic religion—the specific, the personal. Not only does the whole nature affirm the idea of the good, but it bows to that idea as an imperative. Submission to this idea is growth toward genuine freedom. The freedom of the spiritual personality is in its conscious, and voluntary, and resolute ascent to the over-phenomenal world.

It was pointed out before that the unitary ground of the over-historical and over-individual norms which an investigation of history and society brings to light is found by Eucken in an absolute spiritual life, or the Godhead. He believes that the same conclusion is forced by the fact of isolated spiritual norms, objective to ourselves, self-subsistent, but personally appropriated and realized in the religious process. Here as in the other case he feels that we must combine the Many into the One, which also is spiritual, objective to ourselves, and self-subsistent. He thus reaches again the conception of an absolute spiritual life as the ultimate reality. But, if the nature of this Absolute is to be ascertained by the nature of the experiences which lead up to it, it will follow that the final step in the ascent gives us the clue. What is that final step? It is love. The highest communion with the absolute spiritual life is not by means of knowledge, but by means of love. Therefore, "God is Love," and man's highest achievement is to love him. Thus the idea of God as Love Absolute, Eternal, and Infinite comes from the Life-process itself. This fact, that the idea is born within the

Life-process on its highest level, and is indispensable to that process, suffices, so far as Eucken is concerned, for its reality. He wants nothing more than this. It accords with the whole tenor of his philosophy as a thorough-going Activism. Life, he declares, presents a great practical problem—to give the spiritual supremacy. In the nature of the case the problem can be solved only in action. That action which helps in the solution is true, and the fundamental implicate of that action, namely, a universal spiritual life which is Absolute Love, is true also. Once more, therefore, Eucken reaches his position: first, that the spiritual life is self-subsistent; second, that the norms of the over-world have objective reality; and third, that these norms find their unity in God.

As a result of his examination of the various historical religions, Eucken concludes that Christianity is the greatest of them all. He divides religions into those of Law and those of Redemption. Among the first are Judaism and Mohammedanism. Among the second are Buddhism and Christianity. As religions, they have all sought so to unite the *here-and-now* with the *beyond* as to make the two worlds continuous and inter-active. The success with which this is done constitutes the standard by which historical religions must be judged. We cannot here examine his findings in detail, but must pass on to his treatment of Christianity. It should be said, however, that Eucken, like Carlyle, has a profound respect for the great religious personalities. He speaks of them as "pictures" which reveal to us immediately the reality of God. Only, *their* experiences cannot satisfy *us*. Nothing in the past can save the present. It is only as we seek to gain what these men gained that we find our place with them. World-denial and world-renewal—this, according to Eucken, is one of the two central facts of Christianity. This is not to say that he has any ascetic notion of the world. The Buddhistic attitude here he utterly rejects. To him the world is no semblance, neither is it a blot or a blank. The Christian view of the world, and the view which Eucken himself indorses, is that it is "the sphere where spiritual experience may exercise itself, and draw out its own hidden potencies." The Buddhist would overcome the world by fleeing from it; the Christian, by using it as a stage whereon the spiritual

may realize itself. The other central fact of Christianity, says Eucken, is the realization of the union of the human and the Divine. Its greatest triumph at this point was achieved in the person of its Founder. The significant thing, however, is not that the Divine and human united in Jesus, but that the Divine is in him to show that it may be also in ourselves. Eucken regards the question, Was Jesus Man or God? as misleading. He declares that the attempt to measure in how far he was the one or the other is presumptuous. Exact determinations on such a question are impossible. The present age will renounce the metaphysical subtleties which characterized the Age of Symbols. All that is required of faith is the confession that the Divine was present in the life of Jesus in a superlative degree. Once let it be admitted, says Eucken, that the greatness of Jesus baffles intellectual determinations, and that the supreme thing is to catch and strive to embody the vision of the eternal reality he enshrined—then we shall have reached a point of unity where all who truly love him may securely stand. One cannot resist the temptation to add that what Eucken really means is that then we shall all be united because we shall all be Unitarians! This attitude of Eucken to the question of the Person of Jesus illustrates his attitude to Christian doctrine in general. Intellectual constructions are declared to be not vital. What is vital is that Christianity shall be experimentally lived on its highest level. Christianity as a mere inheritance is worth little or nothing. It must be actually possessed, and such possession calls for the exercise of the same energy and the same self-denial which originated it. Christianity is not the mere repetition of the words of Jesus: it is the perpetual re-discovery of his spirit. It can continue only as that spirit continues in the hearts of his disciples. To use the world as Jesus used it; to enter into new relations with the Absolute Spiritual Life as Jesus did—this is to experience Life in its highest mode, this is to perpetuate the Christian faith.

In order to support this understanding of Christianity Eucken necessarily distinguishes between its *Substance* and its *Existential Form,* or its interpretations. The Existential Form, which is a given interpretation of the Substance of Christianity,

must perforce change from age to age. Much misunderstanding has been due to the confusion of these two. Eucken has a deep reverence for the old existential forms. This is because, as was shown above, he sees in all history something more than the history itself: he sees the over-historical, the spiritual. Yet, since the old intellectual presentations have become inadequate, they must be surrendered for one that is adequate. It will take time to make the change; it will cause much friction and misunderstanding; but to make the change is one imperative task confronting the modern Church. But who shall make the change? They, and they only, replies Eucken, who have comprehended in experience the meaning of the Eternal as Spiritual Life and Infinite Love. Indeed, so long as the Substance of Christianity—world-denial and world-renewal, and the union of the human and the Divine, the whole at once achieved and expressed by love to God and love to man—so long as this substance is perpetuated in the experience of the followers of Jesus, the Existential Form matters little. The substance is timeless: it is therefore independent of time, independent of nature, and independent of any changes which may be wrought in our knowledge of the world. Eucken therefore surrenders many of the familiar phrases of the theologian, such as mediation, revelation, and atonement—or, if he does not surrender them, he gives them an entirely new content—and he believes this must be done in order to win the modern mind to religion. He is willing even to class the entire miraculous element in the Gospels with the Existential Form, that is, with that which is not essential to the substance of Christianity. A person may therefore deny the miracles without denying the spiritual content proper of the Gospel. He may accept the reality of the spiritual life, its superiority to the phenomenal, and the supreme blossoming of the spiritual life in Jesus, while yet conceiving nature in all its operations in terms of the purest mechanism. And again one is tempted to add that what Eucken really means is that Christianity must be squared with a preconceived world-view which is essentially un-Christian. Only that which will thus square is acceptable. How one misses here, as in so much "modern thinking," the tremendous New Testament emphasis on an all-embracing personal submission to Jesus Christ

as Redeemer and Lord as the real test of discipleship! "I will follow Thee, but not all." Eucken believes that the modern world is moving toward a more complete appropriation of Christianity as he conceives it. The movement is not yet concerted, but he detects signs of it here and there. Nothing else can save society from the modern riot, and call to the conquest of the spiritual a race engrossed in the sensuous. Society does not need to be patched: it needs to be re-born. Such a re-birth must be an achievement of Love. There are other Life-systems clamoring to be heard which claim to be all-inclusive. They are condemned by the fact that they do not take man beyond himself and beyond nature. With all man's relation to Nature his *home* is elsewhere. He is but a speck on the bosom of a boundless expanse, yet he aspires to participate in the whole of Infinity. He is apparently but a mere piece of nature, yet he constructs over against that nature another world—the spiritual. He is the seat of a thousand contradictions, yet he seeks that which will reduce his life to order and unity. What is it he is really seeking? He is seeking to lift himself above the domination of the petty and the sensuous, and to link the potency which is in him to that over-personal spiritual Life which the content of his supreme experience compels him to construe as Eternal Love.

Briefly, then, our findings regarding Eucken's emphasis on the spiritual are as follows: Man is the common apex of a phenomenal and a super-phenomenal world. There is in him a spiritual potency which he manifests in the knowing act and objectivizes in scientific hypotheses. This spiritual life has its counterpart in those over-historical and over-personal norms according to which history has flowed and society has developed. Because these norms are independent of will-relations, they must be objective. Being objective, they witness to an absolute or universal spiritual life in which they find their unity and their ground. This absolute spiritual life is the Godhead. The spiritual in man is the primal quality, for it explains the phenomenal, and may outlive it. As between this Higher and Lower, man tends to rest in the Lower. The problem is to raise him above the thraldom of the sensuous and establish him in the non-sensuous. The power to do this is the

final test of any Life-system. Thus judged, all known life-systems are inadequate. In religion, if anywhere, is help to be found. The religion which meets the test will be final and absolute. The two factors in religion must be an objective *Sollen,* grounded in the Godhead, and a subjective *Wollen,* grounded in the spiritual nature of man. The recognition of this fact makes universal, or theoretical, religion; the earnest struggle to combine the two factors makes characteristic, or personal, religion. The crowning phase of the struggle is love, and this yields the clue to the nature of the absolute spiritual life as Infinite and Eternal Love. The Life-process itself, therefore, on its highest level, yields the conviction of the reality, the supremacy, and the self-subsistence of the spiritual. Christianity may not be the absolute religion, but it is the greatest we know. World-denial and world-renewal, the union of the human and the divine, love as both the means to this and the expression of this—this is the core of Christianity. This was supremely achieved in the experience of Jesus, the Founder. Only as it is perpetually re-affirmed can Christianity endure. Around this central core have grown up various interpretations. These have value in their day, and still have large historical interest, but to win the modern world to Christianity these old Existential Forms must be surrendered. The task of to-day is to strip bare the substance of Christianity, and then re-clothe it in a form suitable to the age. Only in the personal appropriation of this inner essence can man ascend to that true freedom in which alone are to be found that real personality and real immortality which are the end of life.

It is not for a moment suggested that this is a comprehensive survey of the philosophy of Eucken. Nothing more has been attempted than to call attention to his insistence on the reality of the spiritual, and to indicate the steps which his thinking on this question takes. Perhaps, however, enough has been said to indicate the helpfulness and the suggestiveness of this modern thinker. That there is much in his work with which one cannot agree goes without saying. Few evangelical Christians will disagree with the conclusion of Dr. Sheldon's estimate: "We only regret that in dealing with historical Christianity Eucken should have thought it

necessary to exscind certain cardinal points of view which are deeply imbedded in New Testament teaching, and which cannot be cut away without detriment at once to the historical basis of Christianity and to the completeness of its content." On the other hand, there will be many who will feel free to accept the description which, Boyce Gibson says, "fitly sums up the essential significance of Eucken's work," namely, "Eucken's philosophy is essentially a Christian philosophy of life; a re-statement and development in philosophical form of the religious teaching of Jesus." Considered merely as philosophy his work has been variously described as Idealism, Noölogism, and Activism. But Eucken is not interested in mere logical coherence. Our chief debt to his thinking is for its deep seriousness, its strong ethical emphasis, its appreciation of spiritual values, and its insistence that the solution of the problem of life depends not on a metaphysical abstraction and subtle dialectic, but on the actual attempt to live life on the highest possible spiritual plane.

Edwin Lewis.

A DAY WITH MY OLD SERMONS

Bishop Fowler was to blame. I mean, for the barrel, not for my visit with it. Twenty years ago, in a quiet Vermont city, did he not flay a little group of ministerial candidates with the rawhide of his stinging eloquence? And from rebuke that made them ashamed did he not sweep in majestic periods to visions that left them unafraid? "A lazy minister is a moral anomaly and an abomination unto the Lord. . . . A man who works for God ought to be on his job as early as a man who works for a grocer. . . . Good preachers do not happen: they arrive. . . . Every man ought to *write* one sermon a week for the first ten years of his ministry. . . . Go into your study early Monday morning and stay there until noon. . . . While you are there don't dawdle: sweat. . . . Take any man's wheat, but be sure and grind it up into your own flour. Go in again Tuesday and do the same—then Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. On Sunday go into your pulpit and pour out before your people what you have sweat out and prayed out before God during the week. Then go into your study Monday morning and begin on the same program again." Those are some of the things he said that April day. Rather, those are the imperfect echoes, for he said them as only Charles H. Fowler could. It was tremendous. It was overwhelming. And when it was all over, one embryonic preacher went out determined to put those rigorous precepts into practice. Hence the sermon-barrel of manuscripts, not outlines.

There had been other visits. Why not? It is all very well for Phillips Brooks to rail at the serving of stale manna, but this business of being a prophet and an engineer at the same time lifts a homiletical storehouse into the realm of the absolutely inevitable. Besides, it is my humble opinion that ecclesiastical canned goods are perfectly legitimate if you raise your own fruit and vegetables, can them yourself, and heat them well before serving. Yes, there had been other visits. Persistent mental vacuity had driven me there with a "Saturday-night-and-nothing-to-preach"

desperation hemispheres removed from Charles Haddon Spurgeon's calm and customary use of the same eleventh hour. Indulgent hearers, with their request to "please preach that sermon again," had led me there always consoling myself with Whitefield's statement that a sermon does not begin to ripen until it has been preached thirty-five times. And my visit to my sermon barrel before exchanging pulpits or starting on a "speaking trip" was an established custom. Again why not? Even our good bishops—but there is no use touching on that. You will observe, however, that, in reality, those were not visits at all. They were raids—hurried calls born of homiletical expediency—urgent trips to the base of supplies. This was a visit. I didn't want to use, I wanted to peruse—to browse—to examine and see what those productions looked like (and tasted like) "twenty years after." And I found out.

In an address before the New York Conference some years ago Lyman Abbott said: "The wonder to me is not that so few people go to church, but that so many go." The grim humor of that remark never dawned upon my darkened intellect until that day spent in re-reading my old sermons. Not because they fell far short of literary excellence! Everybody knows that literary polish in the pulpit is a rare and perilous accomplishment. Methodists especially are more particular about the meal being hot than they are about having it served on Haviland china. It was not their literary shortcomings that caused depression, it was their homiletical. How easy it was to distinguish the different periods of ministerial hero worship. I suppose that ought not to have surprised me. If Robert Louis Stevenson, "to whom style was a matter of life and death," must needs make the confession, "I have played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire, and *Obermann*," it is not at all strange that a young preacher succumb for a time to the influence of Brooks or Beecher, Robertson or Drummond. Some of the sermons reminded me too forcibly of a famous editorial in the New York Sun, published soon after the metropolitan advent of the widely heralded preacher, Dr. ———. The editorial ran some-

thing like this: "Judging by the sermonic samples given out thus far, we feel safe in affirming that the pulpit of ——— Church has entered upon an era of quotations." Some were at fault, not so much in what was said as in the manner of the saying. Enthusiastic youth, exultant over recent discoveries in the theological world, is prone to failure in appreciation of and reverence for the "faith of the father," and many a young preacher thinks the saints are being fed the bread of life when they are only being pelted with chunks of half-baked, indigestible dough. Some of those sermons failed because they were not sermons at all. I wonder if you know what I mean. A while ago I went to hear a man, and when he had finished I felt that I had listened to an address on military science when what my soul craved and needed was a call to arms. He was telling how it ought to be done when he should have been doing it. The same thing has impressed me as I have listened to other men, and the same thing impressed me as I read some of my own. It was the spirit of our time, however, as mirrored in those manuscripts that disturbed me the most. Shailer Mathews says that the modern church suffers from attempting too many things. Billy Sunday says that Christian people have gone daffy over social service. Dr. Watkinson, when asked to account for the continued slump in the membership of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, declared that it was due to the preaching of politics in the pulpit and absorption in socialistic themes. How those sayings came back to me as I looked over the sermonic output of several years. There were too many on Moral Reform, and Civic Righteousness, and Industrial Democracy, and The Function of the Church, and too few on Redemption from Sin by Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. There was too much about Christian activities and too little about the culture of the soul. There was a maximum about what we ought to be doing for our fellow men and a minimum about what Christ did for us and seeks to do in us through the Holy Spirit. There was a plethora of sermons on benevolence and justice and honesty and a paucity of sermons on the sinfulness of sin, the need of repentance, the atoning blood of Christ and the high privilege of suffering for Him. And it did not do a particle of good to say, "Most of it was forced

upon me. Tuberculosis Sunday and Child-Labor Sunday and all the other Sundays set aside for specific themes together with the *zeitgeist* have caused this lack of homiletical balance." My miserable Scotch conscience would answer back, "The true minister should reflect, not the spirit of the time but the spirit of the eternal. In such a period he should give himself the more completely to affirming that we are saved for service, but we cannot be saved by service. His *primary* function is not to re-echo the thunders of the Hebrew prophets, but to exalt and persuade men to accept a crucified Redeemer."

It is significant, too, that the sermons which gave the keenest joy in that day's retrospect were those addressed to the individual, most thorough in their discussion of the soul's relation to God, and most productive of definite spiritual results. Now don't tell me that the largest results of a sermon can never be known; that it is ours to sow the seed and leave the results to God. That is all true, but it is only half true. Why did Wesley write in his Journal, as if in self-condemnation, "After my sermon to-night nobody was converted and there were no seekers. What is the matter?" What kind of a fisherman is he who is content to toss all his bait in the lake and go home with an empty basket? That farmer is a fool who never looks for a harvest. The wonder of spiritual husbandry is that a man can plow and sow the seed and reap a harvest in the same field on the same day. The tragedy of modern preaching is that so many present the truth and *expect nothing to happen.* No, sir; I rejoiced in those sermons, poor though they were, which bore definite testimony to the fact that I was "doing the devil some definite damage." As I looked at this one I saw one little woman walking the whole length of the aisle to kneel at the altar alone at the close of the morning service. That one brought back the strange scene of a man rushing as if in agony to the altar and calling aloud to his wife to follow. This one spoke of a Sunday night when the Spirit came down with power and twenty-four young men and women came forward to ask the way to God. That one on "The Christian Minister" brought three to dedicate their lives. And that group of sermons caused me to live over again two weeks when scores responded to the appeal to confess their sins.

It was good to read them and to know that as the years passed, this kind kept increasing while the other kept decreasing. And so, when I had read all I could, and when the day was almost done, I sat beside my sermons and mused. I pulled down an old volume of Homiletics and re-read those words of Shedd's:

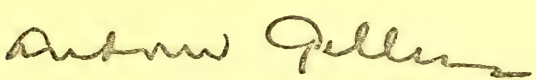
"The minister who limits himself, in his Sabbath discourses, to the exhibition and enforcement of the doctrines of sin and grace, and whose preaching results in the actual conversion of human beings, contributes far more, in the long run, to the progress of society, literature, art, science and civilization, than he does who, neglecting these themes of sin and grace, makes a distinct effort from the pulpit to elevate society."

I thought of that much discussed and much maligned man, Billy Sunday. Here is a man whose language is condemned by the purists, whose antics are frowned upon by the devotees of dignity, whose theology is laughed at by the moderns, and whose financial methods are under fire from every side. And yet, here is a man who preaches daily to more people than multitudes of ministers reach in a year, who conducts services which rival Pentecost for power, whose converts long since reached the tens of thousands, and *the social and civic results* of whose work are beyond calculation. Whole cities experience moral renovation. Wide areas undergo revivals of business honesty and personal purity. And whole states are swept clean of that pest of modern life, the legalized saloon. How does he do it? After taking into consideration every contributory factor—bizarre methods, startling mannerisms, amazing vocabulary, flaming imagination—the inevitable conclusion is forced upon us that he does it by *really preaching.* He "takes summat hot out of his heart and puts it into theirs." He pours out the doctrines of sin and grace so despised or ignored in our day. He makes it clear that sin is sin—hell is hell. He reiterates the fact that "God cannot be an enswathing kiss without also being a consuming fire." And *he follows his preaching with a call to decision and action. He summons them to Calvary at once.*

I sat and wondered. Has the pendulum begun to swing back? Is Billy Sunday not only an individual but a forerunner? Are the marvelous results of his work a spiritual symptom? Has one more day in religious history drawn to a close: a day of heart-

breaking contradictions? It was marked by the growth of the scientific spirit and the domination of thought by the physical sciences; by vast humanitarian enterprises and humanism posing as piety; by the keen analysis of the various elements in spiritual experience and the marked decadence of the experience itself; by intense religious activity and spiritual shallowness; by the rise of tolerance and the passing of authority; by modernism and vapidity in theology; by an epidemic of social service and a revival of pagan immorality; by the glorification of this life and the obscuration of the life to come. Has the sun really set upon that day, and can a faint gleam in the east be seen by him who has risen early to pray? Is the war really solemnizing the world? Weary of the husks in the Far Country and hungry for the "bread not made from wheat," is humanity actually turning its face toward the Father's House? Is Bergson right? Is the reign of the spiritual here, and will that spiritual find its source and meaning in a Divine Redeemer? Is emotion, so long tabooed and repressed, to have its rightful place in religious experience? Is the Cross—the Cross with a Saviour nailed upon it—to stand at the heart of theology and life? Is the Gospel as Redemption to supplant the Gospel as Ethical Stimulus? And is the accent in preaching undergoing a change? Without trying to go backward, will the men in the pulpit remember that "up till now, this intense horror of sin and burning zeal of Repentance has been the mark of those nearest God," and remembering that will they once more, with consuming passion and resistless power, plead with men to be reconciled to God? In fact, are we on the verge of a vast revival which will be marked by prevailing prayer, the re-vitalizing of the doctrines of sin and grace, the re-birth of the spirit of urgency, by spiritual thoroughness and daring faith, by an unparalleled manifestation of the power of the Lord Jesus Christ to save the individual and regenerate society?

I don't know. Nobody knows. But there are many signs of striking significance. And so I wonder—and hope, and pray.



THE CHURCH OF ROME AND MORALITY

Oftentimes we hear people deplore that some famous controversies in the fields of letters and science have been protracted too long, thus degenerating into wrangles. I believe it should also be deplored that other controversies, owing to an impatient desire for peace, have been stopped too early; prolonged they might have rendered valuable services to knowledge and civilization. The controversy between Sismondi and Manzoni on the subject of Romanist morality is an example.

In the Histoire des Républiques Italiennes, published in Paris from 1807 to 1818, Sismondi had faced the problem of the precipitous decadence of the Italian character, as manifested at the close of the republican period, and he had attributed this decadence mainly to the corruption of morality as taught and put into practice by the Roman Church. Sismondi affirmed that in the sixteenth century the Church had abandoned the people's cause, espousing that of the rulers, and while previously it had favored liberty, up to a certain point, from that century on its purpose was only to oppress the conscience and to bring the human soul into bondage by the imposition of much heavier burdens than those borne theretofore. Casuists took control of morality and shaped it into fictitious precepts which had nothing in common with the holy laws of the conscience. The doctrine and practice of confession, penance, and absolution caused people to believe that a single act of faith or zeal, even at the very moment of death, would be sufficient to blot out a long series of crimes. Virtue was considered as a mere item to adjust at the deathbed, and not as the whole life's task. Gratuitous indulgences which could be secured by a simple act of devotion contributed no less than those offered for cash (which the Council of Trent condemned, but could not suppress) to baffle the conscience, and cause it to lose every healthy notion of justice and divine mercy. As the importance of the commandments of the Church was magnified and the gospel's commandments were lost to sight one could see murderers abstain from

meats, harlots hang pictures of the Virgin over their bedsteads, and blasphemous priests refuse to drink even a glass of pure water before celebrating the holy mass. Slander was condemned as a sin, but as slander were also treated all legitimate protests against false teaching and vice. Charity was understood to mean almsgiving, even if practiced for the sole purpose of acquiring merits to the soul of the giver, and this encouraged laymen as well as monks to slothfulness. Fasting, vigils, vows of virginity and chastity took the place of the true virtues called sobriety and continence. Humility, a strange humility which was coupled with the most insulting contempt of other people, took the place of modesty. Finally, not satisfied with having thrown morality into confusion, casuists declared the confessors and spiritual directors to be its masters, and enjoined all scrupulous Christians to follow the rule of these, blindly, surrendering into their hands the finest faculty of man, namely, that of reflecting and recognizing his duty.[1] These are the main charges, made by Sismondi against the Roman Catholic morality, to which Manzoni wished to reply with his little book published in 1819.[2]

Here is Manzoni's thesis: "I am convinced that (Roman) Catholic morality is the only one which is holy and well-reasoned in every point; moreover, that every corruption comes from transgressing it, from the ignorance of it, or from its being interpreted contrarywise; and that it is impossible to produce any valid argument against it." But how does Manzoni sustain his thesis? Inasmuch as Sismondi had placed or thought of placing himself on the ground of facts it is obvious that his opponent should do the same, and refute the charges contained in the Histoire des Républiques with arguments taken from the stores of history and wrought on the anvil of historical criticism. Yet Manzoni did not follow this course. To face an adversary who stood on the ground of history he burrowed in pure theology; to the statements of facts he replied with declarations of principles; and very seldom he used such declarations of principles as had been made by councils,

[1] See Sismondi, chap. cxxvii, which is the last of his work.

[2] As it is known, this work appeared with the connotation "First Part." Manzoni gave up the idea of publishing the second part; however, all that he wrote of this second part is known.

popes, and theologians: in which case it might have been said that, in a way, he stood on the Church's historical ground: but he resorted to the very first, fundamental, biblical maxims. As if Sismondi himself had not affirmed that "morality, properly so called, has never ceased to be the object of the Church's preaching"; as if the point in debate had not been that very one regarding the practical use made by the Church of the accepted principles of the gospel. The result was that Manzoni's answer was no answer at all, and that "he and his opponents were both right: one dealing with principles and the other with facts."[3]

Unfortunately, Sismondi thought best not to publish another reply, owing to the domestic sorrows which at the time had befallen Manzoni, and thus the controversy came abruptly to an end. The two opponents acted like the two knights of old who quarreled and fought a duel because one had affirmed that a buckler used in a previous tournament was adorned with a cross and the other that it was adorned with a star. The buckler had both a star and a cross, each on the other side. Sismondi himself, in a private letter, says, "We are like two duelists who fight in a dark night and do not see each other; while he (Manzoni) thinks he will land his blows on me in one corner of the room I am in the opposite corner, and we never meet."[4]

Indeed Romanist morality has much that can justly be made the object of severe criticism, even on the ground of pure theory. We have nothing to say about all that it takes from the Bible and the Fathers, of course; but what about casuistry and probabilism? If there are some *casus conscientiæ*, or conflicts of duties (although it must be remembered that not all moralists admit the possibility of such conflicts), the effort to solve them by turning on them the light of the highest moral principles was

[3] Mamiani, in the *Nuova Antologia*, August, 1873. The same view was expressed by Bonghi. See also Mariano, in vol. vi of his *Scritti Varii*, p. 13: "(Roman) Catholic morality, such as Manzoni conceives and describes it, is what it should be to measure with the high standing, abstract, theoretical, doctrinal maxims of papal catholicism; but it does not correspond with the reality of Roman Catholic conduct and practice."

[4] From a letter of Sismondi to the daughter of Pietro Verri. (See Bonghi, *Opere inedite e rare di M.*, vol. iii, p. 241.) Giusti, relating a conversation he had with Sismondi, says in one of his letters: "He (Sismondi) added that he thought Manzoni had started from a point of view absolutely different from his, because he considered things as they are; and Manzoni, as they should be." *Epistolario:* lett. al Sig. Prof. xxx.

praiseworthy. In this sense we find cases of casuistry even in the Gospels and in the apostolic writings.[5] But in the Roman Church this doctrine underwent a horrible degeneration, for two reasons: Instead of reducing to a minimum the cases of conflict between duties (which conflicts are really few because the main duty always appears clear and compelling as soon as one frees his mind of all motives of preference), casuistry took pleasure in increasing the number of the *casus conscientiæ*, even making up some that are absurd; and even creating the impression that a soul never finds itself before a single clear duty, but faces always scores of conflicting duties, among which it must either choose one or establish a new precedent. Neither should it be said that this inconvenience could not be avoided in the "dialectic of the conscience" (as Kant calls casuistry) any more than sophistry, for example, could be avoided in the ordinary dialectics. Protestantism had its casuists, but they never allowed themselves to be misled, and when they felt that they were approaching a dangerous incline they knew how to stop in time.[6] The other reason why Roman Catholic casuistry degenerated to such a deplorable extent was its disregard of the fundamental principles of morality. The secret of solving honestly all *casus conscientiæ* lies in the keeping of these principles constantly in sight. Yet casuists began to turn their eyes away from them as early as the time of the summists, between the Fourth Lateran Council and the Council of Trent; and later the Jesuits coming into the field evaded them deliberately. "The comprehensive handbooks of the Jesuits," Harnack says, "are in part *monstra* of abomination and storehouses of execrable sins and filthy habits, the description and treatment of

[5] See, for example Luke 14: "And Jesus answering spake unto the lawyers and Pharisees, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath, or not? Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a well, and will not straightway draw him up on a sabbath day?" See also 1 Cor. 7. 8, and 8. 10.

[6] Protestant casuists are not so well known as they deserve. I shall mention some of them. Melanchthon, *Unterricht der Visitatoren*, 1554; Daneau, *Ethica Christiana*, 1577; Perkins; *The whole treatise of cases of conscience*, 1606; Andrewes, *Tortura Torti*, 1609; Alstedius, *Theologia Casuum*, 1621; Balduin, *Tractatus de Casibus Conscientiæ*, 1628; Amesius, *De Conscientia, ejus jure et casibus*, 1630 (which perhaps is the best treatise); Sanderson, *De obligatione conscientiae*, 1647; Hall, *Resolutions and Cases of Conscience*, 1650; Taylor, *Ductor Dubitantium*, 1660 (the most popular treatise); König, *Theologia Positiva Acroamatica*, 1664; Donnhauer, *Theologia Conscientiaria*, 1666; and also, Olearius, Baxter, Dikson, Barlow, etc. Spener, *Pia Desideria*, 1675, and Buddeus, *Institutiones Theologiae Moralis*, 1711, were among those who recalled Protestant casuistry to the right path when it showed signs of being misled.

which provoke an outcry of disgust. The most shocking things are here dealt with in a brazen-faced way, by unwedded priests who consider themselves as men of special knowledge, not with the view of calling down with prophetic power upon the burden of horror a heavier burden of judgment, but often enough with the view of representing the most disgraceful things as pardonable, and showing to the most regardless transgressors a way in which they may still always obtain the peace of the Church."[7] Probabilism, which passing through æqui-probabilism and probabiliorism slipped into the mire of mollified tutiorism and simple probabilism, made every infamous deed licit only on condition that some doctor of the Church had declared the opinion of its licitness to be probable. Certainly this was the utmost! In defense of the Roman Church some continue to say that recognition was never accorded either to casuistry or probabilism, and that, on the contrary, the Church's voice of protest was raised against them not a few times. This is true, but it is no less true that Pope Alexander VIII condemned severely the Jansenist morality, which *was the only true and effective protest raised against casuistry.* And while Jansenism was exterminated Jesuitism is alive, and keeps its "black pope" side by side with the "white pope." At all events, casuistry and probabilism caused in the ranks of the Church such a corruption of moral atmosphere as no impartial student can overlook or view with a light heart.

But let it be remembered that we want to look into the *practical* morality of the Church. We must leave aside all theoretical elements in order that we may examine whether Sismondi's charges, which claim to be based on facts, can be substantiated by facts. I speak of Sismondi's charges because I have Sismondi's work before me; but it would be easy to quote many other authors who have substantially made the same charges against the Roman Church, although not always in such a categorical way. To recall a few, if you will not go far back to Machiavelli, who charged the Roman hierarchy with having caused the Italians to become a people "without religion and bad," think of Ranke, Macaulay, Quinet, and think of the school, culminating with De Laveleye,

[7] A. Harnack, History of Dogma, vol. vii, p. 101 (Engl. trans.).

which made a parallel study of Romanist and Protestant countries, establishing the great inferiority of the former.[8] One cannot sweep aside Sismondi's charges with the nonchalant air of Manzoni, who carried the question to the ground of pure theory, as we have seen, and then disposed of all arguments touching the practical morality of the Church by merely saying that "we must hold a doctrine responsible only for the legitimate consequences which can be drawn from it, and not for those resulting from human passion." (Chap. VII.) Such an apology may have a weight in the cases of sporadic, intermittent, or exceptional outbreaks of abuses. But when the case is altogether different, and abuses accompany the doctrine too frequently, almost regularly, and are found in larger number wherever there is a louder cry for the doctrine, then we must reason differently. Either the doctrine itself is obnoxious, or between the doctrine and the practice there are polluted channels through which the doctrine itself changes its character and becomes polluted. Now I say, or rather, Sismondi says, that the river of Romanist morality, pure at its sources (Gospels and apostolic writings), goes through polluted channels, so that its waters reaching the valley are no longer the waters of the mountain springs. Here are two of these polluted channels: indulgences and confession. Indulgences, Sismondi says, are incompatible with the principles of morality. And it is obvious. When you find on every nook and corner a shrine, a cross, a pilgrimage, a prayer, an act of devotion which by the least effort of one's lips or legs will secure for him a full remission of sins, the conclusion will be necessarily that "Heaven forbids certain pleasures, it is true, but it offers also some ways of adjusting matters."[9] In regard to confession, let it be said that

[8] In Italy the findings of this school were accepted by Senator Guerrieri Conzaga, who translated De Laveleye's study, Lombroso, Garofalo, Gabelli, and many others.

[9] R. Mariano makes an unsparing criticism of the bestowing of plenary indulgences on the occasion of the last Jubilee. He says: "If one had only been present at the opening of one of the Holy Doors of the basilicas in Rome, the evening of December 24th, 1899, and if being present he had kept a devout silence during the ceremony, all his sins would be forgiven. Could we imagine anything morally more disgusting, and a more productive moral bargain? Is not that mere being present, and that devout silence, suggestive of the procedure at the oracles of heathenism? Is this not bringing Buddhistic shamanism into Christianity? Who can adapt himself to similar foolishness in our days? And who will believe, or even sincerely respect, a religion that resorts to this kind of reasoning?" etc. Op. cit. vi, 28.

the evil does not lie in the human tendency and practice of confiding one's secrets to somebody else, seeking advice, but in the absolution. It is absolution, Sismondi says, with reason, that must be considered as "the most deadly blow against morality." One of the two: the priest (who in the act of absolving is much more than a confidant or a spiritual adviser) absolves you, or he does not. If he does not the soul may be led to despair, or to the cynical resolution of doing worse; if he does he may encourage "the shameful disposition to merry sinning and repenting, and sinning again to repent again insincerely,"[10] which makes both confession and absolution a contemptible farce. I know that according to the canons there is no absolution without *contritio* on the part of the sinner, which is "the soul's sorrow and the detestation of the sin committed, with the determination not to sin any more";[11] but this is theory. In practice, when a penitent says that he feels this *contritio,* although he does not, and he receives the absolution, who can dissuade him from thinking that the absolution is valid, and that any time he falls in sin he may secure it again with little trouble? But he must submit to the penances which the confessor will impose on him. That is worse! The more a sinner thinks of these penances, which ordinarily are mere mechanical practices, the more he will be disposed to load and unload sins, "like the buckets of the bucket engine, which go down into the well and get filled, then go up and empty their content into the basin, and then go down again and are filled, and go up again and are emptied, and so on, with a regular, round-about movement."[12]

Besides, we should not fail to take into account the moral degradation to which souls are subjected when a man is allowed to step between them and God, making them renounce into another's hands the right of self-judgment.[13] Following the same law by which an organ that does not exercise its function becomes atrophied, a soul that does not exercise itself in judging its own

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[10] Mamiani, *La Religione dell' avvenire,* Book I, chap. I.

[11] Council of Trent, Sess. xxv, 4.

[12] Pietro Taglialatela, *Il papa-re nelle profezie e nella storia,* 2d edit., Rome, 1908.

[13] See the severe criticism of the "sacrament of penance" made by Lambruschini, who was a devout Roman Catholic nevertheless. Raffaello Lambruschini, *Pensieri di un solitario,* posthumous work, Florence, 1887.

conduct, and finding the way to duty, loses, as Sismondi says, "the finest faculty of man, that of thinking and finding out his duties." At this point, if other personal or environmental factors do not intervene to produce a reaction in the opposite direction, morality will crumble, the first and fundamental faculty of a moral being having been wounded at its core.

And now let us review the most important charges preferred by Sismondi against Romanist morality, and inasmuch as we are remote from the times of the Italian republics and their historian let us see whether the charges that he made have any value in regard to the Roman Church to-day.

"The distinction between mortal and venial sins blotted out that which we find in our own conscience between the greatest offenses and the more pardonable ones." This charge is true yet. To be sure, to-day we do not face the same frightful subversion of moral values which gave origin to the protests of the Reformation and Counter Reformation, but we are still confronted with the tendency to displace the moral laws of conscience by those arbitrarily made by the Church, which tendency is the root of all further subversion of ethical values. To be sure, there is a difference between certain sins and others, or Jesus would not have declared the sin of Judas "greater" than that of Pilate; he would not have spoken of the "weightier" matters of the law, and he would not have fixed a gradual difference of guilt between one who is angry with his brother, another who shall say to him, "Raca," and still another who shall say, "Thou fool."[14] But when the Roman Church comes out to say that it is a mortal sin not to go to mass on a holiday (Manzoni makes a strong point of this. Chap VI), while lying and stealing may be considered as venial sins in a great number of cases, and this equivocation is encouraged on the basis of the example of Jesus himself,[15] it is certain that we face an arbitrary system of morals differing much from that which we infer from the purest intuition of conscience; and it is easy to see how far one may go after the compass of

[14] John xix, 11; Matthew xxiii, 23; v, 22.

[15] St. Alphonsus, Theologia Moralis, Liber iii, Dubium iv. See all the discussion of the seventh and eighth Commandments.

conscience has been shattered and the sails of arbitrary judgment have been hoisted.[16]

"Casuists exposed to the execration of mankind, in the first place and among the guiltiest, the heretics." Manzoni replies, No! "The perpetual doctrine of the Church is that we must detest the error, and yet love the errant." Here we are again with the doctrine! the doctrine that is up, far up among the saints, or rather, among some of the saints, because coming down a little, even along the paths of doctrine, at every step we stumble upon decrees of councils, bulls of popes, and arguments of theologians, which seem engaged in a contest to raise the whole world against the heretics. And when we turn to the facts, the real facts, history confronts us; a bloody history[17] for which we cannot blame only the ignorant masses moved by passions, and of which we find many traces in the Romanist conscience of our days. Why is it, I ask, that, while in many ways, in all ways, Protestants have disclaimed the deeds of intolerance committed by their fathers, even erecting an expiatory monument to the memory of Servetus, the Romanists, on the other side, have in no way disclaimed their own intolerance, which surpasses that of the Lutherans, Reformed, and Anglicans put together? Farrar says that among Romanist controversialists he could not find even a single explicit reproof of the Tribunal of Inquisition.[18] And this is true, as it is true that Roman Catholic bishops continue to pledge themselves to the persecution of heretics,[19] that Romanist theologians continue to claim for the Church the right of punishing with

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[16] Gabelli's statement of the great severity which Roman Catholic moralists show toward sensual sins, when compared with other sins, is worth quoting, although the reader should form his own opinion of its value. He says: "Stealing, failure to keep a promise, betraying, and in some cases even killing, seem to be pardonable deeds, as long as men keep away from women and women from men. All anxiety, all thought, all vice, and all virtue center on this point. So much the priests have exaggerated the value of their renunciation, and have succeeded in persuading others of it, being moved by self-love and other reasons." Aristide Gabelli, *L'uomo e le scienze morali*, chap. ii, Sec. 11, n.

[17] "The Church of Rome has shed more innocent blood than any other institution that has ever existed among mankind."—Lecky, *History of Rationalism in Europe*, II, 35.

[18] "I have never yet found any Roman controversialist who will condemn the Holy Office of the Inquisition and its cruel horrors."—Farrar, *The Bible, its meaning and supremacy*. London, 1897.

[19] See the formula of the Episcopal oath: "Haereticos homnes schismathicos et rebelles eidem Domino nostro et eius successoribus, pro posse persequar et impugnabo."

death those who rebel against its authority,[20] and that popes encourage these tendencies to intolerance with the authoritative words of their encyclicals.[21] I shall not say, like Bayle, that tolerance is "for Roman Catholics a condition against nature"; or like Lamennais, that Rome cannot declare herself against persecution, because "this on her part would be apostasy"; but I can say, without the least exaggeration, that if the Roman Church had again a free hand in temporal as well as in spiritual matters it would go back to the method of coercing and suppressing heretics, and that no protest would arise from within the Church itself except that of its most enlightened priests and laymen—who would be among the first on whom the method would be tried.[22]

"Virtue, instead of being the constant task of the whole life, was only an item to adjust at the point of death." How did Manzoni reply to this charge? He simply undertook to defend the right of the Church to preach the possibility of conversion at the point of death; which right Sismondi had never contested. Then, admitting that "sometimes error has been indirectly encouraged," Manzoni charges this to the exaggerations unavoidably connected with oratory, and especially pulpit oratory. To give Manzoni the benefit of all his arguments let us suppose this to be true; there remains still the fact of the much-abused absolution *in articulo mortis,* which can be given even if the dying has lost consciousness or even (according to some theologians) if there is no evidence of his having any good Christian disposition. Now, let me ask, does this encourage spiritual growth or not? Does it

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[20] See, exempli gratia, Cardinal Newman's *Apologia pro vita sua,* first edition, p. 29, in which he says that to spare a heretic "is a false and dangerous pity." "It is to endanger the souls of thousands, and it is uncharitable towards himself." In later editions the Cardinal tries to explain this "fierce passage," disclaiming any sanguinary intention. See also Father Lepicier, who in a work published in Rome, A. D. 1909, defends the right of the Church to punish heretics with death! *De stabilitate et progressu dogmati.*

[21] See, exempli gratia, the encyclical of Leo XIII on the occasion of the third centennial of the Blessed Canisius, who organized, with Emperor Ferdinand, the first merciless repression of the Reformation in Austria. See also the encyclical of Pius X on the centennial of St. Carlo Borromeo. They are both so filled with the spirit of intolerance that they aroused many objections from the liberal and Protestant press, especially in Germany.

[22] Bourget's recent story, *Le demon du midi,* gives an idea of the blind and mean opposition with which a modernist priest, who has initiated a conscience movement and has married, is received in Roman Catholic circles. One may wonder how much of these sentiments of opposition are shared by Bourget, who is a Roman Catholic; but it is evident that as a psychologist he portrays them with realistic art.

tempt to the conclusion that struggling through the whole life's length with senses and passions is not worth while when, *in articulo mortis,* one can secure, with so little trouble, a complete pardon of all sins? And again let me ask, does not this conception of a salvation secured through a formula of absolution contradict Christ's conception fundamentally? According to Jesus, no man can enter into the kingdom of God except he be "born again" (John 3. 3, 5, and ff.), which means that the condition *sine qua non* for admission into the heavenly kingdom is the inmost renewal of the spirit. On the contrary, according to the Roman Church, or, to be more exact, according to the practice of the Roman Church, it is a question of getting the absolution; as one who would go to a theater need not think whether he is a gentleman or a cutthroat as long as he can get a ticket at the box office! And inasmuch as the box office where he can secure an absolution is always open for him as long as he has a breath of life, and inasmuch as those who long for more than is absolutely necessary in spiritual matters have been, are, and always will be few, it follows, as facts attest, that in the Roman Church only a very small number of souls will endeavor to attain a new birth; the largest majority being more than satisfied with getting, in all haste and *in extremis,* the above-mentioned ticket. It has been so in the past, and it is so now.

And how shall we account for those virtues which the Roman Church exalts above all others as forming its own "heritage" from which the world is absolutely cut off? Sismondi replies by passing them in review: 1. Benevolence. "Casuists have declared that it is a sin to speak against our neighbor; they have forbidden everybody to express a just judgment, to distinguish virtue from vice; they have reduced to silence the words of truth." 2. Charity. "Casuists have taught to give to the poor for the good of our own souls, and not to alleviate our fellow-men." 3. Sobriety, continence. "Casuists have put in their places the abstinence from meats, fasting, vigils, vows of virginity and chastity; and side by side with these monkish virtues gluttony and impudicity may be rooted in the hearts." 4. Modesty. "Casuists have substituted for it a kind of humility which goes hand in hand with the most

insulting contempt of other people." Etc., etc. In my judgment this criticism by Sismondi, which is concise and compact, like half a page by Tacitus—and to which Manzoni replies following his method of carrying us up to the springs on the mountain heights when it is a question of testing the waters that flow down through the mountain side and through the valley—this criticism, I say, is true and precise to-day. Even to-day, if one will look at those virtues as they are practiced in the Roman Church, not with the unsophisticated eye of the multitude, but with a scrutinizing eye, as Plato, for example, gazed at holes in Diogenes's cloak, he cannot but find them a little out of place, a little out of tune, a little adulterated, a little deformed, a little mutilated. And it is for no other reason that in Romanist countries many noble souls outside of the Church will not even hear of those virtues, while they would love them if they saw them as they are when they flow out of the pure gospel springs, before they pass through the doctrinal and historical channels of the Church. Thus it cannot be said either that Sismondi's charges have been disproved by Manzoni or that the new times have made them less fitting.

Now, does this mean that in the Roman Church all moral sources have become stagnant and all ideals putrid, so that, as Negri puts it, one can find in it "not even a shadow of the thoughts and sentiments that are found in the gospel"?[23] Decidedly, no! If we only lift up our eyes toward this man, Manzoni, who wrote in defense of the Romanist morality, or if we think of others like him who in the course of centuries have been found in the Church, we must discard Negri's view as unjust and exaggerated. I should not say either that the moral ideal of the gospel which has not been actuated by the Roman Church has been actuated, on the other hand, by the churches which were originated by the Reformation, or, as Michelet puts it, that these churches are like many pure rivers while the other is like a sea, great, but dirty; dirty, but great. Frankly, even in Protestantism the tables of moral valuation have suffered some displacements and alterations. Pharisaism, bibliolatry, blind literalism, jargon

[23] G. Negri, *La Vita e i Romanzi di G. Eliot*, vol. I, p. 188.

of Canaan, cant, supervaluation of single precepts of secondary importance with the consequent undervaluation of the most important, fanaticism, sectarianism, all this and much more which Alphonse Daudet portrays, sometimes happily, in the scenes of "Port Sauveur," could not but create confusion in the moral ideas of the Protestants. Yet, make as long as you wish the list of the defects of the Protestant Churches, there will always be left to their credit a two-sided fact of the greatest importance: first, they have identified all moral precepts with the examples from the life of the Master, so that morality does not appear any longer as a cold mass of codified rules, but warm and throbbing in the deeds and sentiments of a living person; second, they have succeeded in making the Master's life, as portrayed in the four Gospels, so well known that every one of the faithful has the necessary data to conduct himself as he did, or, when facing new circumstances, to infer how he would have acted. And if John Stuart Mill was right when he said that "even now it would not be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life,"[24] it is evident that the Protestant Churches have made the wisest choice, and although they may stumble and fall they will keep on the straight way. Among Romanists it is not so. In theory among them also morality is personified in the example of Christ, but look at the practical facts and you will see that the Roman Catholic faithful do not seek to be guided by that example. They do see their Jesus, as a baby sitting on his mother's lap, or nailed on the cross, and they know vaguely that he was good, benign, forgiving. (The stronger traits of Christ's character, as manifested in his denouncing the Pharisees, or in his scourging the merchants out of the temple, are almost entirely hidden from them.) But in their conception of him there is nothing concrete, positive, definite, brilliant, or apt to command admiration and influence the will. Nor could it be otherwise where the New Testament is withheld from the hands of the people, and exegetical publications which comment or illustrate it, be they of scientific or practical character,

[24] Read the last chapter of *Three Essays on Religion*.

arouse very little or no interest.[25] So much so that, while in Protestant countries an author can make a small fortune by writing a good book on the life or teachings of Christ, in Romanist countries similar productions are not easily sold.

Then to the evil that follows the lack of knowledge of Christ's life we must add the other, which comes from the strange or equivocal examples profusely set forth in the lives of the saints. Let us leave aside those saints who were the scourge of heretics, from whom we can learn little aside from bitter zeal and intolerance, and those saints who sailed on their cloaks, or hung their scapulars on one of the sun's rays, or took walks carrying in their hands their own detached heads, or revived some cooked partridges by a gentle blow of their breath, or amused themselves in a hundred other ways, making the supernatural an object of ridicule and casting into confusion the minds of the faithful, who learn from them not to face the difficulties of life, mustering all their strength, but to dream of jumping over them miraculously. Yes, let us leave aside these saints, who are not the most obnoxious or the least attractive, after all. But who will measure the evil which has been done to the conscience and to the morals of the Romanists by those saints who scourge themselves mercilessly moved by a desire to offer an expiation; and those who stop washing themselves and combing their heads for self-degradation; and those who boast to have seen their mothers die without feeling the least emotion and those who do not dare to look at their own mothers' faces? Let me say now, in closing, that the capital problem of Romanist morality is this: to turn souls away from these *ignes fatui*—following which they end in a mudhole where common sense, dignity, decency, humanity, and charity are drowned —and replace men under the good and true light of that Christ who is to-day "hidden from the sight of the Christian people."[26]

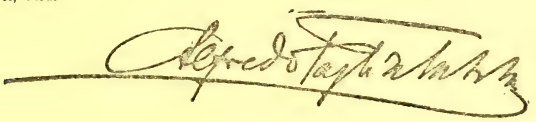
My reader, the single reader who has had enough patience to follow me to this point, will probably tell me that the Roman Church to-day has greatly improved; that in it the Gospels are

[25] Father Curci, exempli gratia, repeatedly complained of this in regard to his books, which for many years were the only religious works of some value offered to the Italian clergy.—See *La Nuova Italia e i Vecchi zelanti.*

[26] Father Curci, *Vaticano Regio,* chap. vii.

more read, and that one would hardly see so many of those practices or hear so much of that preaching in which Jesus was the only one who appeared "very seldom, half hidden, misunderstood, and dragged."[27] Well, I shall force back my doubts and accept this view, and rejoice in it, and hope!—hope not only that a great moral change of life may follow, but also that the beauty and splendor of the human person of Christ may kindle a flame of enthusiasm which will turn into ashes many of the theological differences now dividing the Roman from the Protestant churches, and that these churches may set themselves, with all the zeal of which the cause is worthy, to remedy the great evil of the present age thus indicated by Gioberti: "Modern men, generally speaking, grasp the Christian civilization (read, Christian morality) much less than ancient men of learning grasped heathen civilization" (morality).

[27] Curci, ibid.



THE COLLEGE AND PREPARATION FOR RELIGIOUS WORK

The need of an educated ministry is not a question for discussion. There may have been a time when men of meager equipment could minister to their congregations in spiritual things. When the educational average of a community is low the minister of the gospel may succeed with a limited training. To-day the level of the average community is high. Efficient high schools may be found in every village, and now that we have a consolidated school system in many places the most remote community may have the benefits of a thorough educational system. College graduates are no longer confined to the professions. Every avenue of activity is alluring to college men and they are found in increasing numbers in every vocation. If the minister is to lead in his community he must be a leader. Ignorance cannot lead intelligence. If the modern pulpit is to command the respect of the congregation it must be filled by a trained man. In all the principal professions the standard is moving toward a college requirement for entrance. The Christian ministry cannot remain an exception. Occasionally men are called to the ministry so late in life that it does not seem expedient for them to spare the time necessary to secure a complete college preparation, but, passing over this small minority, we can safely adhere to the general rule that not less than a full college course should be expected of the religious leaders of to-day. To this college preparation should be added a theological training in keeping with the exacting requirements of the sacred office. It is a very easy thing to set up this standard; it is quite another to meet its high requirements. Those charged with the practical duty of providing churches with suitable men are face to face with the stern fact that no such supply of college-trained men is available. This lack is one of the most serious matters which the church is facing to-day. Every denomination is feeling its effects. Those which have no authoritative agency for bringing churches and men together reveal this

lack in the large number of vacant pulpits. The truth is that some of these churches are almost compelled to abandon the sparsely populated sections from sheer inability to find men to serve these less attractive situations. The Methodist Church may still proudly boast that every church is furnished with a preacher, but a frank confession would compel us to admit that many of these "supplies" are very poor makeshifts. Hundreds of our churches are languishing for lack of an adequate leadership. Thoughtful district superintendents will tell you that the difficulty is largely lack of a man. Give the churches capable men and the people will be found ready to rally to the support of every good cause. The serious question for the church to consider is where it may find this needed supply.

From the viewpoint of the church we find cause for a genuine alarm at the educational trend of to-day. Going back into the history of higher education we find it at first almost entirely under the patronage of the Christian Church. It was the learned monks who laid the foundations of Salerno, Paris, Bologna, and all the great continental universities. It was the church that planted Oxford and Cambridge. Harvard, Yale, William and Mary, Princeton, Columbia, and indeed all our early American colleges, were planted and fostered by the church, primarily with the idea of furnishing an educated religious leadership for the colonies. To-day the trend is entirely in the direction of secular control. Practically all those older institutions disclaim any religious control, and some of them show a spirit anything but friendly toward evangelical Christianity. These historic institutions largely dominate the educational situation east of the Alleghanies. In the west the great State universities are in the ascendancy. While these worthy institutions are serving their constituency in a splendid way in many respects they are not proving a fruitful source for ministerial recruits. Unless there is a great improvement in the religious atmosphere of these institutions the church depending upon them for its supply of religious workers is doomed to disappointment. I am glad to believe, however, that there is a tendency toward a larger religious hospitality in many of these State schools, but so far they may be regarded as almost

a negligible source for ministerial supply. Methodism must continue to look to its own colleges for educated ministers. While this fact is generally admitted, yet it may not be so well known to what extent the churches are dependent upon the colleges. The purpose of this paper is to bring forward some of the facts and let them speak for themselves. The method of the investigation will be to make a comparison between two sections of the church —one of them but meagerly supplied with Methodist colleges, the other very thickly studded with these institutions—and to show how this condition is reflected in the ministry of these two parts of our Methodists. For our purpose we will call these the Eastern section and the Central section. In the Eastern will be included all Conferences east of Ohio and south to include the State of Maryland. The Central will extend as far west as the western boundaries of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma. For obvious reasons the South and all colored Conferences will be excluded from this study. While these boundaries may seem arbitrary it will be seen that they furnish the basis for the contrasted study we propose. If the results should show one section in a more unfavorable light than the other, let it be understood that there is not the slightest disposition on my part to charge any section of the country with educational remissness. The historical background will furnish adequate explanation for existing conditions.

In the Eastern section Methodism is but meagerly furnished with colleges, having but six to its credit. Of course the reason for this is evident to any thoughtful person. When Methodism first came into existence this older part of the country was already occupied by other denominations. Methodism had to struggle to gain any recognition at all. The first recruits were from the more neglected classes, both religiously and educationally. The churches established had already planted their colleges and had quite fully occupied the educational field. It was no easy task for the new movement to compete with intellectual forces so far in advance. That we have been able to build up six flourishing colleges in this preempted field speaks much for the intellectual vigor of early Methodism. But in the Central section conditions were entirely

different. Methodism entered those parts side by side with the other denominations. Her vigorous spirit and her flexible policy made it possible for her to outstrip her sister denominations. In a very significant sense Methodism had taken possession of these middle Western States. Still it is scarcely correct to say that Methodism entered this field with equal educational advantages compared with other denominations. In the first place she had not back of her the same educational ideals at her back. Her emphasis from the first had been evangelistic rather than educational. Even John Wesley himself could say, "Education may be good, but saving souls is better." It is not overstating the case to say that early Methodism looked somewhat askance at an educated ministry. The demand from Methodist people for a college-trained ministry was not so insistent as that from many other denominations. Neither did the Methodism of the West have back of her a strong Eastern constituency to which appeal might be made for funds to plant colleges in this missionary territory. Nevertheless, in spite of these handicaps, Methodism gave a very good account of herself and planted her educational institutions very numerously in the expanding West. Possibly too many were planted in some parts, and many of the feebler ones have given up the struggle, and in other instances they have survived to the embarrassment, sometimes, of those to whom they have fallen as a heritage. Iowa has been frequently held up as one of those flagrant instances of an overlapping waste of educational energy. Very likely if we could begin all over again with our present knowledge of the situation we might be able to locate our colleges with equal efficiency and better economy. But before we altogether condemn those States which have several Methodist colleges let us stop long enough to observe that, according to their population, they are invariably doing a larger educational business than are those States which have but one. However, whether they be for blessing or for bane, we have to recognize the presence of no less than twenty-six Methodist colleges in this Central section. Let us see what account of themselves these thickly planted colleges give in religious returns to the church that has fostered them. We will make our appeal to statistics. In this paper I

have referred to the last published General Minutes, those for the Fall Conferences of 1915 and the Spring Conferences of 1916.

In the Eastern section there are 4,902 charges having a membership of 1,156,000, an average of 236 to a charge. In the Central section there are 7,558 charges, with a membership of 1,749,780, an average of 231 to a charge. Comparing our colleges and our church membership in these two divisions we find just a fraction less than a ratio of three to one in the Central as compared with the Eastern section. The interesting question is, How does this proportion stand with regard to our college-trained ministers? We can approach this subject from two angles. We can study the enrollment of college men in our theological seminaries and we can investigate the educational equipment of the men received into the several Conferences in these sections. Both studies will be found illuminating. Let us first turn to the item of enrollment in theological seminaries. According to the latest catalogues of Boston, Drew, and Garrett we find that the Eastern section has forty-three graduates from their schools thus enrolled. In the same seminaries the Central section has two hundred and three men enrolled. Here we find the remarkable fact that the proportion relative to church membership is again precisely three to one, the same as the proportion of colleges to church membership. That is to say, our colleges in the Eastern section, which are widely separated and which serve a much larger territory Methodistically, are sending no more men into the theological schools than are those in that part of the church where they are very thickly located. The relation of this fact to the matter of ministerial supply is very vital. Can it be that there is a lower educational standard for the ministry in the older part of the church than farther west? Or is it that the East looks to the West for its supply of college-bred men for the pulpit? Investigation reveals the fact that both conditions prevail. To find the facts of the case I sent out an inquiry to every man received last year into full membership in the several Conferences in these sections. I did not receive a response from quite all, even though I sent a follow-up request to the tardy ones, but I did receive answers from the great majority, and these replies furnish a sufficient basis

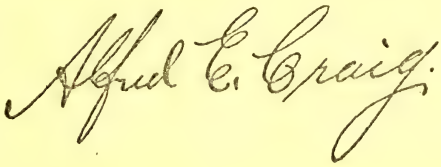
for sound conclusions. Omitting fractional percentages the results are as follows: In the Eastern section only 36 per cent of the men received were college graduates, in the Central section 50 per cent. In the Eastern section 14 per cent were educated in the Methodist colleges in that section, 13 per cent in the colleges of the Central section, and 9 per cent in colleges other than these. In the Central section 40 per cent were educated in the Methodist colleges in that section, only 1 per cent in Methodist colleges in the Eastern section, and 9 per cent in colleges other than these. I may say that I took every man at his own estimate of what a college is, and gave him the benefit of the doubt, even though the institution named may be one of very doubtful reputation as a college. This 9 per cent in each case is made up of graduates of State institutions, Methodist colleges outside of the sections considered, colleges of other denomination than Methodist, and independent institutions. We find according to these figures that the Eastern section draws 14 times as many men from the Central section as the latter draws from the Eastern. This shows plainly that, were it not for the contributions made by the part of the church where our colleges are numerous, the older part would be sadly lacking in college-trained men. As it is, only 36 per cent of all the men received have such preparation, while the other section shows that one half of its ministerial recruits have the advantage of a college education. I have suggested that the contribution from the State universities to our ministerial ranks may be regarded as negligible. I had always supposed that the percentage was low, but I was not prepared to find that only two per cent of those making reply claimed a State university as their alma mater. Perhaps my investigation was too limited to form a basis from which to draw a general conclusion. Nevertheless it is suggestive. It ought to impress those who urge that it is unnecessary for the church to spend its energies in support of educational institutions when the state stands by, offering to lift this educational burden off the shoulders of the church. We venture to suggest that, no matter how willing the state may be, it never will be able to satisfy the educational needs of the church.

Closely related to the problem of the minister is that of the

missionary. The missionary movement is not only a matter of money, it is a problem of men and women. It will avail little to have millions to expend in the evangelization of the world if we do not have suitable persons to send to the foreign fields. It goes without saying that our missionaries must be people of the finest mental caliber and the most thorough equipment to grapple with those tremendous intellectual agitations which are the outstanding features of the missionary movement to-day. When whole empires are in a process of intellectual reconstruction it is a waste of the church's money to send out as leaders people of only mediocre ability. Moral soundness and spiritual insight are indispensable, but they will not serve as substitutes for educational equipment. An examination of our missionary preparation may be significant in this connection. It ought to be interesting to discover the sources of this important supply of workers. During the past year the Methodist Episcopal Church has sent out through the Board of Foreign Missions and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society one hundred and eight missionaries. Seventy-six of these have had the advantage of a full college course. The others have had a varied training. Some are graduates of normal schools, others of missionary institutes, still others of Bible training schools. A few had no college training. Confining our study to the seventy-six who have had a full college course, we find that forty-seven, or almost sixty-two per cent, are graduates of our Methodist colleges, ten, or more than thirteen per cent, are graduates of State Universities, while the remaining twenty-five per cent are graduates of independent colleges or those of other denominations. While the percentage of missionaries who come from our Methodist colleges is not so great as that of our ministers on the home field, yet it is sufficiently large to make good the claim that the missionary societies are practically at the mercy of our own colleges for their supply of recruits. The large number of missionaries compared with the ministers who come from state institutions may be cause for inquiry. May it not be due to the fact that, through the Student Volunteer Movement, the challenge of the foreign field has been sounded more clearly in those institutions than has the call to the home field? Perhaps the church is

to blame for the small number of splendid men coming to the ranks of the ministry from this important source. While we remain loyal to our Methodist institutions let us not be blind to the fact that these great universities are destined to grow with enormous strides, and it will be calamitous to the church to relegate their splendid output to the interests of purely secular callings.

If by this study I have awakened a new appreciation of our splendid institutions of learning my purpose will have been served. There are still Methodists who minify the claims of the college. They profess a weariness with its incessant call for funds. Some even look upon it as a forward sort of a fellow shouldering out of the field other interests which deserve the ear of the church for their financial appeals. But the facts here set forth ought to be enough to convince the most sceptical that the Christian college is at the very foundation of our whole Christian movement. Close the doors of our colleges and you would shortly be compelled to close the doors of our churches. Permit our colleges to languish and the great benevolent enterprises of the church would soon feel the paralyzing effect. But few, however, not immediately connected with our educational enterprises know how hard is the strain upon them to-day. The competition of the richer colleges in the East and of the great state universities in the middle West is something tremendous. The day is past when a cheap education can be honorably offered. The Methodist colleges are in a great movement to-day to increase endowments and enlarge equipment. In this they have a right to appeal to the church for its unstinted support, as they are making a contribution to the needs of the church out of all proportion to their askings. There should be no rivalry between the colleges and the other benevolent agencies of the church.



PICTURESQUE PANAMA

A Panamanian cart, loaded with English tea biscuit, drawn by a superannuated American army mule, driven by a Hindoo wearing a turban, drew up in front of a Chinese store to unload. The Jamaican clerk and the San Blas Indian errand boy came out to assist. The mule backed around out of position, a Spanish policeman came along and all hands got out in the street and swore at the mule.

That is Panama, every day. Across the street is an Italian lace shop, owned by a Jew. Next door is a printing press run by a Costa Rican, and beyond this is a French laundry operated by a Swiss man. Around the corner is a Jap store where may be bought curios and cloissonne. Within a block you can find and buy Nikko carvings, Osaka lacquer, Canton linen, Hongkong brass, Hindoo embroidery, German toys, French scientific instruments, Peruvian "Panama" hats, Chiriqui hand-made jewelry, Canadian flour, New York apples and California grapes.

The narrow, crooked streets in front of these shops are full of Panamanians, Peruvians, Ecuadorians, Chileans, Colombians, Venezuelans, Jamaicans, native Indians, and people from every continent of earth and every island of the sea. American soldiers walk past Canal employees and native police crowd the boot-blacks off the plazas.

All of which is to say that while Panama may not be a very good place to set up a work that will stay put, it is a great spot to plant something that will grow and spread.

Panama is small geographically, but it is about the only accessible city that is pure Spanish in the architecture and charm of its streets and balconies and ruins, combined with modern clean streets and almost perfect sanitation. Every street is paved and the daily sweeper keeps watch over the spotless town. Hydrant water is ready for use without boiling or filter. Few people use mosquito nets or screens, there are no insects to keep out. Sidewalks are narrow, of course. Perhaps these three-foot sidewalks

account for the innate courtesy of the Latin mind. One who walks these ridges must, perforce, become either polite or profane. Often two feet above the street, they are of little value for pedestrians.

Jitneys honk and flit and trolleys clang and dash their way down fifteen-foot streets. Overhanging roofs nearly touch above wonderful orchids and talking birds that scream across the narrow roads. Gloomy interiors and stumbling stairways lead up to spacious apartments and breezy balconies, and occasional roof gardens higher up. All the rooms have high ceilings, all the windows are open, and all the children wear clothes—sometimes.

Some of the houses are old, very old. The stone used in their construction was carried in from old Panama, where was founded the first permanent settlement in the new world, about 1519. The old church was taken down and carried to the new site and now stands plain but strong after nearly four centuries. Most of these old houses are two or three stories high and have stood here anywhere from fifty to two hundred years.

The plazas of Panama are small but well kept and they are used as only a Latin-American knows how to use a plaza. The small ones are garden spots, oases in the desert of bare walls and hot streets. Santa Ana plaza is the heart of the city and there is no hour of the day or night that there are not people there. If you really wish to see the world go by, sit on one of the stone benches there and keep your eyes open. Stay long enough and you can see anybody from the latest naked brown baby to the diplomatic representative of any country you may name. The band-night parade on Santa Ana plaza is an institution. In ranks of threes they stroll around the central garden; three young men abreast on the inner circle, walking clockwise, and three young women abreast walking in the opposite way, on the outer rim of the broad pavement. On a good evening the moving circles are so dense that it is difficult to get through them. Round and round they go, talking, laughing, listening, looking, lingering, while the band plays on. It is a very good band too. Not the least feature of the exhibit is the clothes the women wear. When it comes to graceful and comfortable costumes, these women have

no need to apologize to their northern neighbors. And who shall blame the boys if they keep on walking around for the sake of seeing the seeable, especially if she may be well worth watching? Every added revolution of the human wheel means one look more. It is all dignified and proper enough, but human nature is the same old composition in every land, and the blood in the heart runs red, no matter what the tint or tan without. In a land where the traditions of chaperonage are strict and no young man may be left in the company of a young woman alone, even for a moment, it is easy to see why the band nights are popular. The young women, of course, have no admitted interest in the inner circle of the parade, they are the personifications of maidenly modesty, but their soft brown eyes have the old way of wandering at the right moment; it's the same old trick and it works in the same old way.

The Cathedral plaza is a different matter. Here gather the "gente" in numbers on concert nights, but there is no parade. The grown-ups sit about on the benches visiting and the children run and play as care-free as the birds in the tree-tops. If it were not for the honking and clanging of trolleys and jitneys this plaza would be a good rest cure.

As a human kaleidoscope Panama has few rivals. There is no possible human shade or tint that is absent here. The Anglo-Saxons are white, more or less. The Jamaicans are black, mostly. The Panamanian is a soft and pleasing brown, done in a number of wholly unmatchable tints. The natives of these many sunny countries and tropic isles are of every known shade from chrome yellow to Paris green. And some of them have a curious trick of appearing in different color tones at different times. Perhaps the arts of the boudoir may explain this in part, but it is puzzling to the uninitiated.

Barefoot laborers shuffle along the streets, but the Jamaican never goes shabby if he can help it. Good clothes are a part of his religion, and he will go hungry, often does, in fact, to get something fine to wear. Through the year he saves his one or two dollars a month and deposits it in a savings bank, and then when Christmas comes, he, or more often she, appears in a finery that

would do credit to people with ten times their incomes. Some millionaire might have an interesting experience by supplying unlimited funds for clothes just to see what the result would be within thirty days. It would be something to interest even a Solomon in all his glory.

Out on the point of the Malecon stands an old stone sentry box that could tell some weird tales if it had a tongue. Time was when the occupant of that box anxiously scanned the horizon, not knowing what moment a sail might rise announcing the coming of news, plunder or bountiful booty of stolen treasure. In most cases it meant a fight with somebody as unscrupulous as the villains on shore. Now the children gather there at sunset to play, care-free and happy on the high wall overlooking the western sea.

Close by this point is the old "Nun's Beach," where the Forty-niners embarked for California in the days of the great gold rush. To-day there stands on that identical spot a Methodist church and school. Surmounting the tower is an electric cross that sends its light out over the waters to guide the belated mariner into the harbor at night, while the other side of the cross is visible for squares away down Panama's most important street. This property does not bulk very large in acreage, but it weighs mightily on the minds and the hearts of the people who recognize here the headquarters for a new moral force and spiritual life in this strange city. The children from the best homes in the city attend the day school, and the Sunday services in English and Spanish gather a score of nationalities. A Christian college planted here will gather students from a thousand miles north and south and from all the islands of the eastern sea. A Bible college will gather as many nations as it will enroll students. Hundreds came to our Christmas program, and among the multitude there were but fifteen from the United States. The others came from everywhere.

The Jamaican is inclined to be religious, in spots, and we have a thriving church and day school among the people who built the canal and are now lingering to finish the job and melt into the local industrial life. Out beyond lie the towns and cities of the interior, wholly untouched by any Protestant gospel. But one

voice in the Spanish language is raised in all the republic, and that the voice of a man who is overworked teaching school seven hours per day.

On the Zone, all is now order and efficiency. The American residence quarters at various points are commodious and well furnished. Beautiful parked hillsides and carefully drained grounds are reached over paved roads. Living in the tropics is robbed of its terrors for these exiles. And with commendable wisdom, the spiritual leaders of these people have eschewed the denominational differences that seem petty in the face of great moral needs, and the Union Church of the Canal Zone is the result. Under a strongly centralized organization, work is maintained at five or six points and the results have already justified this method of meeting the situation.

Dominating the whole situation is the canal, the eighth wonder of the world. To stand by the locks and see a big ship go up in the teeth of gravitation is to acquire a new faith in the impossible. The canal stands for the gospel of a second chance, the ultimate success of the undiscourageable purpose. It is the canal that accounts for the sanitation and interest, and it is the canal that has assembled this conglomerate from the ends of the earth. If the gathering of people from all lands was any factor in the result of Pentecost, there is material here for a fresh outpouring of grace and power, and opportunity for a reinterpretation of the Good News to every land and tongue.

George A. Miller.

Panama, January 31, 1917.

BROWNING AND THE REAL CHRIST JESUS

The striking thing about Browning's conception of the divine is its wholesomely human angle of approach. He does not fling out arms toward superhuman distances only to withdraw them empty; rather, he uses faith as a ladder to reach the heights by climbing. A constant faith in the divine immanence, a faith in the nearness of God at all stages of the journey, is prominent in the majority of his poems as a sort of infused radiance. Certain of his writings, indeed, exhibit this faith to such a degree of intensity that even the reader who does not give assent to his thesis or cannot follow to his conclusion is, nevertheless, thrilled by the warmth of the poet's conviction, and perforce will sigh because he cannot retain this vision splendid for his own.

Statesmen have been prone to look upon God as a partisan, a god of battles, a fetish around which to rally recruits in times of peril to state and property, while scientists of not many decades ago, from the "exhausted air-bell of the Critic," were accustomed in the first flush of pride in a new terminology to accord their Maker a casual notice in such phrases as "the plastic principle" and "chemical force." But there are many who have neither bowed the knee to Dagon nor inhaled the incense of the test-tube, and prominent among these freemen stands Browning. To men of his stamp religious faith requires neither a sign from heaven nor a scientific *ipse dixit* as a trademark of reliability. It is in a real and creative Personality which is the source of the True, the Beautiful and the Good, in "that power not of ourselves which makes for righteousness," that this poet fixes a faith so sturdy and adaptable that it cannot be stampeded by the alarms of nations nor unhorsed by a new theory.

The time is not far gone when orthodoxy insisted that God have a body, hands and feet, like a man. The finite mind must ever attempt to picture to itself the unpicturable infinite. The cruder anthropomorphism outgrown with the childhood of our race, the personality of God looms unconfined and limitless, bound by no single sphere, pervading the universe, "a living Will, a

synthesis at once of knowledge and power." But human phraseology falls infinitely short of definition; to us his nearness, his Fatherhood, is the vital appeal. Yet either way, or both, it is as Personality that he is definable and understandable. Given, then, a human personality which reveals in any degree the attributes of the divine personality, and you have potentially, through the discipline of life,

> "A man, for aye removed
> From the developed brute; a God though in the germ."

Browning's consciousness of this unique relationship between God and man is nowhere more persuasively offered to heart and to reason than in his evaluation of the divine Son of Man. It is in this personalized form, the God in Christ Jesus, that the God-consciousness of Browning throbs to white heat and compels that faith which is "believing where we cannot prove." The divinity, the atonement, and the man-compelling force of that life are the engrossing themes of some of this rugged thinker's finest poems.

God-hungry at twenty, the poet reveals the set of his sail and the hiding-place of his treasure in one of the stanzas of "Pauline: The Fragment of a Confession," in which he avows his allegiance to his Captain and declares his credo. Though he is

> " . . . knit round as with a charm by sin and lust and pride,"

the young argonaut sees the more reason for supreme loyalty, and is satisfied by prospect of the reward which he humbly trusts that loyalty may eventually win for him.

> ". . . oft have I stood by thee—
> Have I kept lonely watch with thee
> In the damp night by weeping Olivet,
> Or leaning on thy bosom, proudly less,
> Or dying with thee on the lonely cross,
> Or witnessing thine outburst from the tomb.
>
> "A mortal, sin's familiar friend, doth here
> Avow that he will give all earth's reward,
> But to believe and humbly teach the faith,
> In suffering and poverty and shame,
> Only believing that he is not unloved."

Almost a generation after Browning had published these lines

he wrote "A Death in the Desert." The apostle John, as old as the first Christian century, lies dying in a cave in the Bactrian desert. His fugitive companions, under the ban of the Emperor, hunger for a word of assurance from the Beloved Disciple that their loyalty to the Jesus who has gone away is not in vain. They press his fingers to the graven letters on the lead tablet of his Revelation and pronounce in his ear the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." The effect is like magic. The aged man is roused from his stupor, and with falchion thought and glowing word he writes his last message on the tablets of their hearts. This message is a prophecy, a fusion of the simple faith of John the Beloved Disciple, the man who saw Jesus, and the amplified faith of the later Christology, the germ and its inevitable evolution. While it should not be lost sight of that the poet undoubtedly reads much into the philosophy of the seer, it is obvious that the faith of Browning is that of the John who saw Jesus, albeit that faith is colored and elaborated by the thought and experience of mankind for nineteen centuries.

Browning sees with John in the potential worth of Christ Jesus to mankind the proof of his divinity. Fire became indispensable to mankind only after its discovery. The story of "how mortals gained Jove's fiery flower" has grown old and discredited to man, and yet,

> ". . . will he give up fire
> For gold or purple once he knows its worth?
> Could he give Christ up were his worth as plain?"

Out of the sad memory of his own human frailty, John answers this question. He had seen his Lord tread the sea and bring the dead to life—yet, at "a torchlight and a noise," he recalls, "I forsook and fled." It becomes evident, then, that neither the merits of Christianity nor the divinity of its founder are to be tested by the validity of miracles. It is as impossible to prove that they did not occur as to prove that they were without value. Indeed, the poet, dealing with life as it is, recognizes the fact that "Minds at first must be spoon-fed with truth." Whereupon, he sees miracles only as a timely, though necessary, part of the great design, just as

"You stick a garden-plot with ordered twigs
To show inside lie germs of herbs unborn,
And check the careless step would spoil their birth;
But when herbs wave, the guardian twigs may go,
Since should ye doubt of virtues, question kinds,
It is no longer for old twigs ye look,
Which proved once underneath lay store of seed,
But to the herb's self, by what light ye boast,
For what fruit's signs are. This book's fruit is plain,
Nor miracles need prove it any more."

In the flux of beliefs, where "all things suffer change save God the truth," we must expect to find certain of our own most cherished convictions scouted and doubted by the next generation. There is one big eternal truth, however, that cannot change. Miracles are no longer needed to prove it. Love is the one miracle that defies denial. The spotless life and blameless death of Christ Jesus is for all time the incarnation that makes comprehensible to us "the love that tops the might, the Christ in God." That this is no mere abstract quality, to be worshiped in mysticism from afar, but that it is rather the dynamic of life itself, is the conviction of the poet, for he writes,

"I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it."

Here is the essence of the divinity which Browning sees in Christ Jesus, the divinity which makes him a potent reality in a world where all else changes. The confusions of the Ebionites, Arians, and modern theologists as to how the divine and human existed together do not confuse Browning. He had learned from science the futility of arguments beginning with an endless circle and ending on a wild tangent. On the other hand, being a poet, he did not think it necessary to cross swords with science on the futile query of the virgin birth. He was a spiritually minded man, with a selective intelligence. To such the Gordian knot yields.

The divinity which Browning finds in the love of Christ is a sacred and peculiar thing, not from any aloofness from man, but because of its nearness to him. Great and compelling as this love was in the nature of Christ Jesus, there was another element of

divinity which gave to that love the direction and concentration which was necessary to save it from a wasteful self-consumption. This second force was the will, which kept him out of bypaths and in the straight road of his one ambition. From the temple to Calvary, his answer to every beckoning distraction was, "My Father's business." Only once did he allow his humanity to question this divine will: "Father, if it be thy will;" he accepted the answer without question and drained his cup. The Christ Jesus whom we see with Browning is never a sentimentalist. He possessed that perfect balance between will and love which piloted him safely between the Scylla of cold impersonality and the Charybdis of that fatal dependence upon friends which has spelled the limitation and ruin of other men than Julius Cæsar. Displaying a marvelous sympathy toward all men and showing himself capable of the closest personal friendships, Jesus yet recognized that moment when he must go "forward a little," leading to their stupid sleep those who had been his closest comrades, while he trod alone the path to its inevitable end.

Browning sees without any illusion how rapidly faith dies in the world. But he also sees it in another form spring Phœnix-like from the ashes. When men ceased to believe in God's wrath and pride, they began to speak of his power, his will and his love; when men would have no more of these, he sees them set up "law" and worship that. Not being an extremist, Browning sees a place for all in his mosaic of the whole, the infinite Personality. Writing in an age when science was just coming to her zenith, arrogant in her new-found power to successfully answer the world-old questions of the physical universe, and confident of her right to sweep aside the unanswerable questions of the spiritual world, this poet-philosopher retains an outward orderliness, a ruggedness of conviction, and a serenity of faith which have done more to tide the essentials of Christianity across the rivers of doubt than either friends or foes of Protestantism have as yet realized. When Luther burned the Pope's bull and started the Reformation, the pioneers who then began their journey into the uncharted regions of religious freedom were destined to meet strange bedfellows and to encounter tribes not catalogued in any ethnology, where food

would be scarce and prices prohibitive. But flesh-pots are less alluring than liberty of conscience to the soul hunger of pioneers, and for such the conviction that the Promised Land lies somewhere ahead is always strong enough to keep the procession on the move. Browning lays no claim to distributing manna in the wilderness; he merely asks to be one of those who search, but to many his thoughts are food and drink by the way.

In a day when orthodoxy had not yet begun to recover from that terror of a new terminology which science and philosophy in England had leveled against her, this poet, with vision unobscured, recognized that the burden of proof in such cases lies with the negative, and calmly reasserted the divinity of Christ Jesus. While orthodoxy trembled at the loss of its creation theory, saw with dismay the literal interpretation of Scripture vanish before its very eyes, and heard the booming guns "blasting away at the very Rock of Ages," this man through the smoke of battle saw the one vital fact that could not be touched. He saw the fact of the incarnated love of God in the life of his Son, a life so irreproachable in itself, so emulated and immortalized by his countless and unnamed followers of nineteen centuries, and still so exhaustless in its potentialities, that its vital part can no more be done to death by criticism than can the consciousness of our own better selves be done away by the fact of sin. Where was the crux of this matter about the human soul and God? Science saw that man was somehow different from the beasts, yet was apparently satisfied to assign that difference to the physiological cleverness of a certain anthropoid ape. God was ignored and "the soul" was a term in disrepute. Does God really exist? began to ask the philosopher and the physicist alike, and, Aside from intelligence, is there any essential difference between a man and a beast? Granting the physiology and the molecules of indestructible energy, the poet, daring to use his imagination as well as his logic, leaped the physiological barrier impassable to the scientist, and answered:

> "God is, they are,
> Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

With one stroke Browning here places man where his own higher

intelligence demands, not in a separate creation, indeed, but in a unique self-consciousness, a consciousness of his own limitations and of his own possibilities.

The "law" which the scientist put in the place of God became at once his own fetish and stumbling block, for he failed to see that "law" is not in itself a reality, but merely a name of an observed order or sequence of phenomena. Had he made a few simple deductions from his own habits of life the scientist could not but have observed that even in the most trivial proceedings of his own daily work order is invariably the sign of intelligence. Then it were but a child's step to the premise of a supreme intelligence that makes the order in the natural world, no less than the very God of Christianity. And this intelligence is the essence of all personality. Browning never went out of his way to quarrel with science; he quietly but adequately maintained the reality and personality of God, proclaiming Christ Jesus to be "the illimitable God" revealed in humanity to humanity, and today science, somewhat sobered and spiritualized, has small quarrel with Browning.

The atonement has for Browning no suggestion of Hebrew blood sacrifice to appease the anger of a jealous and outraged deity. Nor has it any of the Calvinistic gloom, so prevalent at periods, stalking through the poet's pages. To him Calvary is the apex of the pyramid, not its base. The whole structure of salvation is compounded of that same love and controlling will which he discovers for himself as the divinity of Christ Jesus. He obviously interprets atonement in its simplest, most direct meaning: "at-onement," to "make one with God." Browning at twenty had come to that not unfamiliar conclusion of moody and thoughtful natures of this age of volcanic disturbances, of internal and abysmal revolution, and had declared in "Pauline,"

> "First went my hopes of perfecting mankind,
> Next—faith in them, and then in freedom's self
> And virtue's self, then my own motives, ends
> And aims and loves, and human love went last."

Desperate as this state was, it could not keep long depressed a nature so positive and dynamic in its thought life. At the age of thirty-two Browning published that splendidly pulsating "oratorio

in words," in which King Saul is pictured in something of that same moodiness in which the poet had found himself at twenty, with an added sulkiness and utter indifference that threatened the sanity of Israel's first king. In his handling of this situation the poet shows unmistakably that he has solved for himself those doubts that had assailed his earlier manhood. Visions of material joys and blessings as they float from the strings of David's harp fail to arouse more than passive acquiescence from the morose king. The spiritual sensitiveness of the boy fresh from the hills quickly tells him that his king is sated by things of sense. There remains the one great thrill yet to experience, the thrill of regenerated spirit. This alone might rouse the plethoric Saul, for

> "In our flesh grows the branch of this life, in our soul it bears fruit."

So the harpist sings to him the immortality of deeds, the wonder and glory of being the first king of Israel, the privilege of service to his people, and of generations yet unborn who will grave his fame on their monuments and his name in their hearts. And as he sings the gloom lifts somewhat from the dark brow of Saul, but the king is not yet himself. Then there strike deep into David's heart the roots of a great pitying love for Saul that compels him to seek some way to his regeneration. Then suddenly to David comes the thought of how infinitely more than he must God love this man, and, therefore, how much more God can do for him than any human love.

It is then that the simple shepherd boy is electrified by the consciousness of the atonement, and sees in a prophetic moment its meaning and purpose. He sees that atonement is possible to that man who can be taught enough by life's dream to make him sure of the rest, who can see in the struggles of this world the reward of the next, who can measure the bliss of another world by the pain throbs in this. But *how* is this atonement to be made? is his eager question, and like a great illumination comes his answer, from his own soul to his own God:

> "Would I *suffer* for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
> So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffable, uttermost crown."

In these and the following lines the poet reaches his sure

grasp of the principle of atonement that comes about through the divine love in God and the capacity in the human heart of being beloved, brought together and made one by suffering. The poem of "Saul" shows us that the ability to receive and appreciate Divine Love is in itself a gift and a power. When the human soul is awakened to a yearning to be beloved, it has taken the first step toward the possession of that love. This yearning not infrequently comes only after one finds that the pleasures of sense satiate without satisfying. The sorrow and suffering which inevitably follow may chasten the life and bring the great yearning. When Divine Love fills that yearning, the changed life made strong by its discipline now longs in turn to give out love to others, to share in their sufferings. David longs to see his weak flesh joined to the strength of the Godhead, that he help Saul. It is then that he sees the Christ, human in body, divine in his spirit, in whom God manifests his love and his suffering for humanity. This is the atonement. And it is in these closing lines of the scene that Browning has given an unforgettable picture of the significance of Christ Jesus for us:

"It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
't is the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!
See the Christ stand!"

"There is always room for a man of force," says Emerson, "and he makes room for many." The fact that Christ Jesus left but a handful of followers to show for his ministry, and yet has come to color the thought of the active world, proves the spiritual force, the vitality and perennial freshness of his message and his life. Browning touches the heart of this matter in his "Christmas Eve." He recognizes the fact that many other religious teachers have touched the heart and quickened the conscience of the world, but just as

> "A thousand poets pried at life,
> And only one amid the strife
> Rose to be Shakespeare, . . . "

so there has been only One who can stir utterly the depths of man's better nature, and he points out the peculiar nature of this distinction when he says:

> "I would praise such a Christ, with pride
> And joy, that he, as none beside,
> Had taught us how to keep the mind
> God gave him, as God gave his kind
> Freer than they from fleshly taint:
> I would call such a Christ our Saint."

Life itself must be the final test of any philosophy. "'Tis one thing to know, and another to practice," observed Browning, who grounded his faith in Christ Jesus, because in him he saw one who not only sensed the truth unerringly, but had the courage and will to live it. No precept which the Master may have introduced about the abstract qualities of truth, justice or the ultimate good can compete for the poet's loyalty with such quick and sure response as the simple command, "Believe in me, who lived and died, yet essentially am Lord of Life." Whoever opens his heart to the love that vitalized that life finds "a fresh appeal to his faded sense."

A great deal has been said about the divinity of Christ Jesus, but humanity feels the force of this divinity most poignantly in the assurance that its possessor was also intensely human. The negative side of this humanity is adequately pictured in the Master's resistance of the three great temptations. There is also, however, evidence in the Gospels of an exuberance in the earthly life of Jesus which the ascetic treatment of the early church, colored generously by the influence of the flesh-mortifying Paul, threatened to blot out of historical memory. We must not forget that he who said, "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment," did not despise the festive board nor the seamless garment. His was an emphasis upon proportion, not a damper upon joys which are vital to most human beings. Parables that are full of references to the beauties and processes of nature prove how responsive he was

to the quickening forces about him, and how penetrating were his deductions. Browning, keen and sensitive to the same things, while he worships the glorified Christ, finds in Jesus of Galilee a fine comradeship, a splendid justification of his own nineteenth-century exuberance and joy in life, with the same emphasis upon the spiritual and the same restraint to the sensual. It were a poor boast indeed, he tells us in "Rabbi Ben Ezra," to merely "seek and find and feast." Man at his truest worth will never cease to be constantly re-energized by that spark which eventually lights him to God. The rose-mesh which envelops us in health, which gives sparkle to the eye and friendly challenge to the world, finds its justification and its chiefest permanent joy, indeed, in the question,

> "Thy body at its best,
> How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?"

Browning's superb vitality was heartily enlisted and splendidly used in the cause of Christianity. His clear-cut and unwavering portrayal of Jesus's essential divinity, with its firm intellectual basis, its scholarly background and poetic infusion, has been an unforgettable addition to the famous conceptions of that master character. His simple and powerful comprehension of atonement is not only a jewel of poetic expression, but a model for theologians' brevity and lucidity. It is evident that his own life was deeply enriched by that bond of sympathy which he believed had been established between God and man by that Love in a life and that life in a Love, as lived by the man Christ Jesus. Christianity has never failed of champions. Martyrs and heroes have ever risen to her aid quicker than the children of the dragon's teeth who have come against her. But among the intellectuals none have been more valiant in her defense than this poet, the sword of whose spirit gleams even more brightly than his shield of faith, who accounts himself,

> ". . . happy that I can
> Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
> Not left in God's contempt apart,
> With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,
> Tame in earth's paddock as her prize."

Browning never allowed the dogmatism of logic and science to become a boomerang. Although he himself possessed a mind in which scientific checks and balances were invaluable in giving the proper proportion to his ideas of religion, he never allowed them to deaden his spiritual insight. He took infinite pains in his poems to do justice to the then new theory of evolution, and succeeded without confusing causal with modal evolution, that widely prevalent confusion in thought which still divides its victims between the desert island of atheism and the quicksands of dazed bewilderment. He undoubtedly contributed largely to that subtle influence which seems finally to have convinced men of science that religion has a realm quite as definite and quite as secure as their own. One of the world's foremost scientists has recently penned a confession of faith in which he conceives of a Deity so personal that he "suffers when his creatures go wrong," and "anxiously takes measures for their betterment," while the Messiah is to him a "divine incarnation" whose voice after the present war will be heeded "as never yet it has been heeded and attended to on earth." To-day religion no longer needs to go to science for its justification; it is significant that the greatest men of science are finding a compelling *something* in religion.

Edward Voorhees

A NEW UNIFICATION

These are days when the Christian churches are seeking to show to the world that they believe in and are trying to practice the prayer of Jesus, "that they all may be one." The "get-together" spirit is in the air. Its purpose is to save the waste of time, strength, and money; to move on the lines of least resistance, save the loss of power, and realize more than ever the value of cooperation. This is taking place in business. Small institutions are uniting; three hundred men in three factories become three hundred men in one factory, and everything goes on as if it had always been so. The great department store, "where there is most everything to sell that there is on earth," brings under one roof all that any person or household is likely to need, so that going from one floor to another the entire house can be furnished, the whole household clothed, and every comfort, convenience, and luxury provided. This is practical unification.

One of the great movements of the day is that intended to bring together the two great Methodisms of the country after a separation of more than seventy years. This movement is not primarily for business but for Christian reasons. It is bad business but worse morals to live apart and be in competition in many places when we should be together and working in harmony. There has long been a growing feeling regarding it; conscience has been probing us, insisting that we break the handle, bury the hatchet, forget to put a marker on the grave, and then go forth together to cultivate Immanuel's land. Thank God,

> "The morning light is breaking,
> The darkness disappears."

It is not to discuss this unification, however, that this article is written, but another that we regard as important.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has in the United States and territories one hundred and seven Annual Conferences and eleven Missions and Mission Conferences, one hundred and eigh-

teen in all. Of these ten are German and eight are in the Scandinavian group, Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes. These eighteen Conferences spread out over the entire United States, while the one hundred Conferences remaining cover the same territory. Why not do with these eighteen Conferences what was done with the Italian Mission? That Mission extended into eleven States, reaching from Portland, Maine, south to Washington, D. C., and west to Indiana and Michigan; now each appointment is attached to the Conference in which it is located and each Italian pastor becomes a member of that Conference.

In defense of this plan take a few illustrations: The Eastern Swedish Conference has one church in Maine; eleven in Massachusetts; three in Rhode Island; five in Connecticut; nine in New York State; six in New Jersey; one in Pennsylvania, and one in Delaware. Thirty-seven charges divided into four districts.

The East German has all the work east of the Allegheny Mountains and reaches from Lawrence and Boston, Mass., to Baltimore and Buffalo. Yet in all this territory there are only forty-eight pastoral charges.

The Central German has the German work in Ohio, West Virginia, Michigan, most of Indiana, western Pennsylvania, and goes south from the Ohio River to Nashville, Tenn., where there is one church. Why not put that one church into the Central Tennessee Conference, or give it to the Church, South? If unification is coming let it begin here.

The California German, with only nineteen pastoral charges, has the entire State of California—a State with 157,000 square miles, almost as large as the six New England States with New York and Pennsylvania added. Put a part of these into the California Conference; the remainder into the Southern California. The Western Swedish has the Swedish work in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, and South Dakota. Yet there are only forty-five pastoral charges filled by twenty-seven Episcopal appointees and nineteen "left to be supplied." These men could find a Conference home in any one of a dozen Conferences that work in that territory. The Western Norwegian-Danish, with twenty-six pastoral charges and nineteen Confer-

ence members on the effective list, has as its territory the Norwegian-Danish work in the States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, and California, a young empire in itself. The Southern Swedish, with all Texas as its territory, has only twelve pastoral charges with seven Episcopal appointees. The Southern German, which has Texas and Louisiana for its boundaries and lies mostly in Texas, having three charges in New Orleans, has only thirty-five charges. Why not increase the Gulf Conference by the addition of these two and make a Conference of nearly one hundred charges with a membership of over eighty pastors?

The West German Conference includes the German work in the great States of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and Oklahoma, and fully one-third of the State of Missouri—that portion lying on the western side. Here are found sixteen pastoral charges in Missouri, thirty-one in Kansas, twenty-five in Nebraska, three in Colorado, and four in Oklahoma; seventy-nine in all, with sixty-six pastors appointed by the Bishop and fourteen places "to be supplied." Think of this for another, "The Norwegian and Danish Conference shall include all the Norwegian and Danish work between the Allegheny and Rocky Mountains, except the city of Buffalo." The analysis shows that the pastoral charges distributed over this territory are as follows: Michigan, four; Wisconsin, seventeen; Illinois, eleven; Minnesota, twenty; South Dakota, two; Iowa, five; Nebraska, two; North Dakota, six. The English-speaking Conferences in this territory would gladly welcome these men to a share in their friendship and service.

These are only a few of the eighteen. Some of those not mentioned are larger. The Chicago German has sixty-three pastoral charges, Northern Swedish forty-seven, Northwest German forty-four, Central Swedish fifty-two, Saint Louis German eighty, etc.

Why not include all these Conferences in the English Conferences of the territory where they are? Of course objections will be offered, that we are Germans or we are Scandinavians, but are we not all Americans, and are not many of the services in these churches in the English language? At the General Conference at Saratoga a German layman told the writer that only the Sunday

morning service in the church of which he is a member was in German. They have two prayer meetings each week; one when only the German is spoken and another with only the English. A few years ago when attending a Swedish Conference in Iowa, we found singing books and Sunday school lesson helps in English, and on inquiry were told that the Sunday morning service was in Swedish, and all the others in English, and the reason was that they could not hold the young people if they did not follow that plan. But such an arrangement would not need to disturb in any way the use of the mother tongue; they would have their pastors as usual of their own nationality and when it was necessary to make a change they could be transferred in and out just as is being done at every Conference session to-day. Where there are a sufficient number of charges in one Conference, there could be a German or Swedish district. In the Southern California Conference there is a Spanish-Portuguese District, and it does not disturb the Conference in the least degree.

One objection would be that these men would lose their representation in the General Conference. We be brethren and there is no reason why some of these men might not be honored in company with the others, but not simply for the reason that they are German or Scandinavian, but because they are worthy, well qualified, and deserving members of a great Christian body.

It will make some Conferences very large. Not when you think of the Nebraska, West Ohio, and North-East Ohio and others that have two hundred and fifty to three hundred members. So far as that is concerned there is a tendency to enlarge. It reduces the number of Conference sessions to be held each year, saves weeks of time, which the bishops can give to work in their area, and does not injure the effectiveness of administration.

Many of the older men will not feel at home with their English-speaking brethren. They will soon get over that by the friendship that is shown them.

But what about the German periodicals? Continue them of course. Wherever they want Sunday school literature in the mother tongue let them have it, as they do now.

There are trust funds that cannot be diverted. That will be

more difficult to adjust, but even that can be adjusted and not hinder the work of the Kingdom.

What will be done with the educational institutions? They are a part of our great educational system and can go on doing their good work just as they have been doing for years past.

These Conferences by language were very necessary once when so few were able to speak or understand English, but this need has been greatly reduced in recent years. There are very few who cannot at least understand English, and even if they cannot, they can have their service in the language they do understand.

With Conferences covering so much territory it makes long distances for travel and large expense to attend the Annual Conference and salaries of these men are not large. It will effect a saving of home missionary funds that can go into other channels to help extend the Kingdom.

It looks as if we didn't like one another, or could not work together by covering the same territory with English and German and Swedish Conferences.

It gives these men a limited ministerial companionship by the fact of their not being acquainted with the men in the English Conference. These German and Scandinavian brethren are worthy of being cultivated. Among them are many of the finest spirits to be found anywhere, and it would be well for us to mingle more than we do.

Already we have many men of German and Scandinavian birth in the English Conferences by their own choice, where they are taking some of the best churches and some are district superintendents.

Has the time not come when we should plan such a reorganization of Methodism as will make it more effective? and what time better than now when we are trying to know no North and no South, but to become a great American Church to help bring the world to Jesus Christ?

Oliver S. Baketel

CHRISTUS CRUCIFIXUS

The Doctrine of the Atonement will not down. For better or worse it is continually coming up for rediscussion. Try hard as we may to banish everything "hard to be understood" from our modern banquet, the ghost of the ages reappears. Buried to-day with fitting theologic rites, it rises from the dead in power to-morrow.

We have already thought much on this subject. We have actually become morbid and melancholy in our preoccupation with the death of Christ. Let us therefore shift the center of gravity from the Atonement to the Incarnation. Pass we on to the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount, the latest essay on textual criticism, the most recent findings of the "gods" of Old and New Testament research. Let us study the accidents and incidents, the environment and heredity of the Book. Let us eschew psychology for biology and religion for psychology. Let us pay more attention to the channels and the soil through which the stream flows than the hill where it rises and the sea toward which it goes.

To be sure, in a surgical operation everything has its place—doctors, nurses, antiseptics, instruments—yet the patient himself is not to be ignored. Call him a case, or a what-not, if we will. Yet he is still the center of the picture. He may yet defy all our presuppositions and give the lie to all our hypotheses. Human nature can never be wholly domesticated. The rebellion cannot be quite put down. One never can tell when the trumpet will be blown. A new declaration of independence is even now being signed. "Just when we are safest there's a sunset touch." There is a rent in the armor somewhere. Something is sure to elude our critical processes and escape our instruments of precision. No artist ever yet imprisoned a sunbeam's glow on a canvas. Spectrum analysis is a poor vessel for the dying sun. Reality is always greater than we had supposed.

The picture books of to-day are far superior to those of our childhood. The achievements of the moving-picture photographer are amazing. Yet there are far more things in heaven and earth

than will ever get into our most up-to-date copybooks. The ocean is still a "sea of darkness." The North Pole is yet undiscovered. Fairyland is still our Paradise Regained. Aesop's fables are far more truth than fiction. Life is still an uncharted sea. Our ignorance grows apace with our knowledge. Wisdom grows from more to more and so does our sense of wonder, mystery, and amaze; many tread the outer court—a multitude whom no man can number. But few there be who ever enter the temple's inmost shrine. Huxley, Darwin, and Spencer have their place in the temple of humanity—a large and luminous one too. Yet the glory of the terrestrial is one and the glory of the celestial quite another.

Theologians should be the last to ignore the cruciality of the cross. For this is the one point where all the sciences, arts and philosophies meet together and crown Theology as their rightful queen; where eternity wells up through history to flood-time; where the gospel borders every state of the civilized and uncivilized world.

The plain man is every whit as valuable here as the erudite philosopher. "There is more truth in the words of the revival hymn, 'Jesus Paid it All,' than in the profoundest philosophy which denies them." Instinct in human nature as well as in nature is no guide to be despised and rejected. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. The haunt of truth is not in the right or the left wing, but in the heights. We must lift up our eyes unto the hills, we must climb to the top of the mountain before we get the vision of the kingdoms of the world. Only from that vantage point can we let our plummet drop into the abyss. Specialists are below par in religion—however much they may be above it everywhere else. Learning may be a hindrance as well as a help. Saul's armor never slew Goliath of Gath. Learning is to-day receiving many stripes, and deservedly. Too much learning has made the world mad. Our accumulated stores of learning are turned into instruments of destruction. Wisdom is far from being justified of her children. Learning is the prolific mother of all our modern munitions of war. Ingenuity and invention we know; but ethics, conscience, the eternal law of righteousness, where are they? One whole nation to-day

has not so much as heard whether there be such things. Their only reason for existence is to be destroyed. Civilization is a half-baked scone; burnt to a cinder on one side and utterly raw on the other. We must revise the ancient proverb. Wisdom is no longer the principal thing. Germany has taught us that only too well. Her universities and her professors—like the stars for multitude—could not keep her from plunging into the hell of war. It is a wisdom which few of the rulers of the world seem to know. Had they known it, they would not have crucified afresh the Lord of Glory.

This is no essay in praise of ignorance or in defense of barbarism. Learning too has its parable of the sheep and the goats. Many things are still hidden from the wise and prudent, but revealed unto babes. Learning may be a friend or foe. Wisdom which explodes the ideas—the necessary ideas, on which the plain man lives—is one thing; wisdom that voices his unexpressed instincts and gives a "local habitation and a name" to his dim, dumb aspirations, is quite another. Learning that serves is one thing; the kind that lords it over the dwellers in "the outer darkness" is quite another. Learning that gives religion a more penetrating and searching glance, frees it from private interpretation, takes it out of corner and conventicle, and makes it commanding, irresistible and eternal—of such indeed is the kingdom of heaven.

Now religion is nothing if not universal; nothing if it cannot commend itself immediately to every unspoiled conscience. "Every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice." The absence of a single note in the oratorio is fatal to the full-toned harmony. The castle gates are thrown open wide. In pours the whole countryside, "bright youth and snow-crowned age, strong men and maidens meek." Free to all is the glorious pageantry of sight and sound.

> "There is no price set on lavish summer,
> A rose may be had by the poorest comer,
> God is always given away,
> Heaven may always be had for the asking."

In so far as religion becomes esoteric, its devotees a closed circle, its mysteries a sealed book, its justification a "historical lineage" rather than a present and supernal power, its message difficult of interpretation for those who cannot read Greek and

Latin, not to speak of Hebrew and Sanskrit, it loses its *raison d'être.* The hall-mark of true religion is that the violent press their way in by force; that every man hears in his own language the wonderful works of God.

This means, of course, that the human conscience and the human heart, unspoiled by education and uncorrupted by guile, are the best commentaries on the gospel of God. The greatest apology for the gospel ever written is just that which never has been written, or if it were committed to writing, the world itself could not contain it. If we cannot discover the need—the imperative need—for redemption in ourselves, then are we lost indeed.

> "All the fitness He requireth
> Is to feel our need of Him."

Aye, that word need! Not for nothing was Christ crucified! Have you felt this age-long and world-wide need in your studies of human history? have you discovered it new-born in your own soul-struggles—above all, have you heard deep call unto deep when you have stood on "cross-crowned Calvary"? Have you felt it as you have tarried awhile in the presence of the great texts and passages of the Bible? What is your exegesis of such words as "ransom," "redemption," and "propitiation"? Do you consign them to the limbo of mediæval scholasticism, the remnants of an attempt to corrupt the simplicity of the gospel by the introduction of Judaic elements, or are they the grandest words in human speech—illustrating at once the weakness and strength of language—giving indeed a Pisgah vision of the soul's promised land?

> "I dimly guess what Time
> In Mists confounds;
> Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
> From the hid battlements of eternity;
> Those shaken mists a space unsettle,
> Then round the half-glimpsed turrets
> Slowly wash again.
> But not ere him who summoneth
> I first have seen, enwound
> With glooming robes purpureal,
> Cypress-crowned;
> His name I know, and what
> His trumpet saith."

Nor will it avail anything to say: "The Atonement, yes, but no theory of it." What God hath joined together let no man put asunder. The body without the inspiring soul is dead. The theory without the fact is meaningless; the fact without the theory is dumb. No lesson is taught until it is learned. God's wisdom cannot be spoken in a mystery. We must have a key to unlock the door. Facts must give rise to theory; and theory must explain and justify fact.

History is not enough. We need and will have a philosophy of history. We need a philosophy of eternity too. The gospel supplies us therewith. Long before the gospel answer came men were busily seeking for an answer of their own. Theories of the Atonement were made long before the fact became intelligible. Every nation of antiquity was at work constructing a theory; every nation was building a highway for God. On the Oriental road was built the temple of the mystery religions. Salvation by ritual was the order of the day. The Greek and Roman erected philosophic schools on their roads. Salvation by ethics was the uniform lesson taught. The Jew also built him a road. Hard by was the synagogue. Salvation by the Law of Moses was the watchword. Yet the world in its wisdom could not find its theory. The wise, the scribe, the disputer of this world were powerless to construct a theory that was satisfactory. No one was able to give God a ransom for his broken law; it was too costly and had to be let alone forever. Man's extremity again proved God's opportunity. Man's quest for God ended at the foot of the cross.

Any one familiar with the seriousness of the early quests for God, the need of an Atonement grounded on the constitution of human nature in its tragedy and loss, will dismiss the "Moral Influence" theory of the Atonement as an impertinence.

Francis Thompson strikes the truth when he says:

> "'Tis heaven that lies beyond our sight,
> And hell too possible that proves,
> For all can feel a God that smites,
> But oh, how few the God that loves."

The stroke is real. The need for atonement is not imaginary. It rests on the bottomless abysses of the human soul. The Atonement,

however full of love, must also make room for the moral realism and deadly despair of the world-soul.

A recent book, The Religion of Power, by Dr. Harris E. Kirk of Baltimore, has proved a most valuable contribution to our modern studies of the Atonement. It shows how the Atonement, as formulated in the Pauline Epistles, becomes articulate only when read against the background of the serious quests of the Graeco-Roman world. A serious quest for God must end in an answer equally serious. God must not take our sin less seriously and tragically than we would fain take it ourselves.

The Atonement is not a passing as distinguished from a permanent element in the Christian religion; not a sort of accommodation to the childhood period of religious evolution; not a hard, legalistic scheme. Philosophies, theologies, and theories pass. The Cross abides. One cannot explore "the mystery of this heart which beats so wild, so deep in us," without coming upon the road that leads straight to Mount Calvary. Dr. Dale was wont to say that he would give any man a great deal of leeway in the pulpit, provided he was sound on the Atonement, the Sacred Heart of the Gospel, the very Holy of Holies of the faith.

These are good times for preachers to ponder and preach anew the message of Christ Crucified. Will our faith stand the stress and strain which the present world-war puts upon it? Only if at the heart of our faith is the tragedy of God. The cataclysms, catastrophes and convulsions of time can only be healed by the cry of the dereliction, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

"Our sons have shown us God," said Mr. Britling. The spirit is surely saying something to the churches through the blinding mist of tears and blood. "Oh thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!"

Robert E. Speer

WILL JESUS RETURN IN THE FLESH?

Largely as a result of the terrible international war-struggle, the conception has become widely current that Jesus soon is to return to earth, in personal, visible form, to assume a temporal throne and reign for a thousand years. The belief is no new one. It has made its appearance again and again in the twenty centuries of the Christian era, but it has no more solid foundation now than at any previous time and is no nearer any probable consummation than it ever was. The anticipation of it may be counted upon during any dark days of the world's history. The prophets of such a dramatic event have been numerous enough, but, despite the fact that each in turn has found his prophecy fail him in the critical hour, others upon whom their mantle has fallen cheerfully reconstruct the calendar and other dates are confidently fixed—only, like those before them, to prove illusory and uneventful. Scarcely any troublesome or gloomy period has passed without the renaissance of these panicky proclamations and preachings, the leaders being neither dismayed nor disillusioned by the numerous anterior bubble-burstings recorded in history. It will be thus with the foretellings now rife, which will be as futile, with no outcome, as their predecessors. The odds, based on experience, are as a hundred to one against the realization of the pre-millennial dreamers of dreams. Appeal has been made over and over again to the letter of the Scriptures. But evidently the pre-millennial theologians, commentators, and calculators must have made egregious mistakes in their additions and multiplications. Nothing extraordinary ever happened on the days or nights designated by them as "the end of the world," or the "Second Advent." Their prognostications, so elaborately figured out from mystic biblical numerals, have uniformly come to naught. They one and all proved "empty birds' nests." But the contagion is still in the air and no serum has yet been discovered that seems potent enough to stay it. Something, then—whatever it may be—is obviously the

matter with the mathematics. One would naturally imagine that any present-day would-be seers who essay to peep into the future would be not a little disheartened in advance; but, unaffected by any little thing like the non-occurrence for the hundredth time or more of the pre-announced climaxes in the lengthening series of "dates" for the winding-up of all things mundane, they begin gleefully over again, bating no jot of heart or hope, with no caution suggested by the fiasco of rainbow-chasers throughout the centuries, no cooling off of ardor by the dampening effects of every preceding bankruptcy. Consequently we must be constantly prepared for additional hideous pictured images composed to supposedly illustrate the book of Daniel or New Testament Apocalypse; to have the eternally recurring battle of Armageddon pointed out to us; to have Mohammedanism or Roman Catholicism unerringly represented as the last barrier to be swept away before "the Return;" to behold Nero or Attila or—save the mark!—the Kaiser pilloried as "the Man of Sin."

But, it may be said, there must be a loyalty to the Word. What is written must be accepted without question or doubt. Our speculations or negations ought never to stand for a moment against Inspiration and Revelation. That may be candidly admitted. But that is the very *crux* of the whole situation. The most learned and devout theologians are as wide apart as the poles in their divergent interpretations. Biblical texts seem conflicting and confusing. If they were plain and unmistakably clear, and indicated infallibly a day and hour wherein Jesus would rend the heavens and begin to reign, we should then know with what to reckon. But if, in the Bible, any such time had been definitely set, and the appointment had not been kept, we should be in infinitely worse case than now. Facts—stubborn facts—would have controverted the infallibility of the Book.

Dr. Stevens, of Yale, a reverent and learned scholar who has devoted a lifetime to the exposition of the Bible, asserts positively that there are two lines of incompatible and unreconcilable views that have got intertwined in the New Testament—the old Jewish apocalyptic predictions and the contrary teachings of Jesus; the former coloring and adulterating the latter. The tangle is diffi-

cult, or impossible, to unsnarl. But the subject is inexplicable without such a supposition. We know how faithfully Jesus endeavored, in many instructions, to rid the minds of his disciples of their inherited, ingrained traditions. But their minds seemed almost impervious to his teachings. Even after his crucifixion they lamented his death because they had looked to him as the Deliverer who should throw off the Roman yoke, and it is vastly pathetic to hear them asking him, after all he had said, "Dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" But Jesus never had any intention of becoming an earthly prince. His kingdom was to be an unseen and spiritual one. He was to be a King, indeed, but in the kingdom of God, of heaven, of righteousness and truth. "My kingdom is not of this world." To this end, he declared, had he been born, and to this end had he come into the world, that he should bear witness to the truth. It was as the proclaimer of the eternal verities of the soul that he descended from the world of spirits. It was as the revealer of the essential being and nature of the Eternal as a Father that he became incarnated. His kingdom was no materialistic one, with right-hand and left-hand places for any cabinet officers. It was interior, "within." He, himself, is "within" us. His followers were not to look at the things that are seen so much as at the unseen; speaking paradoxically, to "see" him who is "invisible," who "hides himself so wondrously." He pronounces a superior blessing on all such as walk by faith, and not by sight. Though once they had known him in the flesh, henceforth they were to know him so no more. It was "expedient" that he go away. The Christ invisible was to be their gain. And yet his departure was only in seeming. He promised to be with our poor humanity "alway." He sits, indeed, at "the right hand of God," but, since our God is an omnipresent Deity, that does not signify removal to some far-distant realm, but, rather, close to our human need and sinfulness. He is no absentee Christ. In life and action he abides on the earth wherein his redemptive powers are perpetually at work. He is here as truly and really as when, in bodily form, he traversed Judea's hills or sailed on the Galilean sea—the ever-loving, ever-operating Lord and anointed One. He came. He is evermore and continuously

"coming." The future will see him, in spiritual manifestation, "coming" even more gloriously.

> "The healing of the seamless dress
> Is by our beds of pain;
> We touch him in life's throng and press,
> And we are whole again."

How crude in contrast with such a magnificent, soul-uplifting ideal seems the thought of a literal, physical "coming," with all its limitations of time and space! How materialistic—of the earth, earthy—contrived according to man's finite imagination and not according to the infinite sweep of thought proper to an omniscient Being! In many aspects how grotesque! Well may it be asked in astonishment how the Christ, descending from the clouds, could be discerned on opposite sides of a globe or even, with our limited human vision, but a few miles away! To what conclusions are we therefore driven? The Bible must be interpreted broadly and not narrowly—according to its main content and trend, and not according to some few isolated and obscure verses or passages, difficult to understand and uncertain of explanation. While not to be dealt with rationistically, it is to be interpreted rationally, for its truths rest upon great foundations of reason. The canons of common sense and sober logic must not be violated. The precious Volume must not be turned into a book of necromancy. There must be no resort to exegetical violence. If we are wise we shall understand that the influence of Jesus is vastly greater because unlimited by any physical environment; that it is better to seek a universal conquest in the inner life and soul of all men than to rule in Jerusalem or elsewhere in a temporal sovereignty for a thousand years or a million. If we can learn wisdom from the blunders of the past we shall cease making nominations for specific dates of Christ's return and simply employ ourselves more profitably and earnestly in his daily service. If neither the fall of Jerusalem, nor the destruction of the temple, nor the early persecutions, nor the decline and passing of the Roman Empire, nor the Dark Ages, nor any commotions, conflagrations, earthquakes, panics, and bloody wars in the

past have made any contingency for the material intervention of Christ, why should we expect any such necessity now or later? "Millerite" movements have been too numerous for mention, but each and all came to nothing in the end.

Let believers rejoice in the conviction that God's kingdom ultimately shall have universal sway over the whole earth—that the Galilean shall "conquer"—that some day righteousness and peace shall everywhere prevail; but not by any *fiat,* not by any reversion to force which would compel, and not persuade; overriding man's freedom of will and reducing him to an automaton in whom a slavish faith would have no significance. Why should we expect that Christ, in seeming admission that his policy and plan of action had proved a failure, should abandon them to adopt a program of surrendering to display-acts such as he repudiated while on earth? While he lived among us Christ would have nothing to do with anything like sensationalism. The Lord of Glory made his first advent as a babe, born of a peasant woman; his cradle was a manger; he grew as a normal boy and was subject to his parents; he worked as an artisan until he was thirty; challenged to appear floating down through the air, as if from temple-pinnacle, he refused. He declined to work miracles to excite the crowds, staring in wonder, and used them sparingly and only as "signs" of his spiritual authority. When he divined a purpose to make him a king he nipped the intention in the bud. Has he changed so much in the intervening years that we are to fancy he has become an altogether different being in ideals and performance?

But let us consider, in conclusion, what the practical workings of premillennialism have too frequently shown themselves to be. They often seem to deprive its followers of vital interest in life and its normal activities; to foster otherworldliness, and by reaction to superinduce scepticism. The anticipation of a near-by catastrophic world-end breeds a temptation to glory in a pessimistic philosophy; for, the worse the plight into which ardent premillennialists fancy they see the world getting, the greater the pressure on Jesus will be, as they construe it, to come speedily to set things right by his all-powerful absolutism. Therefore they

have little or no enthusiasm to help make the world better. Their creed would seem to cut the very nerve of missionary effort—of preaching, evangelism, humanitarianism. Optimism is by far the more rational and legitimate belief—a confidence that Christ will finally win on the lines of the campaign he marked out for himself at the beginning; an unimpaired trust that his gospel is not impotent. He never will have to acknowledge that the league of Satanic forces against him is stronger that he foresaw, and that the simple truth is no match for the Great Adversary. Let us rather hold and proclaim that Christian civilization is not doomed—that the Saviour of the world shall not fail nor be discouraged till he hath set justice in the earth; that by "the foolishness of preaching," by education, by social welfare work, this oft-detracted God's footstool, despite every transient appearance or representation to the contrary, is steadily becoming better, the leaven leavening the whole lump, the seed springing up and growing secretly. Let us have a sublime and unfaltering confidence that the missionary crusade shall in the end win out with hallelujahs, and that the knowledge of the Lord shall at last cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

"'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart-throb lighter;
We may be sleeping in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!"

A recent biographer of Jesus, speaking of the disciples who, after the Ascension, "returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God," says: "They had learned the final lesson which fitted them to be the apostles of the world's eternal hope. Henceforth Jesus was to them more alive and more beloved than he had ever been. Through all the dawns and nights that lay between them and martyrdom they heard his advancing footsteps, caught the clear whisper of

his voice, and felt the glow of his immediate presence. They did not wish him back again, because they knew he had never gone away. No regrets mingle in their love for him. The Bridegroom was still with them, and life, in spite of all its outward deprivations, became once more a bridal feast." The coming of Christ is in and with the coming of his Kingdom on earth, parallel with it, in step with it. And that Kingdom is sure to come. With every gain in art, invention, and science; with every fresh extension of knowledge among the masses, by popular education; with every addition of experience in self-government and the growth of democracy and pure politics; with every enlargement of philanthropic activities and the deepening of the humane sentiments of pity and sympathy among men; with every church built, and every convert made, and with every new mission outpost planted—with each and all of these the Kingdom of God is obviously, certainly, increasingly coming and without doubt will eventually fill the earth, and in its coming we are to recognize the coming of Christ. "The light will grow; the nations will be converted and will enter into the Holy City. Nothing shall hinder, for the gates are always open."

Levi Gilbert

WILLIAM NEWTON CLARKE, THEOLOGIAN—AN APPRECIATION

One summer day, in the year 1902, the writer took his seat in a train by the side of the late Bishop Daniel A. Goodsell, who was intently reading the now widely known Outline of Christian Theology, by the late William Newton Clarke. When he was asked his opinion of the book, he said, "It is a great statement. I think I have never read any work on theology so deeply spiritual, and on the whole, so satisfying in its conclusions. I have urged it as worthy of a place in our fourth year's study for young preachers, but some of the Bishops are doubtful about its doctrine of future things." During the nearly fifteen years since then, this masterly theological outline has passed into its twenty-first edition. More copies have been sold during 1916 than in any year preceding. This record has never been equaled, perhaps, by any distinctively theological treatise on either side of the Atlantic. The present General Conference commission on "the course of study," headed by Bishop E. H. Hughes and Bishop McConnell, has now placed this epochal book among those for "collateral reading and study," by the preachers in the fourth year of the Conference course.

In view of certain recent criticisms of this action, and of the teachings of Dr. Clarke, by one of our theological teachers, in the Methodist Review, it has seemed to this writer that a proper regard for fairness calls for a brief putting of the case from the other side. He believes that no other modern theologian has so finely and adequately constructed the bridge over which thoughtful men are enabled to pass, without any loss of intellectual integrity, from a religion of external authority to the religion of the spirit. He summons men to the lofty vision of a theology that needs no external proofs. His writings are unique in their lucidity of style, in their freedom from polemical method, and in their reverent appreciation of traditional views. He never deals in disputation. He never controverts anyone. He has not made a

single quotation from any other author, past or present, in all of his eight remarkable volumes. He inherited an orthodoxy that he never abandoned, but which he has helped to humanize, and even christianize, as a brief glimpse at his leading positions makes quite evident.

1. *His Doctrine of Scripture:* We are told by his recent critic that there "he is Ritschlian," but, of course, this easy and often used method of "pigeon-hole and label" is of no value for us, as it does not touch the real question concerning the *truth* of his teaching. In his four Yale lectures on the "Use of Scriptures in Theology" Dr. Clarke makes clear that the present popular use of the Bible is false and misleading; that the Scriptures are not to be looked upon as of *equal* authority throughout; that the present "proof-text" method of using them is wholly without warrant, and should be abandoned; that the "Christian element" within the Book must chiefly determine our theology; that we really need no doctrine of "inspiration" whatever; that the Bible can be better understood without it; that it has always been the enemy of clear thought concerning the book, and has only served to confuse theology; that *the Bible must be read for what it actually is, without any reference to how it was composed;* that Christianity depends for its *reality,* not upon the way its documents were *produced,* but upon God's revelation of himself in Jesus Christ, as found in the Scriptures, and that this rich revelation of God has an inherent power to command us, through its moral and spiritual *quality.* What can there be in this view of the Bible that is "too minimizing and halting"? Dr. Milton S. Terry, in an able review of these lectures, in the American Journal of Theology (April, 1906), declared this view of the Bible to be "sound and irrefutable." That ought to satisfy any reasonable Methodist that Dr. Clarke does not stand for any "weak hold on Scripture." Is it not simply because the older and now passing notion about the Bible has been found to be essentially "weak," that the best thought of our day is gradually abandoning it for the view held by Clarke and many other modern theologians?

2. *His Doctrine of Atonement:* We are told that he "explains away the biblical ideas of atonement," and that his "defect here

is fundamental." Of course, Methodism has always stood for the great *fact* of Christ's atonement, but *explanations* of it by individual writers have been widely variant, as witness the different views of Watson, Whedon, Pope, Miley, Foster, Curtis, Sheldon, and Bowne. Theories of it in these writers have passed all the way from a "moderate satisfaction" theory, in the beginning, on through the pure "governmental," to the "moral influence theory" of Bowne. Now, *which* of these is really biblical? How can it be shown that any one of these is any *more* biblical than that of Clarke? When has our *"church"* ever sanctioned *any* definite theory as *the* one to be accepted by Methodists? The only leading Methodist ever tried for "heresy," because of his teachings concerning the "atonement," among other alleged errors, was Dr. Bowne. But if "an acquittal is equivalent to a certificate of orthodoxy," then his theory of "moral influence" has been given the official stamp of Methodist approval. Let it be remembered also that Bowne and Clarke are in substantial agreement as to their doctrines of "atonement." If so, then how can Methodism consistently approve Bowne and disapprove Clarke? Bowne himself has said (page 173, Studies in Christianity): "There is considerable criticism of what is called the 'moral influence theory' of the atonement scattered about in theological treatises, but *it is superficial and unsatisfactory.*" Again, Dr. Clarke's critic complains that he "makes the center of God's nature *love only,* which means that we have no God worthy of the name." He fails to understand that love, in God's character, *includes* all his other moral attributes. Clarke says (Outline, page 98), "When it is said that God *is* love, it is meant that love is the characteristic and abiding quality of God, by which his relations to other beings are determined." Prof. Theo. Haering, in The Christian Faith (page 323), says: "God is love, is the *whole* Christian doctrine of God"; and again (page 494), "All other attributes are *only separate aspects* of the activity of the Divine love." Many other modern evangelical theologians who might be quoted also refuse to accept any *dualism* in the moral character of God. Can his critic make plain that Dr. Clarke's idea here is *not* the teaching of the New Testament?

Again, he complains that Clarke retails the "stale misrepresentation that the ancient *church* till Anselm believed that atonement was ransom to Satan." What Clarke really does say is that "the earliest *definite theory* on this subject was that Christ delivered men from sin, by offering a ransom in their behalf to Satan" (page 319); and then he declares that "Anselm introduced the worthier idea," but nowhere does he affirm that such notion has ever been the doctrine of the *"church,"* i. e., its officially fixed dogma. His critic calls Clarke's statement "a contemptible slander." That, of course, becomes a question in the history of doctrine. But let's see. Prof. George B. Stevens, in his Christian Doctrine of Salvation (page 138), says, "The first *definite theory* was that it was a ransom paid to Satan. This was the *dominant* note in Christian thought on the subject for nearly a thousand years, from *Irenæus* (200 A.D.) to Anselm (1109 A.D.)." This is confirmed by Prof. H. B. Workman, in Christian Thought to the Reformation (page 53). It "was accepted by the *church* for nearly a thousand years, until overthrown by Anselm." Thus, if Clarke's statement is "slander," then all the leading church historians, including Harnack, must plead guilty to the charge. In fact, the statement is not "slander," but *history*. Clarke is not the one therefore who has been misled at this point.

3. *His Doctrine of Future Things:* It is declared by his critic that Clarke *"denies* the second coming," but not at all. He simply points out that the *deeper and truer* reading of the New Testament warrants us in abandoning any notion of a *physical* return of Jesus, on the "clouds of heaven," as the first Christians vainly hoped. History has demonstrated that they were mistaken in believing that he would soon come again in that "manner." Clarke shows that this apocalyptic hope was a "Jewish remainder," that passed over into early Christian thought, but must now be ignored, as it contained no essential part of the Christian revelation. *Christ now lives and is present.* "The church is not a widow, but a 'bride,' and her greatest need to-day is a living faith and love to *perceive her present Lord."* This is no "denial of the second coming," but is in fullest accord with the *last* and best word of the New Testament, as found in the Gospel of John, where

Christ's return is set forth as being inward and spiritual. A hard and fast literalism, finding "texts" concerning the bodily return of Jesus in the earlier writings, and wholly ignoring this quite *opposite* teaching of John, still clings to this discredited hope. Amid the wild confusion of our day, in its thought concerning eschatology, Clarke and other modern theologians have done royal service for the church by pointing out a much needed "clew to the maze," touching this whole question.

Dr. Clarke's critic also complains that he *"denies* the eternal punishment of the lost"; but again he has strangely misapprehended his teaching. Clarke's contention concerning retribution is clear, and is based upon valid fundamental Christian *principles,* rather than upon mere "proof texts." He says (p. 255), "Punishment is disciplinary in its *purpose,* as long as retribution can be helpful to reformation, but if reformation had become impossible, punishment would still be righteous." Again (page 476), "The doctrine of an inevitable, sufficient, and absolutely righteous retribution upon all unforsaken sin *has all the moral power that any doctrine of retribution can possess."* He also candidly discusses the "larger hope" of moral reformation in the life beyond, but always with firm grasp upon the fundamentals above stated, but never with the "cock-sureness" of the "text quoters," who assume to tell us off-hand exactly how God will deal with the finally impenitent. Clarke's "agnostic reserve" as to the Divine post mortem program for the sinner should be commended to our young ministers. Where can there be found a finer or more carefully balanced conclusion of the whole matter of retribution in any volume of theology than appears in his summary, on page 480 of the Outline? Can his critic make plain the *exact* New Testament teaching that should be maintained by Methodism upon all these disputed points of doctrine?

The writer believes that no better service could have been performed for the young men who are entering the ministry of our church than to place before them this great book. Before its publication, in 1898, Dr. Clarke was almost wholly unknown to the theological world, but the outstanding merits of this single volume immediately gave him place among the leading religious

thinkers of America. Soon thereafter he was invited to deliver lecture courses before the students and faculties of Johns Hopkins, Harvard, and Yale universities. Dr. Lyman Abbott said, in reviewing this Outline: "It is the simplest, clearest, most radical, most spiritual treatise I have ever seen." The American Journal of Theology, in its current issue, says of Dr. Clarke, that "at his death he was the *most influential* theologian in American thinking." Dr. Shailer Mathews has said (Amer. Jour. Theol., July, 1912), "As German humanism passed through Luther's religious experience to produce Lutheranism, so orthodoxy passed through the deep spiritual experience of William Newton Clarke, to become a living message of religion to the men and women who think in the atmosphere of the 20th century." The spiritual light which first found his young soul, in a revival meeting in the chapel of the old Methodist Seminary at Cazenovia, N. Y., shines forth from every page of all that he has written. The fussy obscurantism that would withhold from the hands of young ministers such a volume, from such a great thinker, of "light and leading," should not be seriously considered either by them or by the church. Dr. Clarke, perhaps *more* than any other modern theologian, has saved the faith of many a man when sorely beset by the new scientific thinking, and the service that he has thus rendered for multitudes in our day can never be outlived.

Chas. Wm. Finley

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A BOY'S SERMONS

Every minister looks back with peculiar feelings on his earliest efforts to preach. To him at least they were full of quiver and intensity. This exposure of one boy preacher's initial attempts is hazarded here because it will revive in many a reader the recollection of his own beginnings, and thereby relume the light of early inspirations, rekindle youthful fervors, and occasion reminiscent reflections not uninteresting or unprofitable. These sermons are not offered as in any sense a model even for boys. On behalf of their faults, the young preacher would appeal to the clemency of the court, and seek shelter under the dictum of that great and experienced observer, Dr. James M. Buckley, "Much must be pardoned to youth and inexperience." If some passages are as florid as May or June, perhaps the boy was no more to be blamed than the flowering earth is to be reproved for the flush of spring and early summer; and possibly the man is not to be specially felicitated when years come that lack the power of blooming.

What subjects a young man shall begin his preaching with is not unimportant to his life-ministry nor without significance as to himself. It may be in some degree not only indicative, but also prophetic and even determinative. This boy preacher had not gotten far into life. He did not know much except books. But he had caught sight of two facts: one, that in the world there are trials to be borne; the other that there are duties to be done. So, he tackled these subjects, with little experience of them, but knowing that the men and women before him were struggling with them. It was a sincere effort to relate his words directly to his hearers and their actual situation and lot. The boy also knew what must be the pulpit's supreme theme, and his third was a gospel sermon on Salvation through Christ, from the text, "There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." He spent the summer of his graduation working out that sermon, driven to it the more intensely by the effort

of a "liberal" clergyman to unsettle his evangelical faith. The manuscript of that sermon was lost somewhere along the route of an itinerant's movings.

SERMON I

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. 8. 28.

Life is a maze, a medley, a strange war of contraries, a surging and drifting together of shadows and sunshine. We are pushed and jostled by what is right and what is wrong. Floating in the sea of life, putrid poisonous things, as well as flowers, come drifting along against us. Joy is the woof, sorrow the warp, and the web, when woven, is our life. There are things which bless us and some which seem to curse us. The Christian looks around in the world and sees sin and righteousness, purity and pollution; he breathes an atmosphere now pure and anon thick with poison and heavy with contagion. The happiness he finds seems sometimes to be buried under the overwhelmings of sorrow and affliction.

In such a world, it is not strange that the soul cries out for something which will multiply the good and destroy or transform the evil. We come to the "word of consolation"—for comfort—to the Great Physician for a panacea; and it is written for us as with molten silver upon the dark firmament above our sin-cursed and suffering race, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Here is the thread to disentangle the labyrinth of life's mystery. The Bible comes to tell us of One who can make poison to be like wholesome food, seeming evil to be our highest good, sorrow to be but the mother of joy, and death itself but the throes of a birth into a life of eternal and exquisite joy.

The declaration of the text is the announcement of the subordination of all things to our good. The sons and daughters of God in the earth are not exempted from human ills, from suffering, sorrow, and death; but all these things are made to become to them blessings in disguise. God has builded his moral world like the Mississippi Valley, sloping down from both sides toward a central channel, and has established an impartial and everlasting gravitation giving to all things a common tendency down toward the common level of a single stream. As all the rills, whether clear or turbid, calm or turbulent, from one thousand miles of Alleghanies on the east, and fifteen hundred miles of Rocky Mountains on the west, flow down at last into the "Father

of Waters" and swell the current of the mighty Mississippi, so the events of life, whether seeming kind or cruel, whether dashing angrily down the rough black rocks from among the splintered mountain-peaks, or springing in beauty, clear as crystal, on some flower-enameled slope, all converge at last together to swell the stream of God's beneficence which rolls on through the meadows of time to swell the ocean of the Christian's everlasting peace. Even when we enter into the ship with Christ there is no promise given us that our life-Galilee shall be unruffled, that the billows shall not rise up against us; but the promise is that the Galilean Saviour shall stand on the deck of our vessel and stretch out his hand over the waters and say, "Peace, be still." Such are the promises given to the righteous, but not to the ungodly; for the unrepentant sinner it is written, in words that scorch, "Our God is a consuming fire."

"We *know*," because it is the declaration of this Book, which comes from the lips of Jehovah, being inspired by the Holy Ghost; because it is in agreement with the character of him who so loved us as to give his Only Begotten and Well Beloved for our salvation, and so careth for us that he hath numbered the hairs of our heads; and "we *know*" by our own experience and the testimony of his people in the past.

But *"all things!"* Let us try to compass the thought. It means that God, whom the Heaven of heavens cannot contain, whose ages the sands on a thousand seashores could not number, the Infinite against whom the finite cannot contend, in the tireless vigor of his unwasting and limitless power, lives, and so works for the good of his people. It means that the countless hosts of angels and the white-robed armies of redeemed ones, with the waving of whose pinions the air of Paradise is ever tremulous as they haste to and fro in their unwearying flight—that all these are but ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation. It means men —*good* men, because they cannot do otherwise, *bad* men, because God "maketh the wrath of man to praise him." It means the lions refusing to touch the good man Daniel, and thus glorifying God. It means the oak catching up the proud and rebellious young prince Absalom, and thus ridding Israel of their disturber. It means the Red Sea lifting its billows into crystal walls to make a safe path for the Israelitish feet, and then folding a perpetual winding-sheet over the baffled myrmidons of Egypt. It means the atmosphere, for the same winds which smote the tyrants in Egypt with plague and pesti-

hence, were to oppressed Israel the breezes of health and freedom. Nay, more, it means that if the Christian clad invincibly in the armor of God goes forth to valiant conflict, the legions of hell in their fiercest attacks shall but make him the greater victor and set new jewels in his conqueror's crown.

But, "all things work together"! Here is a wonderful harmonizing of elements which seem to have no harmony—life and death, heaven and hell, working together! What a linked antithesis! And yet love to God has harnessed in the traces side by side the great opposing forces of the universe to "work for good" to his people. As the music of many instruments may be blended into a grand and swelling chorus, so the notes of good and evil are blended; and it is not too much to say that the wailings of the pit, mingling with the melody of the soulful saints before the throne, roll up a stream of harmony and praise unto the King Immortal. "All things work together"—like the parts of a great engine; mysteriously it may be to us who do not understand its complications, but all simply enough to the great engineer, who understands it all. "All things" unite, as in a landscape the rugged forests and dark mountains, together with the mottled heavens and the silver lake, reflecting sky and cloud, combine to form the beauty of the landscape. As the varied hues of the rainbow when blended together give us the pure colorless sunlight, so the varied hues of mortal life are blended together to make the Christian's sunshine.

Surely it would seem as if, in holy happiness and sweet satisfaction, the Christian must lead a joyful life. What else but security and contentment can arise from the contemplation of this universal friendship of all things to us? Is it then true that Christians never murmur, never find fault with God? Are you always found with the words in your heart, as well as on your lips, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done"? Are you never discontented with your lot and envious at the prosperity of the wicked? Alas, it can scarcely be hoped that any one of us can acquit himself on these inquiries. Even Christians sometimes distrust God, disbelieve his Word, and malign the wisdom and goodness of their Heavenly Father.

We complain of God's dealings, first, because we are short-sighted, and cannot see beyond the present moment, or outside the circle where our own individual pleasures move. We selfishly and absurdly insist that all things shall do our bidding and "work for" us in our way. Finite though we are, we are satisfied with nothing short of a compre-

hension of the plans of the Infinite. We look upon some few, brief days and call them dark, and forget that God deals with centuries as with moments. We dimly scan one little part through the dark medium of life's feverish dream, yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan if but that part seem incongruous. "We judge the whole too partially. Is there any common phrase significant, when the adverb's heard alone, the verb being absent and the pronoun out? Yet we, distracted in the roar of life, still insolently at God's adverb snatch, and bruit against him that his thought is vain, his meaning hopeless; cry that everywhere the government is slipping from his hands." We fix our gaze upon a few threads in the web of life and complain that they are dark and sad and gloomy: we forget that the dark colors are as necessary to the beauty of the figure as the light, and that as God and angels look upon the whole broad pattern it is perfect and harmonious. We look up at the wrong side of the fabric of God's providence and assume to judge it and pronounce it bad and unbeautiful; but by and by when from some heavenly standpoint, some turret of the New Jerusalem, we look down on the right side of the fabric, we shall see that it exhibits the skill and goodness of its great Artist.

Hear Mrs. Browning, "The harmonies of God's will in the world we cannot understand. To us the strain unfolds in sad, perplexed minor, and we wonder, 'Where is any certain tune or measured music in such notes as these?' but angels leaning from their golden seats are not so minded; their fine ears run on and catch the issues of completed cadences, and smiling down the stars they whisper 'Sweet!'"

Hear Russell Lowell:

> But all God's angels come to us disguised;
> Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
> One after other lift their frowning masks,
> And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
> All radiant with the glory and the calm
> Of having looked upon the front of God.

We complain, secondly, because we misconceive our own highest good. We are like children. You have seen a child in the cars, worried and terrified by the noise and bustle of the train, crying in its mother's arms, and you have thought, "Poor child, all this noise and confusion which so bewilder you are only bearing you in your mother's arms, swiftly to your home." Just so you sometimes have become frightened and terrified amid the wreck and ruin of your earthly fortune and the crash of your earthly hopes, when all the while God was only sending you more safely and surely to your heavenly home.

Prosperity sometimes might be our ruin and adversity our only salvation. God knows which is best. Prosperity is the edge of a precipice. Flowers grow there, green trees cast a grateful shade, the turf is mossy, the breeze is cool which blows up over the brow of the cliff; but it is the precipice nevertheless, and a rocky chasm yawns beneath it; affliction and adversity are only God's hand taking us by the hand, leading us away from the flowers and the moss and the shade to toil perhaps over a hot and dusty road, but it is away from the precipice, and though unpleasant, God knows it is safer for his children. "Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man to bring back his soul from the pit." Two painters were once employed to fresco a magnificent church. While they were standing on a scaffolding erected for the purpose, many feet above the marble floor, one of them became so absorbed in his work, viewing with complacency the success he had achieved, that he forgot entirely where he was and went stepping slowly backward until he had reached the edge of the last plank of the platform. At this moment his companion turned, and almost frozen with horror, saw the danger of his situation. What should he do? Another moment's silence and another step backward, and the unthinking painter would be dashed to death upon the stony floor. If he should speak to him and startle him from his reverie, in the surprise of the moment he might reel over and meet the same dreadful fate. Instantly a thought struck him; he seized a brush all wet with paint and hurled it against the fresco, covering it with unsightly blotches. The enraged painter sprang forward, and with angry words and an uplifted arm demanded the cause of such conduct. His companion uttered not a word, but turned and pointed into the abyss. The man saw in a moment what had been his danger, and seizing the hand that had saved him, he pressed upon it the kisses of his gratitude and joy. So you doubtless sometimes become absorbed in gazing at the pictures of this world, at the bright fresco of plans and purposes you are painting against the future, and go stepping unconsciously backward over the gulf of an awful perdition, until God in mercy dashes out the picture, and at the moment when you are angry with him, receives you into the outstretched arms of his mercy and love.

We complain, thirdly, because we exaggerate our troubles. Some of us are forever nursing and brooding over our sorrows. We have a doleful story to tell of the great trials we have to pass through, too great, we think, for flesh and blood to bear. Gloomily we moan over

and bewail our sad lot in life until it comes to be a kind of monomania with us. We are fearful and timid. We make mountains of molehills. We magnify the evil and forget to compare it with future joys. We forget that though "grievous" now, by and by it shall yield "the peaceable fruits of righteousness," that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed; and that these light afflictions which are but for a moment shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. After all, if we love God sincerely and are full of cheerful faith in his service, the burdens of life will not seem so heavy to bear. There are few scenes so dark that the love of the Saviour cannot cover them with glory. It must be a somber cloud that has no silver lining. It must be a long night upon which no morning dawns. There are no storms whose clouds are never rifted, there are no showers that do not bring bright dewy sunshine in their wake; and so there are no unending woes outside eternal perdition; there are no earthly sorrows that heaven cannot heal. Once an ancient patriarch "took up the stones of a place and set them up for a pillow and lay down in that place to sleep"; and so may we, for the circumstances of every condition, no matter how forbidding or repulsive, afford us always, if we will, sources of comfort and consolation. And it was while Jacob slept there at Bethel with a stone for his pillow that he saw the ladder reaching from earth to heaven and angels ascending and descending upon it, and God out of heaven declaring to him the blessed promise of future prosperity and honor.

We complain, fourthly, because we forget the design of our chastening. The tree must be pruned, or it bears no fruit. Whatever is useful and precious to mankind must be submitted to some kind of severe treatment. Take wheat, the most indispensable of the products of the earth, the food of the nations; it must first be threshed and sifted, and afterwards ground to powder and baked before it is fit for the use of man; and what do we mean by being displeased with God because he does not make life soft and easy for us or carry us to heaven in a rocking chair? By what other process could the wheat be cleansed, and how can we be cleansed and made fit for the Master's use except we be chastened? And lest this homely figure should seem to any to be impertinent or inappropriate, let me show you that it is not. I read Rev. 7. 9-17: "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb,

clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and *about* the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, *be* unto our God for ever and ever, Amen. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Now the literal meaning of "tribulation" is threshing, and that white-robed, palm-waving, psalm-singing multitude before the throne, are they who, in the elder's own figure, have been threshed beneath the flails of God on the threshing-floor of probation—the pure wheat sifted from the chaff and stored for eternity in the everlasting garners. The silver ore must be crushed and melted in intense heat before the dross can be separated and the metal molded into coin. And so must we be crushed and put into the crucible before we can be purified and molded into the image of Christ. The diamond is at first but a rough, rude stone, and is precious only when it has been polished. And is it any wonder that such rough, sin-crusted creatures as we are should need to be ground and scoured and polished before there is anything beautiful about us? God when he afflicts us is only a skillful surgeon, who, though his heart bleeds for our suffering, steadily cuts into the quivering flesh, because he knows that our life demands the removal of a diseased member. Pearls are said to be the result of a disease of the oyster and have hence been called the "tears of suffering"; and if we are to be Christians, to be like Christ, the Pearl of great price, if we are to be his when he shall come to "make up his jewels," how can it be but by tears of suffering? Oh, a godly life is polished into purity! Death cannot spoil it—it stays in the world after we are gone. It leaves a track of glory, perma-

nent and bright. A symmetrical life! It is great to build it; it is glorious to leave it as a sign that we have been. Pageants may fade, columns shall crumble, and crowns are but dust, but a beautiful life is a charm immortal, a day with no sunset, a melody, a joy forever! St. Paul has been called the greatest man God ever made, but what was it that developed his greatness? Let us read, "In labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one, thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own brethren, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." That was the process that made the great Apostle to the Gentiles. And, bethink you, did you ever know a man who was a successful minister of Jesus Christ, a flaming torch of God, whose life had been all sunshine or whose voyage had been over quiet seas? Tell me, does David ever sing more glorious Psalms than when he has just passed under the afflicting rod and comes forth from the fresh baptism of fire? Would Mrs. Hemans ever have sung such unearthly poetry unless her life had been a dirge and her soul softened by sorrow? It was when Milton was blind that he gave us the Paradise Lost; and it was when the Revelator, St. John, was driven by the Emperor Domitian into lonely exile upon a desolate island of the Aegean Sea, that he saw the stupendous glories of his apocalyptic vision and the marvelous mysteries of time. I know of a maiden who dwelt on the banks of the Hudson. From her infancy she was a cripple. She never was more than a child, for she tarried not long upon the earth; she could not walk, and so God gave her wings, and to-day she is a seraph. She saw the snows of only fifteen winters drift past her little chamber window, and in the next June she left them to lay her little distorted form beneath the flowers and the green plush of the summer grasses, and her spirit was exhaled and went to heaven. Yet this little cripple, this mere child, wrote some of the most sweetly simple and angelic poetry that I have ever read; and I venture the opinion that unless she had been a cripple her life had not been quite such a joy and singing in the world.

Oh, Christians, let us hush our murmurings; let us welcome afflictions when they come to our door; when they are gone we shall

find that we have entertained angels unawares. God chastises us like a mother with tears in her eyes. If we are bruised he will not break us. The waters shall not pass over us, nor the fire kindle upon us. It may be dismal and gloomy for a while in your life, and the time may come when you shall sit down in loneliness and say to yourself, "This is a dark hour—it has been dark all day and the darkness has gathered and thickened and deepened as the day wore on. I have no light, and it grows darker still." But O, in such an hour, hear God's angel-messengers whisper courage to your heart. The light of your life shall never be quenched so long as God sits on the throne. At "evening time," if not before, a soft and brilliant radiance shall kindle out of the darkness and thou shalt walk in the light.

In our earthly anguish we bow our heads low in the dust, making the night still darker, and fail to discover the radiant light which circles around the resplendent and recompensing promises of the High and Lofty One, who inhabits eternity. Too much we dwell upon this earthly scene, too much upon its griefs and gladness lean and forget to look upward to the arch spanning the skies above us bearing upon its seven colors the seven words, "By and by it shall be light." Let us "forecast the years and find in loss a gain to match, and reach a hand through time to catch the far-off interest of tears."

Whittier, in his Tauler, has put my sermon into rhyme, my theme into verse. Tauler, entering the city-gate, beholds far down the street a mighty shadow break the light of noon, which, tracing backward till its airy lines harden to stony plinths, he raised his eyes o'er broad facade and lofty pediment, o'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche, up the stone-chiseled lacework, dizzily up to where in the noon brightness the great minister's tower, jeweled with sunbeams on its mural crown, rose like a visible prayer. And from that shadow and that tower he reads the lesson of this Sabbath service. "Behold," he cried, "as yonder tower outstretches on the earth the dark triangle of its shade, only when the clear light is shining on the top, so darkness in the pathway of man's life is but the shadow of God's providence by the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon, and what is dark below is light in heaven!"

SERMON II

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2. 10.

The great and wise Bengel in the last hours of his pilgrimage

recommended to those about him the study of the Apocalyptic Epistles to the Seven Churches in Asia: for, said he, "Scarce anything else can sink into the depths of our nature with such purifying power." We broke open the letter which was addressed to the Church at Smyrna, and have torn off from it a few simple but pregnant words for a text.

Faithfulness refers to relations, and to obligations springing out of those relations; it hints of duties, vows, pledges, and responsibilities. It brings into view three parties: the faithful one, the object of his fidelity, and the standard with which his fidelity is compared; as, for example, the faithfulness of a soul to God as its object, according to God's law as a standard.

The idea of faithfulness excludes the idea of coercion or necessity and implies the free and unfettered power of choice on the part of the subject. Fidelity is not worthy of the name unless it is born of a free volition. We do not speak of the fidelity of a dumb thing in its work—of the sun in its course or the stars in their appointed orbits, or of nature to any of her ordained laws. No one talks of the faithfulness of the convict at his compulsory task, or of the galley-slave lashed at his oar. The service which is drudgery may be compelled, but the service which is faithfulness is spontaneous. There never was a faithful slave. Fidelity is the child of love. Only that which inspires affection will inspire fidelity and only he who loves can be faithful. Will fire burn without oxygen? Can a bird fly in a vacuum? Will the organ-keys respond with music to the touch unless the wind is blowing through the pipes? Neither can there be fidelity without love. Fidelity is love in continuous manifestation. And since only they who love God practically concede his claim to their faithfulness, none others are in circumstances to receive the text, and to them alone comes this message of charge and cheer. It is a communication from Christ to his Church, a letter from the Bridegroom to the Bride.

I. Consider the reasonableness of the requirement. Fidelity is possible, perfect fidelity is possible. No exorbitant demand is made, no impossibility utterly beyond your reach. The feeblest need not be dismayed, for no unapproachable standard is lifted up independent of a consideration of your capabilities. God kindly adjusts his requirements to human abilities and opportunities, for he is not, as the unfaithful servant thought him, "a hard man" commanding impossibilities. He does not punish the wren because it does not sing like the nightingale, nor expect the stunted cedar of the mountains, rooted in rocks and twisted by tempests, to bloom like the magnolia of the

tropics swimming in sunlight and sucking living moisture from a sweet, warm soil. He simply asks us to be faithful, according to our privileges, our strength, our talents and blessings. Not to do the works of Hercules, nor to wield the sword of King Arthur, nor to carry Samson's burdens, nor to fill Goliath's armor, but only our reasonable service: only that we be faithful, trusty, true; that we go on the mission God has given each of us as an arrow straight to its mark; that the compass by which we steer our life point to the polar-star of duty.

Do any think it a severe requirement, difficult to be met? Why should persistent faithfulness in religion be more unreasonable and rare than in other spheres and aspects of life? Men pursue worldly purposes with quenchless ardor to the very verge of the grave. In the pursuit of fame and riches many a hunter drops dead in his tracks. Many a racer for an earthly prize strains every fiber for the goal until he bursts a blood-vessel and plunges to the earth. Many a broad-winged eagle of human ambition, its eye aimed straight for the sun, rises higher and higher, until it drops dead from its daring flight through mid-heaven to the dust. The painter holds the brush and palette to the last and his death leaves the unfinished canvas wet upon the easel; Washington Allston's Belshazzar's Feast, upon which he toiled for twenty years, and over which his eyes failed in the dimness of death, shows how faithful he was to his work. The chisel and mallet fall from the nerveless hand of the sculptor, and he falls dead in the marble-dust beside the imperfect statue. Mozart lies on his deathbed revising his last composition and hearing it played. "In the last days of 1856," says Mr. Bayne, "Hugh Miller died. He toiled on till the very last with indomitable resolution amid the paroxysms of fearful disease at the great work which was to complete his service to his country and the world. His powerful brain, wearied with the sustained tension of twenty years, recoiled from its work, and as it were groaned and struggled for rest. But that adamantine will knew no flinching. Ever as the paroxysm passed by and the soft glow of the old genius spread itself again along the mind, the most intense and unremitted exertion was compelled. The light burned nightly in his chamber long after the midnight hour as Hugh Miller continued to write: the body failing, the nerves fluttering, the brain held to its work only by that indomitable will. He feared madness might dash the pen from his hand before the last line was traced, for the lightnings of insanity were flashing over him. But the work was finished. On

the day of his death Hugh Miller said it was done. He finished his work, closed the book, and then death smote him and all was over."

Shall these examples of relentless secular labor find no parallels in the spiritual life of Christians? God only asks that we be as zealous spiritually as men are temporally.

II. Yet we must not relapse into over-confident security: "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion, that lie upon beds of ivory and stretch themselves upon their couches," for while fidelity is possible, it is the highest possibility. To attain it will require sleepless, dreamless vigilance and ceaseless prayer. It comprehends full obedience and firm endurance, and measures the entire scope of active and passive piety. The text carries in its arms both the great twin tablets of the Law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength," and the other, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self." It encompasses all the signs in the zodiac of righteousness, all the constellations of duty through which, from side to side, the sun of a perfect Christian life must wind its way. We might perhaps quit ourselves like men for an hour, even though it be a Thermopylæ-hour in the mighty stress of a terrible trial; but to be faithful through the wearing years, to keep a life-long vigil and never drowse, is a harder thing. It is said that you must measure the strength of an eagle not only by the height that he attains but by the time he continues on the wing. The time, the length, the long continuation of the faithfulness which is unto death, is a chief element of difficulty.

Life is not to be likened to a continuous rod, but to a chain; we forge it link by link, and to make it strong enough to hold our souls each link must be sound and shapely. If faithfulness be predicated of any life, we know by the highest dictum of logic that the individual days and years of it must have been faithful; and conversely (by synthesis) it is only by dutiful days and years that a life is aggregated which may be called faithful. It is needless to say that the Christian effort which thus secures fidelity "in part and in whole" admits of no relaxation, and a life kept uniformly to this high and holy level implies and demands the formation and maintenance of inflexible habits of strictest piety. In dwelling a moment on the comprehensiveness of this faithfulness let me use an illustration. The visitor to the Green Mountains, looking westward from the summit of Mt. Mansfield, over the sloping landscape which lies with its head pillowed upon the mountains and its feet laved in the waters

of Lake Champlain, reflects, while he looks, that the whole broad country that he sees is pictured upon the retina of his eye, upon a surface half an inch in diameter; that river, lowlands, lake and rolling Adirondacks and all the innumerable features in a hundred miles of scenery are pictured there clearly and definitely—discriminated in their magnitudes, figures, positions, and colors: the whole prospect is compressed into the compass of an acorn's cup, yet nothing is lost. So in this single requirement of faithfulness, in this one word "faithful," the entire landscape of the Christian life lies in miniature, with the deep valleys of humiliation, the hot and yellow harvest fields of toil, and the mountains hard to climb.

III. Whose precept and promise is this? We might answer: It was given to the Church at Smyrna, and has descended through 1800 years as the perpetual legacy of all Christians, the inalienable heritage of the Church universal. This is true, yet special needs give special title to it, and it binds its own peculiar seasons of highest and most precious fitness. Every passage of Scripture has its special mission to some special time and posture of human circumstances. The text is most appropriate to three phases of experience and duty.

It is sent of God, 1st, *To the tried and tempted heart.* It comes to the Christian when the consciousness of God's presence is wanting, when the fountains of living waters are dried up; when the light is gone and the glory is eclipsed; when his joy is turned to sadness; when the frost comes and the glowing intensity of love dies out. It comes in the deep darkness of his extreme temptation, in the emergency of desperate trial when the will wavers and the resolution reels on the verge of exhaustion, "Be thou faithful!" It was delivered to those early Christians on the eve of their imprisonment and tribulation, and to every soul shut up and beleaguered by the hosts of sin, flanked and enfiladed by the assaults of Satan, it carries its charge.

Is it not such a message as the Republic sent to its suffering sons languishing in the prison-pens of the South, at Andersonville and Salisbury, waiting to hear the "tramp, tramp, tramp" of delivering hosts, but willing at their country's bidding to "be faithful unto death," deeming loyalty better than life? The night of the Christian's trial may be a long one, possibly life-long, but the soul should not cast away its confidence in God, though it walk all the way to his judgment throne in darkness. The trial may be fierce in its intensity, but the spirit must not shrink or surrender. "Often," says De Maistre, "in a real battle the losses on either side seem equal. Who *does* win? He

who *keeps possession of the field.*" In the Christian life to swerve is defeat, to stand fast is victory. Our text is such an order as was sent to Burnside at Antietam, "Hold the bridge at all hazards!"

2d. It is God's message *to the lonely heart.* Loneliness and lonely work will seem, to many, the pinching test. It often happens that he who strictly practices and zealously advocates conformity to the straight gospel standard finds few to second him, many to judge his zeal rash, singular, and out of season. The earnest Christian man is likely to feel sometimes that, so far as human aid and sympathy are concerned, he stands alone. And this is hard. To face the enemy with brave hearts abreast of us, brave hearts behind us, when a bannered army, in splendid columns of steel and fire, sweeps magnificently into battle, with the bugles warbling courage on the air, and the thrill of enthusiasm singing along every nerve, or to charge a battery when a thousand dashing riders, in companied courage, rise in their saddles and swing their sabers over the gunners' heads, is perchance an easy thing, and a small test of personal bravery or devotion to one's country. It is easier to go forward with the charge than to go back against it.

But to be a solitary sentinel watching unsheltered on the bleak outskirts while the army sleeps comfortably in its tents; to pace up and down in the snow all the dreary hours of the winter night, with the sharp winds piercing his flesh like javelins of steel, with no cheer, no company, no warmth, no light, but the cold stars of heaven: to watch faithfully thus all alone till the morning brings relief or he freezes to death, will test his devotion worse than a battle. Is the Christian's post a lonely one on the frontiers of service? Is he called to wake while others sleep, to toil while others rest, to be sad while others are joyous, to be poor while others are clothed in purple and fare sumptuously? God sends him the message, "Be thou faithful!"

Is the Christian sent single-handed into a hard field, where it is all that he can do to fight the weeds and thistles, with only that measure of success which allows him to hope that after he is dead someone else may by and by reap a harvest which his unnoticed toil made possible? Yet let him be faithful, and one good day the crown will come and he shall stand in Mount Zion among the followers of the Lamb!

3d. It is God's seasonable word to *the betrayed and deceived heart.* If ever the sad time comes when we learn by experience that the precepts of the world are selfish, and its practice treacherous; if ever

the dark day comes when the milk of human kindness is curdled and the wine changed to wormwood; if ever we reach the place where the bloom and beauty are departed and life lies barren as the desert, where no friendship waves its palm-tree welcome, where men seem Bedouin Arabs bent on plunder; if we meet with loss and sorrow by the falseness of others, till we are ready to say, with the Psalmist, in our bitterness, that "all men are liars"; God speaks to us then and lays the emphasis on *thou,* and says, "Be THOU faithful!" I know, sometimes men feel that in sheer self-defense they must fight the world with its own unrighteous weapons; that fairness is failure and subtlety success. But oh, it is a lamentable thing when a man or a woman comes to regard life as a game of diamond cut diamond, as an Ishmaelitish war in which their hand is to be against every man and every man's hand against them, and the sharpest strategy win, and might make right. A man once excused himself from a charge of dishonesty by saying, "Well, you know, we must live!" "No!" was the reply, "I see no necessity for it." This is heaven's message to the defrauded and the betrayed one, "In the world's faithlessness, however cheated, cast off, forsaken thyself, 'Be *thou* faithful!'" for if worst comes to worst, it is necessary *to do right,* but not necessary to live. Is it not sublime to stand "fearless though alone, encompassed round with foes, as stood the seraph Abdiel, faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he among innumerable false, unmoved, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified; his loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; nor numbers nor example with him wrought, to swerve from truth or change his constant mind?" And he, who thus stands, shall have, like Abdiel, the plaudit, "Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought the fight, who singly hast maintained the cause of truth!"

4th. There have been times (and they are not all past) when it has become a practical question, how strict a fidelity Christ expects of the individual or the church—how far they are required to go in the execution of his will and the service of his cause. The answer is, "Unto death."

Imposing commands rest upon the Church, a great and onerous work is intrusted to her; broad conditions of success and prosperity are inserted in her charter; her comprehensive commission is to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." How much sacrifice this command has already cost God only knows, and the formidable work is only just begun, for millions on millions, the

mighty majority, have yet to hear the first syllables of salvation. A luxury-loving and worldly spirit, reclining in sofaed and slippered ease, sees no necessity for so great sacrifice, and cherishes its selfish indolence with the easy assertion that God demands no such painful privations and extreme anxiety.

And yet the world uses no such arguments in other spheres. Other causes—home, country, liberty, nationality—are worthy to be defended to the death. Scotchmen do not go muttering of rashness or too much zeal, over the plain of Bannockburn, where they who "had wi' Wallace bled" welcomed their gory beds for Scotland's sake. Go to the graves in the gorge of Morgarten and the Swiss peasants, strewing their flowers there every summer, are proud to recite to you how Tell and their fathers fell like an avalanche upon the Austrian oppressor and built their breasts into a bulwark for Switzerland's defense. All this the world considers right, ay, more than right, sublime! Science, too, is esteemed worthy of its martyrs, and it is all well when Sir John Franklin and his adventurous band, seeking to discover if there be an open sea at the pole, perish in the Arctic snows. To rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the keeping of the infidels half of Europe offered its life, and the Crusaders with their crosses rode through Jerusalem with blood up to the girths of their saddles. Knight and cavalier for the honor of his lady made the days of chivalry glorious with the ringing fame of his achievements, seeking danger and scars for a woman's smile. And if these be worthy, how much more is Christ worthy!

The history of the church, too, all down the ages since the Star stopped over Bethlehem on the night of the Nativity, preaches the doctrine and duty of faithfulness unto death; so that if the church to-day hesitates to proclaim that the cause of Christ is worthy of the most absolute and unselfish devotion, of a certainty our fathers' blood has perished in our veins, for their Christianity had a tougher fiber and a more steely strength. Millions of blessed martyrs have perished since the beginnings of persecution, when Stephen was stoned outside the Jerusalem gates—when, in the first hellish outburst of Roman fury, Peter and Paul were slain and their disciples hung at the street corners; when the bonfires that lit the public squares by night on the slopes of the Seven Hills were the burning bodies of Christians, and the winds that swept up the yellow Tiber wafted through the streets of Rome the sickening smell of roasting human flesh; when even beautiful women and delicate children—delicate yet dauntless—bared

their throats to the fierce beasts of the arena and passed from the roar of Nero's lions and the shouts of the Roman amphitheater to the "crown of life" and the anthems which resound in heaven.

The roll-call is a long one, of the martyrs who through faith in God "stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens; were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection. And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments. They were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented." Well for us if the story of their self-sacrifice and courage shall sting us from our ignoble indolence and cowardice. Well for us if the magnificent music of their memory shall be the Marseillaise to champion us to the battle. Doubtless their bones are restless in their graves, impatient to live again, and yearning across the centuries to be here. O how they would "teach our hands to war and our fingers to fight" if they stood where we stand to-day! Doubtless their trooping spirits, wondering at us from heaven, send us warnings we would do well to heed. They complain that there is compromise where there should be combat; that the church fawns when it should fight; that it clasps hands where it should cross swords; that it propitiates the favor of men with honeyed and winsome words, while its heart is too faint and its flabby lips lack firmness to utter the Anathema Maranathas of the gospel; that it dare not trust in God and stand up fearlessly like Nathan and say, "Thou art the man!" They call to us that the church goes drifting dreamily down the lotus-shores of worldliness; that she crawls at the feet of position and power, and delights in the purple dalliance of unworthy wealth in a way to blight her usefulness and make her a by-word where she should be a praise or a terror; that she, who once defied the opinions of the world, and was willing to be accused for Jesus' sake, is cravenly courting popularity. Brethren, it will not harm us to rise from our perfumed ease and suffer ourselves to be led back to the fresh and bracing morning air of faith, to the original vigor and purity of the early church—to the Christianity which would face crucifixion rather than take the highest bribes of comfort—back to the heroic days when all the wealth in the palaces of the Cæsars and all the might of Roman armies could not tempt or intimidate the least of those who called

themselves the followers of Christ. It may not be often in these days that men are called to die for Christ, but the martyr-spirit must be kept alive; it must not be lost from our creed that the altars of God are worthy of our *best* gifts; that if need be we must climb our Mt. Moriah and bind our Isaac for the sacrifice; that life itself is but a poor oblation; that the only limit to our service is the extremity of our ability. You and I may not be summoned to go to the stake, but we are to suffer an inward crucifixion of every evil passion—to die unto the world that we may live unto Christ. There is ample opportunity for all men, whether merchants, mechanics, statesmen, or ministers, and for every true woman, to battle right bravely and with a sufficient sacrifice against selfish maxims, wicked customs, ruinous habits, and soul-destroying fashions, which insidiously spread their silent empire around us wider and more potent than the Pretorian eagles.

5th. The closing thoughts which our subject suggests shall be clustered around the word *fidelity*. Let us descend for a moment from the high theme of faithfulness to God, to the consideration of the beauty of fidelity in its humblest manifestations and simply as an earthly virtue in earthly relations. And I am here led to remark that there is nothing low in fidelity, even in the lowest places. The meanest creature stands glorified in its fidelity; and the heart which says, "I will be faithful and not false, true to my duty, my pledge, my love, *true* to *anything*," is not reprobate—conscience lives in it still, the ideal has not perished in the sensual, the manhood, the womanhood is not extinct—the image of God is still discernible. I go back now to Roman Polytheism and ask for the virtues worthy to be revered as divine; and standing among its marble deities it points me to the statue of Fidelity. I ask for the vices most worthy to be execrated; and it tells me of Carthaginian treachery and how "Punic faith" has become a scandalous proverb.

I question men what wins most surely the homage of affection, the high encomiums of sympathy, and golden opinions in all ages; and the answer is, "Faithfulness!" It was not beneath Solon, the wise law-giver of Athens, to record the fidelity of a dog which leaped upon its master's funeral pyre and perished in the flames. I go to the Crystal Palace at London, and a young French sculptor, casting about for a subject on which to stake his fortune and make himself a name, has chosen as his theme the fidelity of a dog in defending a child from the attack of a serpent. He makes two

pieces of statuary: one illustrating the "Attack and Alarm," the other "Victory and Gratitude." The marble talks straight to the hearts of men and in the world's fair wins its artist a prize medal. I ask for a touching story in rhyme, and a poet brings his verses on the fate of faithful Beth Gelert. I listen, and some childish voice is rising and some young heart kindling along the simple yet heroic story of Casabianca. I ask what lives and shines in history and the answer is, "Fidelity!" I hearken for the names that are most sonorous in the trumpet of a worthy fame, and I hear theirs who, in some noble cause, have been "faithful unto death."

How long will it be till the world forgets that picture of Aeneas under the lurid light of burning Troy, bearing his aged father from danger to safety? How soon will it forget that lament from the plains of Ziklag towards the mountains of Gilboa, which David, the "man after God's own heart," lamented: "Oh, Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women!"

How soon will it forget that sweet, sacred pastoral of Ruth going up from Moab to Bethlehem, cleaving unto Naomi, saying, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried!' Beautiful fidelity!

Go sit at the feet of pure-eyed, simple-hearted Washington Irving and hear him pay his adoring tribute to the memory of a beautiful devotion, as he tells how brave Robert Emmett had *one true and tender friend,* who, though exiled from the paternal roof by a father's strong displeasure, when every worldly maxim arrayed itself against the young Irish patriot, when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, only loved him all the more ardently for his very sufferings. And afterward hear Thomas Moore take up his lute and sing the story into rhythm.

I go to the Philadelphia Art Gallery, and in a picture conspicuously hung, I see a beautiful woman, with tresses like midnight and a face like snow, kneeling by her bleeding brigand-husband, a rough, shaggy man, in a futile effort to stanch the spirting blood, and with a wild unutterable anguish and terror in her look that almost brings the tears. And while I stand there in mute reverence, all my nature doing homage to her devotion, my thoughts fly away to Italy, and I

remember how Garibaldi's wife followed him through marshes of the Po when he led the thousand to Marsala and gave a kingdom to his king; how, out-facing whistling shot and hissing waves, she dies at last at her husband's side, and sleeps now in the sea-sand, with the seaweed for a shroud and the sea-winds for a dirge. And every good thing in me rises up to make obeisance to her memory.

And now I have exhausted all my speech on the beauty of earthly fidelity; and, when I would turn to speak of the surpassing excellency of faithfulness to God, there are no words to reach the theme. It is above all the examples that have passed before you, as the heavens are above the earth. You may climb, as we have just climbed, the highest peak of earthly devotion and stand in admiration on its summit, but the stars which you cannot touch—the stars, glorious symbols of the soul's fidelity to God—are above and beyond the mountain-tops.

We can have no closing words but our text, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." I will agree to tell you the dignity of faithfulness to God, if you will tell me how much "a crown of life" means. Paul, at the end of his great career, sees heaven opened for his entrance and breaks forth in a more than Iopæan of victory, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life." Perhaps he had been permitted to see that crown of life, when once aforetime he was rapt into the third heaven in a vision. Consider what *life* is and what a gift *eternal* life will be. And then to be *crowned* with life, that puts a purple robe upon the promise and exalts it into kingly majesty. Splendid promise! Right royal pledge! The faithful Christian is destined to a regal recompense, for upon his resurrected forehead shall settle the halo of immortality and he shall be crowned with life. Shall we envy the monarch-heads of earth, heavy with jewels? Earthly crowns burn blisters. White brows ache, and dark locks grow gray with care under the dazzle of diadems. Kings and queens are crowned with cares and toils, crowned with dangers and wars, crowned with sleepless nights and troubled, restless days. Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt wear *"a crown of* LIFE."

THE ARENA

HUNEKER ON STYLE

With the belief this may interest some of the readers of the Review, it is offered for the Arena. James Huneker is one of our most brilliant literary critics.

Stylists in prose are privileged persons. They write nonsense and escape the castigation of prudish pedants; or, dealing with cryptic subjects, they may win the favor of the unthinking; witness, in the brain carpentry of metaphysics, the verbal maneuvers of three such lucid though disparate thinkers as Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and William James. The names of these three writers are adduced as evidence that it is not necessary to be foggy of style even when dealing with abstract ideas. And Germany has long been the Nibelheim of philosophy; need we mention Hegel, whose commentators have made his meanings thrice confounded? Style in literature is an antiseptic. It may embalm foolish flies in its amber, and it is a brevet of immortality—that is, as immortality goes; a brief thing, but a man's boast. When the shoeblack part of the affair is over and done with, the grammar, which was made for schoolmarms in male garb, and the shining rhetoric, what remains? The answer is eternal: Style cannot be taught. A good style is direct, plain, and simple. The writer's keyboard is that humble camel the dictionary. Style, being concerned with the process of movement, has nothing to do with results, says one authority. And an impertinent collusion on the part of the writer with his own individuality does not always constitute style; for individual opinion is virtually private opinion, notwithstanding its appearance in editions half a hundred long; Sainte-Beuve and De Quincey here occur to the memory. Men change; mankind never.

Too close imitation of the masters has its dangers for the novice. Apes and peacocks beset the way. Stevenson's prose style is highly synthesized and a mosaic of dead men's manners. He has no esoteric message beyond the expression of his spritelike, whimsical personality, and this expression is in the main consummate. The lion in his pathway is the thinness of his intellectual processes; as in De Quincey's case, a master of the English language beyond compare, who in the region of pure speculation often goes sadly limping; his criticism of Kant proves it. But a music maker in our written speech superior to Ruskin and not more than one degree below the archangel of prose, John Milton. Robert Louis Stevenson is the supreme mocking bird in English literature. He overplayed the sedulous imitator. John Jay Chapman in a brilliant essay has traced the progress of this prose pilgrim, a professional stylist as well as a professional invalid. The American critic registers the variations in style and sensibility of the Scotsman, who did not always demonstrate in his writing the fundamental idea that the sole exponent of sensibility is analytic power. He drew freely on all his predecessors, and his personal charm exhibits the "glue of unanimity," as old Boethius would say. Mr. Chapman quotes a passage supposedly from Sir Thomas Browne, begin-

ning "Time sadly overcometh all things," which is not to be found in his collected writings. Yet it is apropos because, like Stevenson's prose, it is from the crucible of an alchemist, though at the time Mr. Chapman quoted it was not known to be a clever Liverpudlian forgery. Since then after considerable controversy the paragraph in question has been shown as the fabrication of a Liverpool man of letters, whose name we have forgotten. But it suggests, does this false Browne, that good prose may be successfully simulated, though essentials be missing.

If style cannot be imparted, what, then, is the next best thing to do, after a close study of the masters? We should say, go in a chastened mood to the nearest newspaper office and apply for a humble position on its staff. Then one will come to grips with life, the pacemaker of style. There is a lot of pompous advice emitted by the college professor—the Eternal Sophomore—about fleeing "journalese"; whereas it is in the daily press, whether New York, Paris, Vienna, or London, that one may find the soundest, most succinct prose, prose stripped of superfluous ornament, prose bare to the bone in fighting trim. But not elevated prose, "numerous" prose, as Quintilian hath it. *For the supreme harmony of English prose we must go to the Bible (the Authorized, not the Revised,* the *latter* manufactured by "the persons called revisers," as George Saintsbury bluntly describes them); to Shakespeare, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, Walter Raleigh, Milton, De Quincey, Ruskin, Swinburne, Cardinal Newman, Pater, and Arthur Symons. Nor are these exponents of the grand manner, of an ornate style, to be servilely patterned after. If elevation of theme is not present, then the peril of "fine writing" is scarcely to be avoided. Better follow such writers as Bacon, Bunyan, Hobbes, Swift in preference. Or the Augustan group, Dryden, Addison, Shaftesbury, and Temple. But Dr. Johnson, Burke, and Gibbon are not models for the beginner, any more than the orotund prose of Bossuet, the harmonious utterance of Chateaubriand, or the dramatic prose of Hugo are safe models for French students. The rich continence of Flaubert, the stippled concision of Mérimée, or the dry sherry wit of Voltaire are surer guides. And the urbane ease and flowing rhythms of Thackeray are preferable to the baphometic verbal baptisms of Carlyle the Boanerges.

Yet what sweet temptations are to be found in the golden age of English prose, beginning with the evocation of Sir Walter Raleigh, "O eloquent, just and mighty death; whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded"; surely not far beneath the *magnificent prose of the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah in the Authorized, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen unto thee," which is so mighty in rhythm that even those "dolefullest of creatures . . . utterly ignorant of English literature, the Revisers of 1870-85 hardly dared to touch at all,"* blandly remarks Professor Saintsbury. And to balance the famous "Now since these dead bones" of Sir Thomas, there is the tender coda to Sir William Temple's "Use of Poetry and Music," "When all is done, human life is at the greatest and best." Those long, sweeping phrases, drumming with melody and cadences, like the humming of slow, uplifting walls of water tumbling on sullen strands, composed by the masters of that "other

harmony of prose," are not mere "purple panels," but music made by immortals. Consider Milton and his majestic evocation: "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation arousing herself, . . . an eagle mewing her mighty youth . . ."; and then fall down and worship, for we are in the holy of holies. Stevenson preferred the passage, "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue," and who shall gainsay him? And Stevenson has written a most inspiring study of the "Technical Elements of Style in Literature," to be found in the Biographical Edition. In it he calls the monotonous Macaulay "an incomparable dauber" for running the letter "k" through a paragraph, and in it he sets forth in his chastened and classic style the ineluctable (Henry James revived this pretty word) perils of prose. Also its fascinations. The prose writer, he says, must keep his phrases large, rhythmical, comely, without letting them fall into the strictly metrical; harmonious in diversity, musical in the mouth, in texture woven into committed phrases and rounded periods. The stylist may vault airily into the saddle of logic, or in the delicate reticulation of his silver fire paragraphs he may take as an exemplar John Henry Newman.

Robert Louis Stevenson is a perfectionist, and that way lies madness for all save a few valiant spirits. Sir Walter Raleigh, formerly Professor Raleigh, has written a crystal-clear study on style, an essay of moment because in the writing thereof he preaches not what he does not practice. He confesses that "inanity dogs the footsteps of the classic tradition," and that "words must change to live, and a word once fixed becomes useless. . . . This is the error of the classical creed, to imagine that in a fleeting world, where the quickest eye can never see the same thing twice, and a deed once done can never be repeated, language alone should be capable of fixity and finality." The Flaubertian crux. Nevertheless, Flaubert could write of style in a fluid, impressionistic way: "A style . . . which will be as rhythmic as verse, as precise as the language of science, which will have undulations, modulations, like those of a violoncello, flashes of fire. A style which would enter into the idea like the stroke of a stiletto, . . . all the combinations of prosody have been made, those of prose are still to make." Flaubert was not obsessed by the "unique word," but by a style which is merged in the idea; as the melodic and harmonic phrases of Richard Wagner were born simultaneously and clothed in the appropriate orchestral colors. No wonder Stevenson pronounces French prose a finer art than English, though admitting that in the richer, denser harmonies of English its native writers find at first hand the very quality so eagerly sought for by Flaubert. French is a logical language, one of distinction and clarity, and one in which meter never intrudes, but it lacks the overtones of our mother speech. The English shares in common with the Russian the "art of awakening feelings and thoughts by the resonance of words, which seem to be written not in length but in depth, and then are lost in faint reverberations."

But "artistic" prose, chiseled prose, is a negligible quantity nowadays. It was all very well in the more spacious times of link boys, sedan chairs, and bag wigs, but with the typist cutting one's phrases into angular

fragments, with the soil at our heels saturated in slang, what hope is there for assonance, variety in rhythm, and the sonorous cadences of prose? Write naturally, we are told. Properly speaking, there is no such thing as a "natural style." *Even Newman, master of the exquisite, pellucid, effortless phrase, confesses to laborious days of correction, and he wrote with the idea uppermost and with no thought of style, so called. Abraham Lincoln nourished his lonely soul on the Bible and Bunyan. He is a writer of simple yet elevated prose, without parallel in our native literature other than Emerson.* Hawthorne and Poe wrote in the key of classic prose; while *Walt Whitman's jigsaw jingle is the ultimate deliquescence of prose form.* For practical everyday needs the eighteenth century prose men are the best to follow. *But the Bible is the Golden Book of English prose.*

"All things," says Aristotle, "are determined by number," and Quintilian wrote, "We cannot even speak except in longs and shorts, and longs and shorts are the material of feet." All personal prose should go to a tune of its own. The curious are recommended to the monumental work of George Saintsbury, A History of English Prose Rhythm. Prose may be anything else, but it must not be bad blank verse. "Numerous" as to rhythms, but with no hint of balance, in the metrical sense; without rhythm it is not prose at all. Professor Oliver Elton has set this forth with admirable lucidity in his "English Prose Numbers" (Oxford: Clarendon Press). He also analyzes a page from The Golden Bowl, of Henry James, discovering new beauties of phrasing and subtle cadences in the prose of this writer. But Professor Saintsbury's study is the authoritative one among its fellows. Walter Pater's essay on style is disappointing and honeycombed with involutions and preciosity. When On the Art of Writing, by Arthur Quiller-Couch, appeared we followed Hazlitt's advice and reread an old book, English Composition, by Professor Barrett Wendell, and with more pleasure and profit than followed the later perusal of the Cornish novelist's lectures.

He warns against jargon. But the seven arts, science, society, medicine, politics, religion, have each their jargon. Not music criticism, not baseball, are so painfully "jargonized" as metaphysics. Jargon is the fly in the ointment of every critic. Even the worthy fellow of Jesus College, Sir Arthur himself, does not altogether escape it. On page 23 of his "Inaugural Address," he speaks of "loose, distinct talk." "Distinct" is good, but "ungirded" is better because it is not obsolete, and it is more sonorous and Saxon. On page 42 we stumble against "suppeditate" and gracefully gnash our teeth. After finishing the book the timid neophyte will be apt to lay the flattering unction to his soul that he is a born stylist, like the surprised Mr. Jourdan, who spoke prose so many years without knowing it. He who lives by the pen shall perish by the pen.

A CONSTANT READER.

Weissnichtwo.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

METHODS OF BIBLE STUDY

It is one of the cheering signs of the times that the study of the Bible has become well-nigh universal in all countries where Christian ideas have penetrated. By some it is studied for the comfort it affords, by others for the spiritual and intellectual stimulus it provides, and as containing the doctrine of human salvation. By others the Scriptures are studied as a part of the noblest literature that has ever been given to man. This condition of things leads to the constant inquiry as to what are the best methods of Bible study. On this subject no definite answer can be given. The methods will differ with different persons, with different casts of mind, different training, and different spiritual perceptions.

Perhaps the students of the Bible may be divided into three classes: those who desire a general knowledge of its contents, as literature; those who seek spiritual nourishment and guidance in practical life, and those who study it for critical purposes. Neither of these is easily separated from the others. A thorough study will include them all.

Those who read it want to know first of all that they are reading the exact words in which it was given by the sacred authors. This involves a careful study of textual criticism or an acceptance of some text, which is generally recognized as the most accurate. The Revised Version of 1881, or the American Revised Version are now generally accepted as the nearest approach to the true text. It may be noted, however, that a comparison of the Revised texts with the King James Version will show that no fundamental doctrines of Christianity are affected by the modifications which have been made.

The student of the Bible should give attention to the geography of the Bible. He should become acquainted with the localities in which the great historical events took place. A personal visit to the Bible lands is of course very desirable, but if one is not able to visit them personally he can study them through the valuable historical maps which are now so plentifully provided.

The student should note the historical element. The setting in which a passage is placed has much to do with the comprehension of its meaning. Hence the study of isolated passages, while valuable, should also be accompanied by noting the exact circumstances in which they were uttered.

The personal element is important in Bible study. The student's personality has much to do with his progress. His attitude of mind will affect his interpretation of many passages. The rule that he must approach the Bible without prepossession of any kind is plausible in theory, but scarcely possible in practice. The Bible is a book toward which one has or will have a mental and moral attitude. He must, however, hold himself in proper intellectual balance, so as to give an impartial judgment on the problems which are constantly arising. The personality of the writer must also be taken into consideration. The dictionaries and encyclopedias give us descriptions of the lives and characteristics of Bible

writers, but the best method of understanding the personality of the writer is to be very familiar with the writings themselves. Then further, there must be the personal application of the teachings. The Bible is a practical book and is intended, not only to awaken the intellect, but to stir the heart and to mold the life. An acquaintance with the persons mentioned in the several books is important. For instance, if one should study the Epistle to the Colossians he will be much helped in the study by becoming familiar with the companions of Paul, a list of whom is given in the fourth chapter.

The Bible should be studied for its doctrinal element. This especially appears in the writings of St. Paul, in the Gospel of John, in fact the doctrinal element pervades nearly all the New Testament. The Epistle to the Romans is a compendium of evangelical theology. The Scriptures should be studied in their relation to the great subjects which are of interest to all ages and all races: God, Christ, Sin, Redemption, and the Future Life.

The student must not omit the spiritual element which pervades the Bible. He must always remember that spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Only the spiritual man can truly interpret the great Spiritual Book.

The methods of Bible study differ as the special purpose which each has in view. While the purposes run into one another, the pastor and the professor, or the individual Christian may require special methods, but their spirit is the same. The writer once came across a little book entitled, Hints on Bible Study, in which several eminent Bible students gave their views. They were by the pen of Englishmen with whose names the writer was familiar. The first paper was from the pen of Dr. John Clifford, the famous English Non-Conformist clergyman, who visited this country a few months ago and was so widely welcomed by our people. He urges first: "Obtain the strict, exact, and full meaning of the words employed by the sacred writer, free from all personal coloring and theological bias." Second: "We must study the contents of the Bible in the same way as we do those of any other book, e. g., Milton's Paradise Lost, Tyndall on Heat, or Green's History of the English People." Third: "Perfect detachment of mind; going directly to the book itself." Fourth: "We must welcome every competent guide in fixing and expressing the sense of its contents." Fifth: "Take a Gospel such as that of Mark, or an Epistle such as that of James, or a section of an Epistle as that on practical life and service, beginning with the twelfth chapter of Romans, or the limited period of Hebrew history, like the Exiles, and concentrate attention upon it until its text is understood, its leading idea grasped, and its spirit possessed." Sixth: "A definite spiritual aim and a strong sympathy with spiritual ideals are supremely necessary for the successful study of the Word of God."

Bishop Moule, Lord Bishop of Durham, then principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, expresses his view in the form of a wish. "I wish," said he, "to enter into the rest and peace of the Bible, as he [his Master and Lord] abode in it. Therefore, I accept the yoke of the Bible as he accepted it. I

wish to feel what he felt, that living incitement to the lifelong study of the Bible, which is bound up vitally with a firm persuasion that the Bible is supernatural." Chrysostom says "That the cause of all our evils is our not knowing the Scriptures." Bishop Moule further adds, "Suppose yourself to be reading some newly discovered relic of the Age of the Apostles. . . . Place yourself before it as if it were new. Try to gather and arrange its doctrine and morals. And then remember over your results that the book is the Word of God, by which you are to live today, and some day to die."

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

ZIONISM

THE Jew, no matter where he may sojourn or under what flag he may live, is an exile from home. He is the lord of no land and the ruler of no country. This is why myriads of Jews, with faces turned toward Jerusalem, pray every day that Jehovah may restore to them the land where the house of David reigned. They still have hope that in God's good time they shall recover their ancient heritage and be permitted to live in Palestine as an independent nation. From the day Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus, down through all the ages of persecution and suffering they have sincerely believed that they are again to dwell in peace and prosperity upon Mount Zion. Though disappointed over and over, their faith has not wavered, and there has not been a single century when some Jews did not emigrate to the Holy Land.

Zionism may be defined as an effort, more or less consecrated, of patriotic Jews, the world over, to improve the condition of their brethren everywhere, to restore to them their ancient rights by creating for them a "Jewish republic where there will be equality of protection." Their aim is to make a home in that old land for all Jews desirous of better things, especially for those able and willing to engage in agriculture, horticulture, and such industries as will make them self-supporting and independent. The Zionists believe that Jewish toil and industry may once more make the Promised Land blossom as a rose, a land, if not flowing with milk and honey, yet a land of happy homes and abundance; and above all, a place where the poor despised Jew may freely sit in peace and plenty under his own vine and figtree; a land where he "may live as a human being, without demanding that he cease to be a Jew," where, undisturbed, he may enjoy "a homeland, a common language, and common institutions."

Though comparatively few Jews live in Palestine, the love of millions scattered abroad for the Holy City is quite as strong as it was 2,500 years ago, when the poet sang by the rivers of Babylon: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." As in the case of a mountain stream, which empties into a larger river, but refuses, though flowing in the same channel, to mix its waters, but flows on for a long distance, side by side as a separate stream, so with the Jew, though

readily accepting many of the customs of his adopted country, there is, nevertheless, an unmistakable separateness. Though he learns the language of the place in which he lives, he talks Yiddish or Ladino in the home and to his brethren. He also clings to Judaism and the language of his sacred Scriptures as read in the synagogue. All through the ages, everywhere, the Jew has maintained a rigid solidarity and has preserved Hebrew ideals. This, in no small degree, has been the chief cause of Jewish persecution and anti-Semitism. The Zionists believe that the surest cure for this is a Jewish state, independent from all other states.

In this belief Jewish philanthropists of many lands have felt for some time, and especially during the past two decades, that the Jews, if they preserve their individuality and institutions, must be gathered together into some one country, where they may govern themselves, and worship God, without let or hindrance, according to their traditions and dictates of their own consciences. Though several places have been suggested as suitable for an independent Jewish commonwealth, it goes without saying, that the great majority favoring the scheme have turned their eyes to the old home where dwelt the twelve tribes of Israel.

This feeling was never stronger than to-day, and this, too, notwithstanding that the Jews of Palestine during the past two years have suffered untold distress. But so have myriads more of them in other lands. It is a pathetic fact that more than half a million Jews are under arms in the armies of Europe at the present date. As true of no other people, they literally fight their own brethren according to the flesh. It is brother against brother. Millions more of old men, women, and children have been rendered homeless. God only knows what may be their fate at the close of the horrible carnage. No wonder, therefore, they want to be by themselves; that they lift up their eyes to the hills of Judea and look eagerly to the plains of the Jordan and beyond. Poor Jews! they never felt more than to-day "the lack of a stable home, in which the Jewish people could live and develop in the lines of its national characteristics and its ideals."

Zionism insists that the Jews as Jews can never reach the highest point of development as long as they are the object of discrimination and are condemned to be herded together in large ghettos and Jewish quarters; nor can they, according to the Zionists, abandon their Jewish ideals and become absorbed into other nations without sustaining a distinct loss. To fulfill their destiny, we are told that they must have their own homes in their own country. The Zionists, however, do not expect or desire to gather *all* Jews—there are fourteen millions of them—or even anything like a majority into one country, all of a sudden. Or, indeed, ever. Millions upon millions of Jews are perfectly satisfied in England, France, America, and other countries, but millions more are not. It is for the welfare of the latter that Zionism is concerned—for those who long for a home in the Promised Land. This is quite natural, for as one has said: "Palestine alone, of all the countries on which the Jew has set foot, throughout his long history, has an abiding place in his national traditions. It was in Palestine that the Jews lived as a nation and produced the highest fruit of their genius." The task of Zionism, therefore, is to

make it possible for all Jews, who so desire, to find a home in Palestine, where they may cultivate their own ideals, enjoy their own institutions and government, and make it possible for them and their children to learn and speak again the language in which Moses legislated, David wrote the songs of Zion, and the author of Job his immortal poetry.

Is this feasible? The answer is not easy. If at all possible, it will, nevertheless, take a long time and great patience to make it a reality. It will require great sacrifice and suffering, perhaps, no greater than other colonies, which have grown into nations, had to endure.

The question naturally arises: Granted that the Jews should colonize Palestine in larger numbers, could they support themselves in that land, or rather could Palestine support them? Those who know the country best answer yes. They tell us that at present the bulk of it is barren and arid, therefore uncultivated and sparsely populated. According to the best and latest authorities, its population, in 1914 or immediately before the war, was about 700,000. It must be remembered, however, that five sevenths of the population is Arab, and that Arabs and Bedouin are not fond of agriculture and horticulture, but prefer lighter work. They like the shepherd's life. It was not always thus. What was may be again. The wilderness may once more be transformed into a garden, and the land properly cultivated may afford a living for ten times the present population. The late Major Conder, an authority on Palestine, believed that it could support a population of ten millions.

We can do no better than reproduce, not literally, what Mr. Tolkowsky, an agricultural engineer of Jaffa, has said on the subject. In reply to the question, is it possible for the Jews to restore Palestine to its old prosperity? he says in substance: Two legends need refuting: the barrenness of the soil and the scarcity of water. The soil, properly cultivated, is remarkably fertile. Almost every foot may be made productive. There are long areas of land along the Mediterranean capable of rich harvest. There is the plain of Gaza, famous for its large crops of barley; the plain of Sharon covered with its orange, almond, and olive orchards; north of this is Esdraelon, quite as productive as in the days of Solomon, and Beisan, famous for its wheat fields. And even the very hills of Judea and elsewhere, with their terraced vineyards, olive orchards, fig trees, etc., make glad the hearts of those who cultivate them. The so-called "Desert of Judea" still supports large flocks of sheep and goats, even through the dry period of summer. Then there is the lower Jordan valley eminently suited to grow many of the tropical fruits. And finally, the long stretches of table-lands beyond Jordan, with abundant pastures and fertile fields.

Nor is water as scarce as many imagine. The rainfall is between 20 and 28 inches annually. True, there is practically no rain from April to October. It would be easy to store up much of this water from the winter rains. Large dams and reservoirs could be built at suitable places, wherein water for irrigation purposes could be stored up. Good use could also thus be made of much of the water in the natural streams, which rush violently down the hills to the Jordan, only to be lost in the Dead Sea. The Jordan itself as well as the Sea of Galilee could be made to

render like profitable service. Then, there are numberless smaller rivulets and natural springs the water of which could be diverted for irrigating gardens and orchards. Moreover, wells could be dug, at very little expense, all along the coast from Haifa to Gaza, for in all this region water is found at no great depth. The supply from these, too, with the use of pumps could be well used. "Finally, the dew itself is so abundant during the summer months that it is equivalent to a light rain," and is of incalculable value to the ripening crops, pastures, and orchards.

Thus it is seen that the soil, climate, and rainfall of Palestine are such as to encourage the Zionists in their project of finding a home for their brethren from other lands. It may be said that farmers and gardeners cannot prosper very well without a larger population in close proximity. There must be towns where they could sell their products. There is, however, but very little danger that the country population would increase faster than that of the village and town. But were it so, the facilities for shipping are not few and are constantly increasing. There are the Mediterranean Sea on the west and the Hedjas Railroad on the east, and even these are connected by rail. Palestine at present does not produce enough to support its population, small as it is. Our latest *data* show that it imported half a million dollars' worth of sugar, an equal amount was paid for flour, the past few years. And yet enough sugar and flour could be produced in Palestine, nay more, large quantities of both should have been exported; for beets and wheat can be raised in many parts of the country still uncultivated. Oranges, lemons, almonds, olives, grapes, etc., should be grown in vastly greater amount, and exported to other countries.

Palestine is ready for a much larger population of industrious, thrifty people, not merely to till the soil, but also to build houses and supply the various wants of those engaged in agriculture and horticulture. Demand for suitable habitations increases daily. As timber is scarce in that country, the cement industry must come to the fore. There is abundance of material for cement and concrete buildings. The Dead Sea and immediate surroundings are rich in asphalt. What have been regarded as dreary deserts and waste places have great possibilities. Some claim that oil as well as phosphate, bromides, and potassium are found in paying quantities in the region of the Dead Sea. As the population increases industries of various sorts will be started.

Then attention has been called to another business which might prove a great source of gain to the inhabitants of the Holy Land. We refer to the tourist business. The sacred places of that country have always been a magnet for tourists and pilgrims from many lands and of various creeds. In the year 1913 nearly twenty thousand tourists visited Palestine. The war once ended, and better accommodations will surely increase the number greatly. With stable government and good hotels there is no reason why Palestine should not become a most popular winter resort.

Let the Jews have control of Palestine, then its commerce and business will be assured. No people is better adapted to bind the East and the West. As in ancient days, the highways, the great caravans of three conti-

nents passed through Palestine, so it is possible in the near future for the locomotive to replace the camel, and for this little land, no larger than Wales, to become the central station of a great railway system. Such is the dream of the Zionists.

But what of the language? Though the great majority of Jews neither speak nor understand Hebrew, the old language is by no means dead. There are yet not a few who read, write, and speak it. Hebrew has never ceased to be read in the synagogue any more than Latin in the Roman Catholic churches. The Law and the Prophets are still read, as in the time of Christ, in their religious services. Millions of Jews in Germany, Poland, Hungary, Russia, and Austria speak Yiddish, which, though printed in Hebrew characters, is a mixture of German, Hebrew, and other languages. Many books and newspapers are published in Yiddish, which does very well as a vehicle for the business and current literature of the Jews in the above named lands. Nevertheless, the bond which binds Jews of all climes together is the Hebrew Bible. It is in these sacred writings that the "genius of the Jewish people has expressed itself most fully." No wonder, therefore, that the learned and patriotic Jews cling to the language of David and Isaiah, or that many books of more or less merit have been published in the old language in several lands during the past three centuries. At the close of the eighteenth century the disciples of Moses Mendelsohn applied themselves with great assiduity to the cultivation of Hebrew, and attempted to make it a practical "literary language for general purposes." They issued for several years a Hebrew magazine in which appeared articles in prose and poetry. Similar enterprises were attempted elsewhere, as in Galacia, where the *Chassidim* exerted no little influence. Krochmal (1785-1840) wrote elegant Hebrew, and so did Letteris (1815-1871). One of the latter's chief works was a translation of Goethe's Faust. Many Russian Jews contributed many lyrics and elegies for the comfort of their brethren in the sacred tongue. Sue's Mystère de Paris was rendered into Hebrew by a Russian Jew. Mapu published a number of novels in good Hebrew between 1853 and 1869. Another writer of elegant Hebrew was Judah Levi Gordon (1830-1892). It has been said that there is a richness in his poems "unsurpassed in Hebrew poetry." Smolenski, another Jew of literary ability, edited a magazine in the Hebrew language, called "Ha-Shachar" (*The Dawn*). There were other Hebrew periodicals in his day, but *The Dawn* surpassed them all.

Now these writers and many others believe that it is possible to make Hebrew once more the spoken language of a Jewish commonwealth—of course not the very language spoken by David and other lyric writers, or by Isaiah and the prophets; there will be a difference—as there is between Wickliffe and Phillips Brooks and Chaucer and Tennyson. Many new words and forms must necessarily be added to express new ideas. This will be especially true of business and everyday intercourse. The Zionists are determined that with the return of the Jews to Palestine the Hebrew language shall be fully reinstated. This will appear the more probable, when we realize what Leon Simon has told us, that "at the last congress of the Zionists (1913) the whole debate on the Hebrew university project

was conducted in Hebrew, and Hebrew speeches on other subjects were not infrequent." Whoever desires further information on this subject may read with great profit the essay of Mr. Simon, entitled "Hebrew Revival in Zionism and the Jewish Future."

Though the Jews of Palestine, in common with their brethren in many European countries, have suffered much during the war, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, late ambassador to Turkey, reports that even Turkish ministers approve of the sale of the Holy Land to the Jews after the war. If that should prove true, then Palestine will soon see a redoubling of its present population. They will come from many lands. But it will be impossible for them to become a united people without a common language. Without it there can be no cohesiveness or homogeneity. At first, no doubt, many languages will be spoken. But in this new Jewish Republic there will be schools, and whatever other languages may be elected, Hebrew will be the one language required of every pupil. And it will be made, if not the only, certainly the chief medium of instruction. These children gathered from the East, West, North, and South will learn Hebrew as easily as young Jews from various lands learn English in the schools of New York and other American cities. The children of these children will speak Hebrew by preference and the grandchildren for the greater part will speak no other language than Hebrew.

Finally, should the cruel Turk, at the close of the war, be forced to give up Palestine, the Jews may realize their dream within a very brief period.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Return to Faith, and Other Essays. By WILLIAM NORTH RICE. 12mo, pp. 154. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, 75 cents net.

A STUDENT and teacher of science for fifty years, Professor of Geology in Wesleyan University, and also one of the devoutest of Christian believers, one of the most fervent preachers of the evangelical gospel, and also a positive and zealous religious power in the college to which he has given his life in noble and splendid service—all this and more is Professor Rice, whose life shines like "a star of purest ray serene." His peculiar value in the world of thought is that he is equally at home in the realm of science and the realm of Christian faith, finds no incompatibility between them, and is an able and fearless expounder of both. His latest book contains two addresses and three sermons. The address which gives title to the volume is a study of George J. Romanes's departure

from the Christian faith and his return thereto; a subject also treated some years ago in the title-essay of a book entitled The Ripening Experience of Life. That essay, and this one by Professor Rice, while as different as the two authors, are in a way supplemental to each other. Professor Rice says that Romanes lost his faith by a too exclusive attention to the lower phases of nature, to the inanimate world and the lower orders of life. He regained his faith by increased attention to those experiences which are peculiar to man. In the second half of the nineteenth century the progress of physical science led many to emphasize man's relation to the animal world and to ignore those higher elements and experiences in man which distinguish him from the lower creation. There was in some scientific quarters a tendency to deny the existence of anything in man which could not be formulated in terms of matter and energy. Hence came vague talk about thought as a secretion of the brain, or consciousness as a mode of motion. In this tendency to unify man and nature by ignoring whatever was peculiar to man alone, the freedom of the will was inevitably repudiated. And in denying or ignoring human personality the very foundation of ethics and religion was destroyed. Having noticed this tendency, Professor Rice says: "In time the pendulum began to swing in the other direction. There was a reaction. Men came to feel that a philosophic procedure which solves the problem of the universe only by an arbitrary simplification, in which part of the facts which demand explanation are suppressed, is essentially vicious. Raphael's 'Transfiguration' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost' would not be exhaustively inventoried if we could ascertain the exact number of calories of energy involved in the cerebral changes associated with their production. The heroism of the martyr is not the necessitated product of heredity and environment. When we come to our senses, we feel that the belief in our own personality, our own freedom of volition and consequent moral responsibility, however inexplicable it may be, is equally inexpugnable. The belief in personality and freedom compels the belief in duty, and so lays the foundation of ethics. The faith in a personal man makes it easy to believe in a personal God. But it is not alone the individual experience of human life as revealed in each man's consciousness that suggests a faith in God. The collective experience of humanity bears a like testimony. The universality of religion among mankind is an immensely significant fact. It is not, indeed, a demonstration of the truth of theism, but it is a factor of great value in any just estimate of the probability of that doctrine. The God concealed in nature is revealed in man. 2. Romanes lost his faith by thinking that the implications of evolution were atheistic. He regained his faith by coming to a realization that the scientific conception of evolution involves no contradiction of theistic or Christian belief. Before the close of the nineteenth century it had come to be widely recognized that the essential beliefs of Christianity could be adjusted to an evolutionary conception of the universe. It is, indeed, true that the philosophical and theological problems offered by evolution have not been completely solved. It must be the work of wiser generations than ours to work out a complete and consistent theistic evolutionary

philosophy. But, if we are not able, as yet, to reach a complete solution, we can at least reach provisional and partial solutions of the problem which are sufficient to justify a faith that there is no hopeless and irreconcilable conflict between science and religion. We have reached a *modus vivendi* which will enable us to live in peace while surveys along the frontiers of science and religion are in progress. We can believe in a God in whom "we live, and move, and have our being." The great truth of the divine immanence, the fundamental doctrine of any theistic evolutionary philosophy, expresses itself oftentimes in the language of pantheism. But there is a world-wide difference between what is ordinarily called pantheism, with its denial of personality alike in man and in God, and the philosophy which believes in the personality of God because it believes in the personality of man, and finds the ground of the uniformity of nature in personal will, eternally expressing eternal wisdom and eternal love." After saying that the Bible is the record of a divine revelation in Christ Jesus, Professor Rice says that in the story of the Fall "we see shadowed forth the supreme ethical truth in the history of our race that sin—sin in the individual and sin transmitted by inheritance and by education from generation to generation—has been the one thing that has cursed mankind, robbing the race of its divine birthright, and preventing the fulfillment of its boundless potentialities of good. And thus we have learned to think of the redemptive work of Christ not as restoring to us an imaginary paradise that had been lost, but as enabling us to make actual a potential paradise that sin had forfeited. We may be skeptical in regard to a dogmatic dualism that would ground our faith in ethics on the conception of an immaterial spirit, and ground our faith in immortality on the supposed indivisibility and consequent indissolubility of that spirit. We have learned, rather, to ground our ethics on the necessary belief of the freedom and responsibility of the *ego*, whatever in essence that *ego* may be, and from whatever origin that *ego* may have been derived. We have come to ground our hope of immortality not on the supposed indivisible unity of the spirit, but on that boundless capacity for progress which characterizes humanity, and which makes us feel that the life that now is can be only an embryonic life demanding a larger life for its fulfillment. 3. Romanes lost his faith through the notion that the results of biblical criticism had so far discredited the traditional view of the date and authorship of the biblical writings as entirely to invalidate the conception of Christianity as a historic revelation. He regained his faith through the belief that the constructive results of biblical criticism had established the authenticity of enough of the New Testament documents to afford valid evidence of the historical facts on which Christian faith is founded. What if the Pentateuch is composite? What if there were two Isaiahs? What if Paul did not write the Epistle to the Hebrews? What if the so-called Second Epistle of Peter is a pseudonymous work of the second century? There is an immense significance in the unquestionable authenticity of the Epistles to the Romans, Galatians, and the Corinthians, and in the unquestionably early date of the Synoptic Gospels. We know that in its broader outlines the portrait of Jesus which stands before

us in the New Testament is a contemporary portrait. So much is certified to us by the notarial seal of modern criticism. The Jesus whose unique character was an oasis of heaven in the sin-blasted desert of earth—teacher of a morality unapproached in its stern purity, yet friend of sinners; incarnation of self-sacrifice, yet free from taint of asceticism or stoicism; bearing in sympathetic woe the burden of the world's sin, yet making the wedding feast more gladsome by his presence, and condescending in his last agony to ask the faint alleviation of a drink to moisten his parched lips and tongue; brave, patient, tender to all; sympathizing with the sorrows of every human soul, though none could sympathize with him—that Jesus was no dream of tender, saintly souls when the simple outlines of history had grown dim with the lapse of years, but was painted from life. And the story of the resurrection was no myth slowly developing itself after the generation to which the original companions of Jesus belonged had vanished from the earth. When we read in the First Epistle to the Corinthians 'that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve; after that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep; after that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles'—we have the tidings only second-hand from the eyewitnesses. With the recognition of the unquestionably contemporaneous date of much of the New Testament, Christ himself becomes the foundation of apologetics, as well as the central truth of dogma and the inspiration of Christian life. Professor Rice quotes Tennyson's verses as the voice of the nineteenth century's return to faith. In that return to faith which marks the close of the old century and the dawn of the new one, the prophet word finds its fulfillment:

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove!

Thou seemest human and divine,
  The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
  Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
  They have their day, and cease to be:
  They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
  For knowledge is of things we see;
  And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam of darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
  But more of reverence in us dwell;
  That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear;
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Romanes returned to the altars of the church and hallowed glories of the Christian Faith, saying, "It is Christianity or nothing." Professor Rice, speaking at Boston University School of Theology, said to the students: "The practical alternative is between Christianity and agnosticism, between a belief in a personal revelation in Christ Jesus and a belief which will narrow its horizon to the realm of physical laws. You have before you two creeds. There is that grand old faith—'I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting.' That is one creed; and what is the other creed? 'I believe that bodies attract each other with a force directly as the product of the masses and inversely as the square of the distance. I believe that in the transformation of energy the sum of kinetic and potential energy remains constant. I believe that all events in nature from a continuous evolutional series.' There you have the two religious creeds between which we are to take our choice. It is not in irony that I have called the latter a religious creed. Those of you who know the spirit of scientific men know that, in the intense and unselfish love of truth and in the solemn reverence with which they stand before nature and nature's laws, there is something which it is not unreasonable to call a religion; and I do not believe that religion—the spirit of reverence and submission—would die if we should be compelled to limit our creed to a belief in gravitation, conservation of energy, and evolution. But how somber a religion! How devoid of cheerful hope and faith! It would be the religion of Mary in the garden—'They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.' It would be the religion of poor Kingdon Clifford, 'seeing the spring sun shine out of an empty heaven to light up a soulless earth,' feeling with utter loneliness that the Great Companion is dead. There would be a sense of loss in all familiar things which might express itself in those words, among the sweetest and saddest of modern poetry:

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

And, if such would be the religion of the purer and nobler spirits—a religion almost destitute of cheerful faith and inspiring hope—what shall we say of the moral and spiritual life of the masses of mankind? A life cheered by no revelation of a heavenly Father, ennobled by no promise of redemption from sin, inspired by no hope of a better life beyond the grave; a life restrained from evil by no foreboding of retribution; a life destitute alike of the hopes and fears which tend to make man something other than the helpless slave of brutal passion—no Dantean imagination would be needed to give us a picture of hell, for hell would be around us. I have set before you the two faiths, one or the other of which, it seems to me, must shape the thought and life of the present age, because I deem it important that you should rightly estimate the intellectual and moral conditions of that age in which you are called to act your part. In the providence of God you are called to cast the weight of your thought, your words, your lives, into the scale of those influences which are to maintain the faith in supernatural religion and save men from lapsing into theoretical or practical atheism. But how are you to do this? Not by preaching the refinements of theistic philosophy. That is too delicate food for the people to whom you will minister. They will not care for your arguments. It is rather disappointing to a man of intellectual training, when he comes out of the schools and mingles with men in the world, to find how small a part of men's beliefs are based on any intelligent reasons; how little of the skepticism he meets is anything better than caprice, and how little of the faith is anything more than tradition. You are to do your work, not chiefly by marshaling the evidence of the historic facts upon which Christianity is based, and particularly the supreme fact of the Lord's resurrection. At the feet of the masters of philosophy and theology, before whom it is your privilege to sit, you are to learn those lines of argument. You are to master them for the guidance of your own thinking, and also that, in the rare cases when you do meet with some deep thinker who is struggling with the great problems of life and destiny, you may give him some little help; but the masses you are to meet in no such way. Your work is *not* to expound the evidences of Christianity. It is to *make the evidences of Christianity*. There came, perhaps, a time in your own experience when conscience waked up to a new intensity, when you felt a strange burden upon your soul, and you cried out, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' And then there came a time when you were translated from the seventh to the eighth chapter of Romans, and you

gave thanks to God, for you felt that 'there is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.' You found, as some of earth's greatest thinkers have found, that the gospel found you. Or, if you can point to no such distinct epoch in your experience, you have yet to-day the deep conviction that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ meets the needs of your moral nature, and furnishes you with an inspiration which earth can neither give nor take away.

> In joy of inward peace, or sense
> Of sorrow over sin,
> He is his own best evidence;
> His witness is within.
>
> And not for signs in heaven above,
> Or earth below they look,
> Who know with John his smile of love,
> With Peter his rebuke.

And, as to the individual the strongest evidence of Christianity is that which comes by personal experience, so to the world at large the real evidence of Christianity to-day is a living, working church—a church radiant with holy character, instinct with the life of Christian endeavor, leavening the whole lump of society around it by the all-pervading influence of goodness. That evidence of Christianity you are to make; and, as you go forth to the work, you are to go in a strength inspired by the promise of Christ, 'He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.' Go, then, to do works greater than the works of the Master. Go to raise the dead conscience to life, to apply the healing balm of the gospel to the sin-sick soul. The speculations of theistic philosophy may be too fine for the common mind to appreciate. The historical evidences of Christianity may grow dim with years as the original witnesses recede farther and farther into the shadows of the past. But the world beholds the daily miracle of souls dead in sin rising, by the power of Christ's resurrection, into the life of goodness; and, as in the ancient days, the multitudes glorify God who hath 'given such power unto man.'" Two of the sermons in this book we wish we dared and had room to reprint entire. Of the preacher of the baccalaureate, delivered in 1909 when he was acting president of Wesleyan, we will say that he himself is a confirmation and illustration of the truth of his text, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." In the fervent and adoring sermon from the text, "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," Dr. Rice maintains and illuminates the truth of the text under two general propositions: (1) The religious ideas which possess transcendent moral power are those which are connected with the name of Jesus; (2) In the life of the individual and in the collective of the race, the inspiration for those reforms which are most radical, most fruitful, and most permanent, comes from moral and religious ideas. We cannot forbear quoting the closing part of this discourse: "I am no pessimist. I am

not out of sympathy with the age in which we live. I thank God for the privilege of bearing some humble share in its intellectual, its social, its political life. I glory in the solemn thoughtfulness of its better literature; in the fearless sincerity of its scientific investigation; in its applications of science to human comfort and well-being—its anesthetics and antiseptics, its miracles of steam and electricity; in its restless spirit of adventure and discovery, which has well-nigh erased the words 'unexplored region' from the map of the globe; in its manifold philanthropies; in its political reforms, its emancipation of oppressed races and nations, its embodiment of the idea of human brotherhood in democratic institutions. From the depths of my soul I reverence those men and women whose names are the symbols of the work which our age has accomplished for the uplifting of mankind—its Tennyson and its George Eliot, its Darwin and its Helmholtz, its Pasteur and its Lister, its Watt and its Morse, its Livingstone and its Nansen, its Lincoln and its Gladstone. But there is one 'name which is above every name,' and that is not the name of any of the men who have made the nineteenth century illustrious. It is the name of a Galilean peasant of the long ago—the name that Peter hurled in defiance in the faces of his murderers. And what did he do to gain that name above every name? He published no book; the only line we hear of his writing was written on the sand. He made no scientific discovery; he told his followers, indeed, to consider the lilies of the field, but he evidently neither knew nor cared anything about their botanical classification. He invented no labor-saving machine; he achieved no scheme of public sanitation; he organized no political party; he wrought no revolution in political institutions. What did he do? He went about doing good. Disease fled from his healing touch, and the wild ravings of the maniac grew still like the waves of Galilee. He always had time to take in his arms any baby whose mother's heart craved a word of blessing. What did he? Nay, rather, what was he? He walked this sin-cursed earth, the one white-robed embodiment of perfect goodness. Goodness streamed out of him, as the radiant energy of heat and light streams out of the sun. In his presence haughty self-righteousness was abashed into humility, and soul-withering remorse dissolved in tears of penitence. Already is his name the name above every name? How will it look to us when we look at our earthly life from the standpoint of some other world? We stand in the narrow, crowded streets of modern Rome, and the great dome of Saint Peter's seems only a little larger than a dozen other domes. We wander off mile after mile over the Campagna, and those other domes sink out of sight, while the monster of Michael Angelo soars up in mountain majesty. So, when we look at human life from some other sphere, that name which seems even now the name above every name will rise into a majesty beyond all earthly thought. Then those lives will seem to us the greatest which have accomplished great achievements in literature, science, politics? No, no. Those lives will then seem the greatest which have come nearest to the life of Jesus in the spirit of self-forgetful love. As our estimate of the relative value of different lives will change, so will change our estimate of the relative value of different actions in our own lives and in the lives of

others. The simple word of counsel or of warning, the tear of sympathy in the eye, the warm pressure of the hand, the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, will seem to us greater things than the composing of a masterpiece of literature, the discovery of a law of nature, the invention of a machine that shall revolutionize industrial life, or the achievement of a great political reform. O brethren, whatever else we may be or fail to be, let us be religious! Whatever else we may do or fail to do, let us walk in the footsteps of Jesus! To one whose feet are treading already the downward slope of life, the sight of a congregation composed largely of younger people brings the pathetic thought of the disappointments that must be in store in the happiest life. The dreams of youthful ambition must fade as the sunset gold and purple fade into the blackness of night. But there is one aspiration that will bring no disappointment; there is one endeavor the joy of whose triumph will never cloy. Walk with Jesus, and on your path will shine a fadeless light, the dawn of an eternal day. Walk with Jesus, and in your hearts, amid all earthly turmoil, will reign the peace that Jesus giveth 'not as the world giveth.'"

An Ambassador. By JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D.Litt. 12mo, pp. 226. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

INEVITABLY attention turns inquiringly to a minister invited from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to the City Temple, London, to be the successor of such men as Binney, Parker, Campbell. And we naturally desire to taste the quality of the man who is thus reached after across four thousand miles. The first samples we have seen of his preaching are in the book before us. The preface tells us that eleven of these fifteen sermons were given in the City Temple, in July, 1916, and that this preacher went as an ambassador of good will from the great Republic to the great Empire and a messenger of brotherly love from the Churches of America to the Churches of England—we are not told by whom or by what authority this ambassador was sent. He was there in war-time and spoke in a land full of suffering and of heroism and in a city which was a hospital. Facing that dire and grim situation, this was the American preacher's declaration: "Amid the welter of world-war, with its measureless tragedy and woe, one fact rises like a pulse of fire in a dark sky—that the Eternal Christ is the solitary hope of our poor humanity, in England, in America, everywhere. He is all that we have left, and he is all that we need; his Life our Way, his Truth our Light, his Spirit our Bond of Unity, his Fellowship our Sanctuary of Cleansing for the worship of God and the service of Man." These London sermons were intended "to make the Living Christ more real to those who walk a shadowy way, and thereby induce a sweeter sense of security amidst the unrealities of time." The City Temple has held a conspicuous as well as independent place in the religious life of London, and a varying character and influence determined by marked differences of personality and views in its successive ministers. Thomas Binney, first pastor of the society, now more remote in memory than even in time, who

resigned in 1869, was a Presbyterian. His successor was Joseph Parker, son of a stone-mason. He had no thorough course in school, but "managed to pick up a fair education." As a young Methodist local preacher and temperance orator he won repute for mental and moral vigor and grip, and for power of public utterance. A notable pastorate in a Congregational church in Manchester lifted him into prominence. From there he was called to London, and the City Temple, built for him and his society at a cost of $350,000, was opened in 1874. His was the one longest and greatest ministry there: a man of might, sturdy, convinced, fearless, always knowing Whom he believed, firm on his foundations; London vibrated to the resounding voice of the pulpit of the City Temple, and the Temple became one of the institutions of the metropolis, a center of attraction and fountain of influence. On Joseph Parker's death a young man of very different type, Reginald J. Campbell, son of a minister of the Free Methodist Church, was chosen to succeed him. Campbell had gone to Oxford University intending to prepare for the priesthood of the Church of England; but his non-conformist blood balked; he rebounded obliquely into Congregationalism, and rose to prominence as the gifted, fascinating, mystical, and spirituelle minister of a church in Brighton. His City Temple ministry was "variable as the shade by the light, quivering aspen made." His preaching was piquant with surprise, his path less calculable than a comet's. He kept his congregations guessing. Whither he would lead them next, and whether into an open clearing or into a wilderness where few or none could follow him, no prophet could predict. He came to have the air and manner of a man who was on his way, but didn't know where he was going. The City Temple was no longer a fixed light and a landmark. After some years of being beaten about up and down the coast by varying winds of doctrine the dreamy and aesthetic soul of "the gray archangel of the City Temple" was blown into that roomy harbor known as the Church of England. After Reginald Campbell comes now into the pulpit of the City Temple, which is called the Cathedral of the Free Churches of England, an American, John Fort Newton, minister of a Universalist society in Cedar Rapids, rather remote from London. A native of Texas, now forty years old, like Joseph Parker, not a college man, "educated largely by his mother," the record says, and then, after attending a small institute in Texas, taking a course in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and being ordained to the ministry of that denomination in 1893 as pastor of a church in Texas. By degrees he drifted out of Baptist waters into Universalist latitudes. Last July he occupied the pulpit of the City Temple as preacher on trial. Now he goes as regular pastor. His going continues the interchange between the two great English-speaking countries which has always been going on. In recent years A. C. Dixon, Len G. Broughton, and others, and now J. F. Newton from our side; John Hall, J. H. Jowett, W. J. Dawson, and others from the other side, the latest notable accession to the American pulpit from Great Britain being Richard Roberts, a Welsh Quaker, in Dr. R. S. Storrs's pulpit in the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y. The only way to give our readers any correct idea of the style and spirit and

matter of the preaching of the new minister of London's City Temple is by quotation. It is Paul the Apostle who gives title to Dr. Newton's book and subject to the first sermon with the text, "We are ambassadors for Christ." We give part of the sermon without quotation marks: St. Paul was an ambassador of a Person; not of an ideal, not of an abstract principle, but of the Eternal Christ made manifest in the Man Jesus. For him the ultimate reality, the master light of all his seeing, the secret of his unwearying inspiration and industry was the vision of the Fatherhood of God revealed in the Sonship of Christ—the love of God redeeming the race and reconciling the discords of the world into one sovereign harmony at last. How much this means may be seen if we let some of the thinkers of recent time translate the text after their manner, each in his own tongue. Spencer, for example, would say that we are ambassadors of "an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed," and the rest of the text would be untranslatable in his dialect. Carlyle would make us messengers of a Conflux of Eternities, a Vortex of Immensities; but none of us would have the heart to go on such a mission. Bergson would send us forth to preach the gospel of a Vital Urge, a mysterious Life Force fumbling its way through time, making many mistakes, uncertain of its purpose and end. Arnold would make us apostles of "a Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," or else of a stream of tendency flowing somewhither. How thin and cold, how pale and vague such phantoms are alongside the vision of St. Paul, so radiant, so revealing, so rich in its redeeming warmth and power! St. Paul did not deal in phantoms; he was not an ambassador for abstractions. He knew whom he believed, and in the light of that fellowship his mind traveled upward above the shadows of time and the dread tribunals of fear into the liberty of Christ, finding its richest possessions, its securest outlook, its clearest interpretation of life and death, of time and eternity, of spiritual mystery and mortal tragedy in the heart of God. Everything else was put aside. The metaphysics that could not live in that presence were carried out for burial. That was the testing-place for all ideas, the trysting-place for all souls. For St. Paul the life of Jesus was an unveiling of that in God which most concerns humanity—His thought, His character, His will, His divine beauty, and His eternal purpose. Whatever else might be obscure to him in the profundities of the Divine nature, this was clear—that the love of God was revealed in Jesus. That was all that he asked to know, and that was enough for life and death. He did not argue his way up to the feet of God. He did not try to reason his way into His heart. He beheld the glory of the love of God in the face of Christ, and in that light lived his heroic and dedicated life.

> That which the mind receives,
> By proof, is small;
> That which the soul perceives
> Is proof of all.

Furthermore, it is not the business of an ambassador to defend his chief, much less to apologize for him, but to deliver his message. Therefore St. Paul resolved to know nothing save Christ and Him crucified—by

which he meant the highest truth of heaven made known in the blackest tragedy of earth—and he was not ashamed of the noble narrowness of that gospel. If only the Church had followed his wise example! Alas, the age-long tragedy of the Church lies in that it has not been content to proclaim the love of God in Christ, but has turned aside to defend Jesus, to explain Him, to argue about Him. Early in its history the emphasis was changed from the gospel itself to the evidence for its truth, from the message to the Messenger. Ages of debate followed. The Nicene Creed was not designed to include all who loved Jesus, but to exclude many who thought about Him in a particular way. The Athanasian hymn made salvation depend on acuteness in metaphysics, forgetting that heaven is a tiny village if it is inhabited only by those who can comprehend the incomprehensible. Unfortunately, that shifted emphasis has never been restored, and to-day the Church is still too much concerned to define or defend Jesus rather than to deliver His message. For that reason she herself is still torn into sects and parties, whereas, in the words of Phillips Brooks, she ought to be a "universal solvent, lying back of all differences and composing them." As a true ambassador, St. Paul did not try to do everything, but one thing and one only. Instead of coming religiously to every point, he came at once and always to the point of relation in its profoundest motive and manifestation. Truly catholic in his insight and sympathy, he felt the pathos of the groping quest of man for God, as witness his words on Mars' Hill, in which he spoke of the myriad gods of Athens and the altar to the Unknown, and recognized the noble, aspiring faith of ancient Greece. For that very reason—because pity lies at the root of all true evangelism—he was the more eager to lead men to his vision of God in Christ as the fulfillment of all their gropings, the answer to all their aspirations, and the goal of all their seekings. His seeming narrowness was the result of his passionate sympathy, the definiteness of his mission, and the breadth of his outlook. Amidst gods many, he proclaimed One who can tell us—better still, show us—what we most want to know about God, where He is, what He is, and the wonder of His love. And to the spread of this message he gave his whole power, doing one thing, and one only, with utter abandon of consecration. He would not sit still. Now here, now there, as some call of counsel or opportunity offered, he went upon his errand, and no stranger upon the road left him without learning his business. Intrepid and daring, he was as unconquerable as he was untiring. Save "in the spirit," the great Apostle did not know Jesus, and the credentials of his ambassadorship were often called in question by those who opposed the advance of Christianity from a Jewish sect to a world-religion. And always, when this challenge was made, he went back, not to the laying on of hands, but to that Heavenly Vision on the way to Damascus for the authentic credentials of his ministry. He was the father of such as hold, not to the fiction of apostolic succession, but to the reality of a succession of apostolic souls—men whose hearts God has touched with light and fire and beauty. And therein he was true to all the realities and sanctities of the life of the spirit. For, just as the poet-laureates of England are poets, not by edict of the state, but by grace

of the angels of ancestry and the divine right of genius, so teachers of faith have authority and validity not by virtue of rank or office, but by the depth and clearness of their vision of God. By its very nature, authority in matters of faith, so far as it is intrusted to men, is not official or traditional, but spiritual and persuasive. Every Christlike soul is an ambassador for Christ, and his fellowship with the living Christ constitutes a commission authentic from the hand of the Master Himself, more true and more sacred than can be conferred by all the prelates on earth. That is to say, the authority and witness of the ambassadorship of St. Paul, that which made his apostolate at once authentic and fruitful, was his mystical experience of the Living Christ. Now, mysticism, as sweet Florence Nightingale said, is only a big word for the deep truth that the kingdom of heaven is within—"the life of God in the soul of man"; and Christian mysticism differs from other kinds not in quality, not in the way it follows, still less in its method, but in its atmosphere and fellowship. It is a journey to Emmaus, hallowed by the presence of One who is Himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and therefore simpler and sweeter, if not swifter and more satisfying, than other pilgrimages to the same goal. None the less, the way of the soul is the same in every age, in every land, and those who walk therein arrive, albeit less easily and happily than those who follow the Living Christ. Mysticism, so far from being a mere aspect of religion, is the heart of it, without which the hands of religion, which do the work, and the mind of religion, which thinks and studies, fall dead and powerless. It is the mystics in every age who have done most to keep the heart of faith alive, to renew the Church in eras of deadness and despair, and to restore a healthy tolerance and a happy liberty of faith. Without them the tradition of faith would be a mere legend, though every Church could boast an unbroken line of laying on of hands. Here is the fountain of religious fellowship, the secret of unity, and the bond of peace among those who love Christ and seek to follow in His way. Wesley learned this in his later years; learned to "think and let think," as he wrote to the Bishop of Lincoln, and was wont to say, "If thy heart is as my heart, give me your hand." Those who have the mind of Christ find His Church everywhere, in Westminster Abbey, but also in the City Temple; in the cathedral at Moscow, but equally in the chapel of Martineau; in St. Peter's at Rome, but not less so in the little white meeting-house in which Whittier and Woolman sat in silence awaiting the promptings of the Spirit. They are at home wherever men lift hearts in prayer, knowing that, however faiths may differ, faith is one in its vision and victory, even as the human heart is one in its loneliness and longing. Men and brethren, the time for toleration is past! Think of tolerating the Methodists, with their gospel of free grace and their pentecostal fire, or Channing, with his deep heart of piety! Think of tolerating Emerson, whose mind was as a city of God set upon a hill! How could one *tolerate* Mozoomdar or Tagore? No, what we want is not mere toleration, but insight, understanding, appreciation, fellowship, cooperation! Must we all think alike about Jesus in order to love and follow Him together? No, surely no. It was not so in the early Church.

Even in the apostolic band there were differences of training, of temperament, of insight and outlook, as there will be in any company of His followers to-day. Our heads are as different on the inside as on the outside, but there is room in His large and luminous fellowship for all the seekers and finders of God. Not unity of thought about Him, but unity of devotion to Him—yea, unity of spirit in Him—should be our ideal and aspiration; not uniformity, but unity in behalf of variety—as in a flower-garden there is one soil, one soft air, one sparkling dew, and every kind of color and fragrance. No one wishes to make Christianity "a mush of concessions," but in this day of tragedy we ought to hear the call for a heroic, generous, comprehensive, Christly Church, and pass from "an indolent perception to an operative persuasion," as Bishop Berkeley put it long ago. If St. Paul was a mystic—a master mystic of creative insight and experience—he was also a sagacious diplomat in the things of the Spirit. By far the greatest idealist of his age, he yet knew the religious value of worldly wisdom; knew how to be all things to all men, if by any chance he might win some to the knowledge and love of Christ. In his address on Mars' Hill, with exquisite suavity he recognized what was true and aspiring in the old Greek faith, seeking to disarm his hearers of criticism that he might the better lead them to a richer truth. Again and again, with appealing eloquence, he makes plea for the unity of the Church, beseeching his fellow-workers to hold in abeyance everything but the essentials of faith and life, and not to leave the religion of Christ to the mercy of little thoughts and little things. Here his spiritual statesmanship is a lesson for us. This is the day of Christ if we will hear His voice and drop our petty concerns and follow where He leads without fear and without faltering. There should be no need to say that for St. Paul the final apologetic of Christian faith was not an argument, but a heroic life in which the truth as it is in Jesus is authenticated in Godlike character and Christlike service. His supreme and sacramental ambition was so to put on Christ, so to reproduce His life, His spirit, His very aspect, that he could say, "For me to live is Christ"—as if the Master lived in his stead. To bear about in his very body the marks of the Lord Jesus, to fill up what was lacking in his suffering, to live an atoning life in the fellowship and by the power of the Living Christ, the while he pleaded with men to be reconciled to God—such was the spirit and purpose and passion of the greatest preacher our faith has known. Here again his message is for us, and it was never more needed than to-day. Let the truth of the Fatherhood of God as revealed in the life of Jesus be enthroned in our thought and life and faith, and there will be such a renewal of Christianity as shall heal our social ills, redeem civilization from brutality, and reshape the fashion of things to be! What a gospel for our strange and troubled age—a truth so unfathomable that we are all one in our littleness, one in our need, one in our hope! How glorious to preach it amid the war of nations, the clash of classes, and the misunderstanding of sects! There remains but one hope for our humanity, living in a world blood-drenched and shaken by the thunder of great guns and the crash of falling cities—the growth in the hearts of men of the spirit and life of Jesus.

Modern Messages from Great Hymns. By Robert Elmer Smith, with an Introduction by Bishop James W. Bashford, 8vo, pp. 283. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

This beautiful volume, one of the most artistic products of this well-known press, and coming to our hand at the time when there is a noteworthy revival of interest in the hymns of the Church and of its entire ritual, should be read and pondered for three things: First, it is a wonderfully helpful volume for devotional reading; it brings and holds the mind of its reader within the sweep of the spiritual forces that build Christ-likeness. Secondly, the book gives interestingly the facts, the incidents that should be known about the twelve greatest hymns of the Church. Thirdly, this series of twelve sermon-lectures is a model for the study of any one who contemplates using the great hymns or any other spiritual songs, in lifting the spiritual life of the people who worship God in our churches. A little light on the origin, history, and moral awakening caused by the singing of the songs would help to make them more powerful still in lifting on wings of melody the thoughts of our people to things divine.

These are the hymns presented: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," "Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break," "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned Upon the Saviour's Brow," "Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still," "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," "Rock of Ages," "Lead, Kindly Light, Amid the Encircling Gloom," "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." And on every one a discourse of facts, of incidents, of messages of winsomeness and power follows. Spiritual results attended the delivery of these messages, and now the printed pages seem to breathe. A hallowed influence pervades the book and its readers. Here are samples of its paragraphs: In the message based upon "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," the author tells of a sinful, conscience-stricken man who came to him for help, and then adds, "I might have told him to turn over a new leaf, to forget the past, to stop wrongdoing, to try to do right, to love the beautiful, not to believe that there was anything called 'sin' in the world, to be saved 'by character.' There are many in these modern days who would have thus advised him. But following such advice would not make this man free and give him a pure heart and a clear conscience. So I directed him to flee straight to the arms of Jesus, the Saviour." In discussing Fanny Crosby's hymn, "Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break," we find the following: "When the silver cord is broken, when the earthly house falls, when the frail tent collapses, when the perishable tabernacle crumbles into fragments, when the machine wears out, when the harp is hushed into silence, when the boat has crossed life's river, when the door of the prison cell is thrown open, when the organist pushes in the stops and locks the instrument, then the freed spirit, the real self, the immortal soul takes the wings of the morning and flies in triumph to the bosom of the waiting Christ. . . . On the very day when the silver cord breaks and the house falls, the Son of God speaks as He spoke to the languishing

penitent on the cross—'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Then, clothed with immortality, the ransomed and liberated soul entereth into that 'city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God,' and possesses a 'building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.'" In "Majestic Sweetness" we discover this pen-picture of the Christ: "How shall we describe the moral beauty of that life of lives? How shall we characterize its spotless purity? How shall we paint its matchless splendor? His character is purer than the distilled dewdrop and the falling snowflake. It is more transparent than light, for He is 'the light of the world.' It is more radiant than the sun, for He is the 'sun of righteousness.' It is brighter than the stars flashing in the heavens, for He is 'the bright and morning star.' It is more gentle and innocent than the lamb, for He is 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.' It is more lovely and fragrant than the rose, for He is the 'Rose of Sharon.' It is clearer than the limpid waters of a fountain, for He is the fountain opened in the house of David. It is fairer than the lily kissed by the sunbeam, for He is the whitest lily in earth's dark valleys. . . . . O Christ, thou art the holiest among the holy! Thou art surpassing beautiful among the sons of men! Thou alone art sinless among sinful men! Thou art the guileless 'Lamb of God!' Thou art the 'Rose of Sharon!' Thou art the 'Lily of the valleys' of earth! Thou art the 'bright and morning star!' Thou art the 'dayspring from on high!' Thou art the 'desire of all nations!' Thou art the 'Prince of the kings of the earth!' Thou art the 'wonderful, the counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father!' Thou art the one 'altogether lovely!' Thou art the 'chiefest among ten thousand!' 'Majestic sweetness sits enthroned upon thy brow!' Thy head is crowned with 'radiant glories!' Thy 'lips with grace o'erflow!' Thou art fairest of 'all the fair that fill the heavenly train!'" In "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" the following terse paragraph occurs: "A converted anarchist testified as follows in a prayer meeting: 'Once my creed was this, "Down with everything that is up," but it has changed, and now I say, "Up with everything that is down."' This is the working creed of the militant Church of Christ, 'Up with everything that is down.' The true business of the Church is not to formulate beautiful theories and creeds, but to perform Christlike deeds; not merely to pity men, but to lift them to a plane of life which will make them independent of pity; not merely to tell folk to live better, but to lead them to a living Saviour; not merely to urge people to unite with the Church, but to become spiritual members of the Kingdom of God; not merely to preach a religion to help mortals to prepare to die, but a religion to help them to live righteously, happily, and usefully here and now."

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Mushrooms on the Moor. By F. W. Boreham. Crown 8vo, pp. 280. London: Charles H. Kelly. Price, cloth, $1.50.

The London Quarterly Review, noticing another of this author's books, says: "This is Mr. Boreham's fifth volume (don't pronounce it Bore'em

because he never does). His stores are as rich as ever and as attractively set forth. Twenty-one years since he got his first glimpse of New Zealand. Not a soul knew him, and he knew no single soul. Now he sees in the fire crowds of faces of those with whom he shared his pleasures and toils and worship in those years. There are fancy-faces, too, the friends his pen has brought him, and if we mistake not this volume will swell the number. He captures us by his first page—"The Baby among the Bomb-shells.' There are twenty-five chapters in the book, and every one is a new sensation." A most suggestible person is this Tasmanian essayist. To him every event and object is suggestive: wherever his glance strikes it ricochets to something else. His eye is like the poet's which sees a poem hanging on the berry bush; like Shakespeare's, to which the whole street is a masquerade when he passes by. An expert deriver of thoughts from things and illustrator of ideas by things is Boreham. He has the gift of Vision. An unspeakable treasure and joy is such a mind. To it the world is a perpetual scintillating panorama beside which the "movies" are poor, mechanical, wooden clackery. The mere titles of some of these twenty-five short essays are a flash of genius, and open vistas to undreamed-of paths: "A Slice of Infinity," "Such a Lovely Bite," "With the Wolves in the Wild," "The Corner Cupboard," "Pity My Simplicity," "The First Mate," "When the Cows Come Home," "On Getting Over Things," "Naming the Baby," and "Mushrooms on the Moor"; concerning the last of which the author says by way of introduction: "I have allowed the Mushrooms on the Moor to throw the glamour of their name over the entire volume because, in some respects, they are the most typical and representative things in it. They express so little but suggest so much! What fun we had, in the days of auld lang syne, when we scoured the dewy fields in search of them! And yet how small a proportion of our enjoyment the mushrooms themselves represented! Our flushed cheeks, our prodigious appetites, and our boisterous merriment told of gains immensely greater than any that our baskets could have held. What a contrast, for example, between mushrooms from the moor on the one hand and mushrooms from the market on the other! What memories of the soft summer mornings; the fresh and fragrant air; the diffused and misty sunshine; the sparkle of the dew on the tall wisps of speargrass; the beaded and shining cobwebs; the scamper, barefooted, across the glittering green! It was part of childhood's wild romance. And, in the sterner days that have followed those tremendous frolics, we have learned that life is full of just such suggestive things. As I glance back upon the years that lie behind me, I find that they have been almost equally divided between two hemispheres. But I have discovered that, under any stars,

> "There's part o' the sun in an apple;
> There's part o' the moon in a rose;
> There's part o' the flaming Pleiades
> In every leaf that grows."

We give some samples of our essayist's thinking. Reading stories by Myrtle Reed and Maurice Thompson, Boreham finds several women, when

asked the reason of their conduct or feelings, or thoughts, answering "Because." And Myrtle Reed says it is a woman's reason. That sets our essayist going, and he comments at length as follows: "It may or may not be a woman's reason. I know nothing about that. It is not my business. I only know that it is the oldest reason, and the safest reason, and by far the strongest. Now, really, no man can say why. As Miss Reed says in another passage lying midway between the two quoted: 'We all do things for which we can give no reason.' We do them *because*. No man can say why he prefers coffee to cocoa, or mutton to beef. He likes the one better than the other *because*. No man can say why he chose his profession. He decided to be a doctor or a carpenter *because*. No man can say why he fell in love with his wife. It would be an affectation to pretend that she is really incomparably superior to all other women upon the face of the earth. And yet to him she is not only incomparably superior, and incomparably lovelier, and incomparably nobler, but she is absolutely the one and only woman on the planet or off it. No other swims into the field of vision. She is first, and every other woman is nowhere. Why? *'Because!'* There is no other reason. The fact is that we get into endless confusion when we sail out into the dark, mysterious seas that lie beyond that 'because.' Nine times out of ten our conclusions are unassailable. And nine times out of ten our reasons for reaching those conclusions are absurdly illogical, totally inadequate, or grossly mistaken. Everybody remembers the fable of the bantam cock who assured the admiring farmyard that the sun rose every morning because of its anxiety to hear him crow! The fact was indisputable; the sun did certainly rise every morning. It was only at the attempt to ascribe a specific reason for its rising that the argument broke down. It is always safer to say that the sun rises every morning *because*. Ministers at least will recall the merriment that Hugh Latimer made of Master More. The good man had been appointed to investigate the cause of the Goodwin Sands. He met with small success in his inquiries. At last he came upon an old man who had lived in the district nearly a hundred years. The centenarian knew. The secret sparkled in his eyes. Master More approached the prodigy. 'Yes, sir,' the old man answered, 'I know. Tenterden Steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands! I remember when they built the steeple. Before that we never heard of sands, or flats, or shallows off this haven. They built the steeple, and then came the sands. Yes, sir, Tenterden Steeple is the cause of the destruction of Sandwich Harbor!' Professor Van Benschoten, of Wesleyan, asked a farmer the cause of the blight on pear-trees. Sir Agriculturist, unwilling to appear ignorant of anything in his own department in the presence of a mere Greek professor, answered, 'It's the bustage of the sap. The malary git's into the trees and foments.' When we wander beyond that wise word 'because' circumstances seem malicious; they conspire to deceive us. I remember passing a window in London in which a sewing-machine was displayed. The machine was working. A large doll sat beside it, its hand on the wheel. The doll's hand appeared to be turning the handle. As a matter of fact, the machine was electrically driven,

and the wheel turned the hand of the doll. In the realm of cause and effect we are frequently the dupes and victims of a very dexterous system of legerdemain. The resultant quantity is invariably clear; the contributing causes are not what they seem. I find myself believing to-day pretty much what I believed twenty years ago; but I find myself believing the same things for different reasons. As life goes on, a man learns to put more and more confidence in his conclusions, and to become more and more chary of the reasons that led to those conclusions. If a certain course seems to him to be right, he automatically adopts it, and he confidently persists in it even after the reasons that first dictated it have fallen under suspicion. 'More than once in an emergency at sea,' says Dr. Grenfell, the hero of Labrador, 'I have swiftly decided upon a certain line of action. If I had waited to hem my reason into a corner before adopting that course, I should not be here to tell the tale.' We often flatter ourselves that we base our conclusions upon our reasons. In reality, we do nothing of the kind. The mind works so rapidly that it tricks us. It is another case of legerdemain. Once more, it is the machine that turns the doll, and not the doll that turns the machine. Our thinking faculties often play at ride-a-cock-horse. We recall Browning's lines:

> When I see boys ride-a-cock-horse,
> I find it in my heart to embarrass them
> By hinting that their stick's a mock horse,
> And they really carry what they say carries them.

The rugged truth is, that we first of all reach our conclusions. That is the starting-point. Then, amazed at our own temerity in doing so, we hasten to tack on a few reasons as a kind of apology to ourselves for our own intrepidity, a tardy concession to intellectual decency and good order. But whether we recognize it or not, we do most things *because*." Benjamin Franklin said: "It is a great thing to be a reasoning being, because it enables us to find a reason for doing what we want to do." "As Pascal told us long ago, 'the heart has reasons which the reason does not know. It is the heart that feels God, not the reason.' When old Samuel Wesley lay dying in 1735, he turned to his illustrious son John, saying: 'The inward witness, son, the inward witness! That is the proof, the strongest proof of Christianity!' 'I did not at the time understand him,' says John, in quoting the words with approval long afterwards. But the root of the whole matter lies just there. My reference to Dr. Grenfell reminds me. The good doctor was questioned the other day as to his faith in immortality. 'I believe in it,' he replied, 'because I believe in it. I am sure of it, because I am sure of it.' Precisely! That is the point. We believe *because*. And then, on our sure faith, we pile up a stupendous avalanche of Christian evidences. Emerson tells us of two American senators who spent a quarter of a century searching for conclusive evidence of the immortality of the soul. And Emerson finishes the story by saying that the impulse which prompted their long search was itself the

strongest proof that they could have had. Of course! Although they knew it not, they already believed. They believed *because*. And then, finding their faith naked, and feeling ashamed, they set out to beg, borrow, or steal a few rags of reasons with which to deck it. It is the problem of Professor Teufelsdrockh and *Sartor Resartus* over again. It all comes back to Carlyle's 'Everlasing Yea.' The shame is mock modesty; and the craving is a false one. A woman's reason is the best reason. As the years go by, we become less and less eager for evidence. We are content to believe *because*. 'I was lately looking out of my window,' Martin Luther wrote from Coburg to a friend, 'and I saw the stars in the heavens, and God's great beautiful arch over my head, but I could not see any pillars on which the great Builder had fixed this arch; and yet the heavens fell not, and the great arch stood firmly. There are some who are always feeling for the pillars, and longing to touch them. And, because they cannot touch them, they stand trembling, and fearing lest the heavens should fall. If they could only grasp the pillars, then the heavens would stand fast.'

"'But how do you know that there is any Christ? You never saw Him!' said poor Augustine St. Clare, the slave-owner, to Uncle Tom, the slave.

"'I feel it in my soul, mas'r—feel Him now! Oh, mas'r, the blessed Lord Jesus loves you!'

"'But how do you know that, Tom?' said St. Clare.

"'I feels it in my soul, mas'r; oh, mas'r, the love of Christ that passeth knowledge.'

"'But, Tom, you know that I have a great deal more knowledge than you; what if I should tell you that I don't believe your Bible? Wouldn't that shake your faith some, Tom?'

"'Not a grain, mas'r!' And St. Clare felt himself borne, on the tide of Tom's faith and feeling, almost to the gate of heaven.

"'I like to hear you, Tom; and some time I'll talk more.'

"Uncle Tom's argument was the strongest and most convincing after all; if only all we arguers, and debaters, and controversialists could come to recognize it. He believed *because*. And, now that I come to think of it, Miss Myrtle Reed is wrong in calling it a woman's reason. It is a divine argument, the oldest, and sweetest, and strongest of all divine arguments. I said just now that a man loves a woman just *because* he loves her, and he could not in a thousand volumes give an intelligent and convincing explanation of his preference. And—let me say it in a hushed and reverent whisper—God loves in much the same way. Listen, and let me read: 'The Lord did not set His love upon you because ye were more in number than any people, for ye were the fewest of all people; but *because* the Lord loved you!' He loved *because* He loved. He loved *because*." So says this rare preacher-essayist. And now hear his great concluding resolve:

"I intend, therefore, to proclaim the magnificent verities of the Christian gospel. I shall talk with absolute certainty, and with unwavering confidence, about the sin of man, the love of God, the Cross of Christ.

If my message is met with a 'why' or a 'wherefore,' I have only one reply —*'Because!'* There is nothing else to be said. The preacher lives to tell a wonderful love-story. And a love-story is never arguable. 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son!' Why? *Because!"* Attending a large meeting held in London to deal with the White Slave question, Mr. Boreham was greatly struck by the fact that one of the most experienced and observant of the speakers—the Rev. J. Ernest Rattenbury, of the West London Mission—declared with deep emotion and impressive emphasis that "it is the girls who come from *the sheltered homes* who stand in the greatest peril." Our essayist says: "I know fathers and mothers who are inclined to break their hearts because their boys and girls have had to go out from the shielding care of their homes into the rough-and-tumble of the great world. Perhaps the rough-and-tumble is good for them. Was it not Alfred Russel Wallace who tried to help an emperor-moth, and only harmed it by his ill-considered ministry? He came upon the creature beating its wings and struggling wildly to force its passage through the narrow neck of its cocoon. He admired its fine proportions, eight inches from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, and thought it a pity that so handsome a creature should have so hard a struggle to get out. He therefore took out his lancet and slit the cocoon. The moth came out at once; but instead of helping it he had weakened it and done it great disservice. Its glorious colors never developed. The soaring wings never expanded. The indescribable hues and tints and shades that should have adorned them never appeared. The moth crept moodily about; drooped perceptibly; and presently died. The furious struggle with the cocoon was Nature's wise way of developing the splendid wings and of sending the vital fluids pulsing through the frame until every particle blushed with their beauty. The naturalist had saved the little creature from the struggle, but had unintentionally ruined and slain it in the process. In my college days I used to go down to a quaint little English village for the week-end in order to conduct services in the village chapel on Sunday. I was always entertained by a little old lady whose face haunts me still. It was so very human, and so very wise, and withal so very beautiful; and the white ringlets on either side completed a perfect picture. She dwelt in a modest little cottage on top of the hill. It was a queer, tumble-down old place with crooked rafters and crazy lattice windows. Roses and honeysuckle clambered all over the porch, straggled along the walls, and even crept under the eaves into the cottage itself. The thing that impressed me when I first went was the extraordinary number of old Bessie's visitors. On Saturday nights they came one after another, young men and sedate matrons, old men and tripping maidens, and each desired to see her alone. She was very old; she had known hunger and poverty; the deeply furrowed brow told of long and bitter trouble. She was a great sufferer, too, and daily wrestled with her pitiless disease. But, like the sturdier of the poplars by my gate, she had gathered into herself the force of all the cruel winds that had beaten so savagely upon her. And the result was that her own character had become so strong and so upright and so beautiful that she was recognized as the high-

priestess of that English countryside, and every man and maiden who needed counsel or succour made a beaten path to her open door."

On the possibility, need, and wisdom of Changing one's Mind, our author says: "I rather think that Macaulay's illustration is as good as any. 'A traveller,' he says in his essay on Sir James Mackintosh, 'falls in with a berry which he has never before seen. He tastes it, and finds it sweet and refreshing. He presses it, and resolves to introduce it into his own country. But in a few minutes he is taken violently sick; he is convulsed; he is at the point of death. He, of course, changes his mind, pronounces this delicious food a poison, blames his own folly in tasting it, and cautions his friends against it. After a long and violent struggle he recovers, and finds himself much exhausted by his sufferings, but free from chronic complaints which had been the torment of his life. He then changes his mind again, and pronounces this fruit a very powerful remedy, which ought to be employed only in extreme cases, and with great caution, but which ought not to be absolutely excluded from the Pharmacopœia. Would it not be the height of absurdity to call such a man fickle and inconsistent because he had repeatedly altered his judgment?' Of course it would. A man cannot go all through life wearing the same suit of clothes. For two reasons. It will not always fit, and it will wear out. And, in precisely the same way, and for identically similar reasons, a man must sometimes change his opinions. It is refreshing to think of Augustine carefully compiling a list of the mistakes that had crept into his writings, so that he might take every opportunity of repudiating and correcting them. I never consult my copies of Archbishop Trench's great works on The Parables and The Miracles without glancing, always with a glow of admiration, at that splendid sentence with which the 'Publisher's Note' concludes: 'The author never allowed his books to be stereotyped, in order that he might constantly improve them, and permanence has only become possible now that his diligent hand can touch the work no more.' That always strikes me as being very fine. But the thing must be done methodically. Let me not rush upstairs and change either my clothes or my mind for the mere sake of making a change. Nor must I tumble into the first suit that I happen to find—in either wardrobe. When I reappear, the change must commend itself to the respect, if not the admiration, of my fellows. I want to be quite sure that the clothes that I doff are the wrong clothes, and that the clothes that I don are the right ones. Mr. Gladstone once thought out very thoroughly this whole question as to how frequently and how radically a man may change his mental outfit without forfeiting the confidence of those who have come to value his judgements. And, as a result of that hard thinking, the great man reached half a dozen very clear and very concise conclusions. (1) He concluded that a change of front is very often not only permissible but creditable. 'A change of mind,' he says, 'is a sign of life. If you are alive, you must change. It is only the dead who remain the same. I have changed my point of view on a score of subjects, and my convictions as to many of them.' (2) He concluded that a great change, involving a drastic social cleavage, not unlike a change in religion, should certainly

occur not more than once in a lifetime. (3) He concluded that a great and cataclysmic change should never be sudden or precipitate. (4) He concluded that no change ought to be characterized by a contemptuous repudiation of old memories and old associations. (5) He concluded that no change ought to be regarded as final or worthy of implicit confidence if it involved the convert in temporal gain or worldly advantage. (6) And he concluded that any change, to command respect, must be frankly confessed, and not be hooded, slurred over, or denied. All this is good, as far as it goes. But even Mr. Gladstone must not be too hard on sudden and cataclysmic changes. What about Saul on the road to Damascus? What about Augustine that morning in his garden? What about Brother Laurence and the dry tree? What about Stephen Grellet in the American forest? What about Luther on Pilate's staircase? What about Bunyan and Newton, Wesley and Spurgeon? What about the tales that Harold Begbie tells? And what about the work of General Booth? Professor James, in his Varieties of Religious Experience, has a good deal to say that would lead Mr. Gladstone to yet one more change of mind concerning the startling suddenness with which the greatest of all changes may be precipitated. And this, too, must be said. Every wise man has, locked away in his heart, a few treasures that he will never either give or sell or exchange. It is a mistake to suppose that all our opinions are open to revision. They are not. There are some things too sacred to be always open to scrutiny and investigation. No self-respecting man will spend his time inquiring as to his wife's probity and honor. He makes up his mind as to that when he marries her; and henceforth that question is settled. It is not open to review. He would feel insulted if an investigation were suggested. It is only the small things of life that we are eternally questioning. We are reverently restful and serenely silent about the biggest things of all. A man does not discuss his wife's virtue or his soul's salvation on the kerbstone. The martyrs all went to their deaths with brave hearts and morning faces, because they were not prepared to reconsider or review the greatest decision they had ever made. There are some things on which no wise man will think of changing his mind. And he will decline to contemplate a change because he knows that his wardrobe holds no better garb. It is of no use doffing the robes of princes to don the rags of paupers. 'Eighty and six years have I served Christ,' exclaimed the triumphant Polycarp; and he mounted the heavens in wreathing smoke and leaping flame rather than change his mind after so long and so lovely an experience."

From the essay on "Naming the Baby" we take the following: "A friend of mine has just named his child after John Wesley. He has clearly done so in the fond hope that the august virtues of the great Methodist may be duplicated and revived in a generation that is coming. It is an ingenious device for transferring the moral excellences of the remote past to the dim and distant regions of an unborn future. The phenomenon sometimes becomes positively pathetic. I remember reading, in the stirring annals of the Melanesian Mission, of a native boy whom Bishop John Selwyn had in training at Norfolk Island. He had been brought

from one of the most barbarous of the South Sea peoples, and did not promise particularly well. One day Bishop Selwyn had occasion to rebuke him for his stubborn and refractory behavior. The boy instantly flew into a passion and struck the Bishop a cruel blow in the face. It was an unheard-of incident, and all who saw it stood aghast. The Bishop said nothing, but turned and walked quietly away. The conduct of the lad continued to be most recalcitrant, and he was at last returned to his own island as incorrigible. There he soon relapsed into all the debasements of a savage and cannibal people. Many years afterwards a missionary on that island was summoned post-haste to visit a sick man. It proved to be Dr. Selwyn's old student. He was dying, and desired Christian baptism. The missionary asked him by what name he would like to be known. 'Call me John Selwyn,' the dying man replied, 'because *he taught me what Christ was like* that day when I struck him.' We have a wonderful way of associating certain qualities with certain names. The name becomes fragrant, not as the rose is fragrant, but as the clay is fragrant that has long lain with the rose. I see that two European newspapers have recently taken a vote as to the most popular name for a boy and the most popular name for a girl. And in the result the names of John and Mary hopelessly outdistanced all competitors. But why? There is nothing in the name of John or in that of Mary to account for such general attachment. Some names, like Lily, or Rose, or Violet, suggest beautiful images, and are loved on that account. But the name of John and the name of Mary suggest nothing but the memory of certain wearers. How, then, are we to account for it? The riddle is easily read. Long, long ago, on a green hill far away, there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother and the disciple whom Jesus loved. And, when Mary left that awful and tragic scene, she left it, as Jesus Himself desired that she should leave it, leaning on the arm of John. And because those two were first in the human love of Jesus, their names have occupied a place of special fondness in the hearts of all men ever since. Like the fly held in the amber, the memory of great and sterling qualities is encased and perpetuated in the very names we bear. Mrs. Booth used to love to tell a beautiful story of a man whose saintly life left its permanent and gracious impress upon her own. He seemed to grow in grace and charm and in all nobleness with every day he lived. At the last he could speak of nothing but the glories of his Saviour, and his face was radiant with awe and affection whenever he mentioned that holy name. It chanced that, as he was dying, a document was discovered that imperatively required his signature. He held the pen for one brief moment, wrote, and fell back upon the pillows, dead. And on the paper he had written, not his own name, but the Name that is above every name. Within sight of the things within the veil, *that* seemed to be the *only name that mattered.*"

Let this notice of an engaging and enriching book close with part of the essay entitled "With the Wolves in the Wild": "I like to think that Jesus spent forty nights of His wondrous life out in the Wild *with the wild beasts.* Jack London give this glimpse of the life of the wild at night: 'Bill opened his mouth to speak, but changed his mind. Instead,

he pointed towards the wall of darkness that pressed about them from every side. There was no suggestion of form in the utter blackness; only could be seen a pair of eyes gleaming like live coals. Henry indicated with his hand a second pair and a third. A circle of the gleaming eyes had drawn about their camp. Now and again a pair of eyes moved, or disappeared to appear again a moment later.' What did it mean—those restless flashing eyes? It simply meant that they were in the Wild at night, and they were with the wild beasts. And what does it mean, this vivid fragment from my Bible? It means that Jesus was in the Wild at night, night after night for forty nights, and *He* was with the wild beasts. He heard them in the slumbering forest. He saw them pass stealthily near Him, and watched them prowl through the brushwood. And He saw their gleaming eyes as they drew their cordon around Him. For He was out in the Wild for forty nights and he *was with the wild beasts.* And yet He was unhurt! Now why was He unharmed those forty nights with the scrub around Him alive with claws and talons and fangs? He *was with the wild beasts*, Mark tells us, and yet no lion sprang upon Him; no wolf slashed at Him with her fangs; no serpent bit Him. 'Henry,' said one of Jack London's heroes to the other, as they watched the wolfish eyes flashing hither and thither in the darkness, 'it's an awful misfortune to be out of ammunition!' But Jesus was unarmed and unprotected! No blade was in His hand; no ring of fire blazed round about Him to affright the prowling brutes. And yet He was unharmed! Not a tooth nor a claw left scratch or gash upon Him! Why was it? It will never do to fall back upon the miraculous, for the very point of the story of the Temptation is His sublime refusal to sustain Himself by superhuman aid. By the employment of miracle He could easily have commanded the stones to become bread, and He might thus have grandly answered the taunt of the Tempter and have appeased the gnawings of His body's hunger at one and the same time. But it would have spoiled everything. He went into the Wild to be tempted 'like as we are tempted'; and since miracle is not at *our* disposal He would not let it be at *His.* It is impossible, therefore, to suppose that He scorned the aid of miracle to protect Him from hunger, but called in the aid of miracle to protect Him from the beasts. Now in order to solve this problem I turned to my Bible, beginning at the very beginning. And there, in the very first chapter, I found the explanation. 'Have dominion,' God said, 'over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' There was nothing really miraculous in Christ's authority over the fish. I never see a man dangling with a line without a sigh for our lost dominion. There was nothing really miraculous in Christ's immunity from harm. The wolves did not tear him; he told them not to do so. He was a man, just such a man as God meant all men to be. And therefore he 'had dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that creepeth upon the earth.' He was unscathed in the midst of the wolves, not because he was superhuman, but because he was truly human. We are something less than human, the wrecks and shadows of men. Having forfeited the

authority of our humanity, the fish no longer obey us, and we have perforce to dangle for them with hooks and strings. The wolves and the tigers no longer stand off at our command, and we have to fall back upon camp-fires and pistols. It is very humiliating! The crown is fallen from our heads, and all things finned and furred and feathered mock us in our shame. But Thine, O Man of men, is the power and the dominion, and all the creatures of the Wild obey Thee! '*He was with the wild beasts.*' What did those wild, dumb, eloquent eyes say to Jesus as they looked wonderingly at Him out there in the Wild? As they bounded out of the thicket, crouched, stared at Him, and slunk away, what did they say to Him, those great lean wolves? And what did He say to them? Animals are such eloquent things, especially at such times. 'The foxes have holes,' Jesus said, long afterwards, remembering as He said it how He watched the creatures of the Wild seek out their lairs. 'And the birds of the air have nests,' He said, remembering the twittering and fluttering in the boughs above His head as the feathered things settled down for the night. 'But the Son of man hath not where to lay his head,' He concluded, as He thought of those long, long nights in the homeless Wild. Did He mean that the wolves were better off than He was? We are all tempted to think so when the conflict is pressing too hardly upon us. There seems to be less choice, and therefore less responsibility, among the beasts of the field; less play of right and wrong. Was such a thought as that a part of the Temptation in the Wilderness? Quite possibly: for He was tempted in *all* points like as we are, and we have all been tempted in this. 'Good old Carlo!' we have said, as we patted the dog's head, looking down out of our eyes of anguish into his calm, impassive gaze. 'Good old Carlo, you don't know anything of such struggles, old boy!' And we have fancied for a moment that Carlo had the best of it. It was a black and blasphemous thought, and He struck it away, as we should strike at a hawk that fluttered in front of our faces and threatened to pick at our eyes. But for one moment it hovered before Him, and He caught its ugly glance. It is a *very* ugly glance. Our capacity for great inward strife and for great inward suffering is the one proof we have that we were made in the image of God. Sometimes, too, I fancy that He saw, in these savage brutes that harmed Him not, a symbol and a prophecy of His own great conquest. For they, with their hateful fangs and bloodied talons, were part of His vast constituency. 'The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together,' Paul declares. These wild fierce creatures shared the curse. And as they stared dumbly into the eyes of the Son of God they seemed to half understand that their redemption was drawing nigh. 'In Nature herself,' as Longfellow says, 'there is a waiting and hoping, a looking and yearning, after an unknown something. Yes, when above there, on the mountain, the lonely eagle looks forth into the grey dawn to see if the day comes not; when by the mountain torrent the brooding raven listens to hear if the chamois is returning from his nightly pasture in the valley; and when the rising sun calls out the spicy odors of the Alpine flowers, then there awake in Nature an expectation and a longing for a future revelation of God's majesty.' Did He see this brooding sense of expectancy

in the fierce eyes about Him? And did He rejoice that the hope of the Wild would in Him be gloriously fulfilled? Who knows? In his *Cloister and the Hearth*, Charles Reade tells of the temptation and triumph of Clement the hermit. 'And one keen frosty night, as he sang the praises of God to his tuneful psaltery, and his hollow cave rang with his holy melody, he heard a clear whine, not unmelodious. It became louder. He peeped through the chinks of his rude door, and there sat a great red wolf moaning melodiously with his nose high in the air! Clement was delighted. And in a burst of enthusiasm he sang: "Praise him, all ye creatures of his! Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!" And all the time he sang the wolf bayed at intervals.' Did Jesus, I wonder, see the going of the world's primal curse in the faces of the wild things that howled and roared around Him? As the fierce things prowled around Him and left Him unharmed, did He see a symbol of His final subjugation of all earth's savage and restless elements? Who shall say? 'He was with the wild beasts,' says Mark, '*and the angels ministered unto him.*' Life always hovers between the beasts and the angels; and however wolfish may be the eyes that affright us in the day of our temptation, we may be sure that our solitary struggle is watched by invisible spectators, and that, after the baying of the beasts, we shall hear the angels sing." And now our readers are well acquainted with F. W. Boreham, the New Zealand Methodist preacher essayist.

The Mediæval Mind. A History of the Development of Thought and Emotion in the Middle Ages. By HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR, Litt.D. Two Volumes. Second Edition. 8vo, xvii+603; 620. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $5.00 net.

The Foundation of Modern Religion. A Study in the Task and Contribution of the Mediæval Church. By HERBERT B. WORKMAN, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 249. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

IF we are adequately to appreciate the services of the Protestant Reformation we must know the complex conditions out of which it arose. A very full answer is given by Dr. Taylor in his two volumes, which trace the development of the intellectual energy and the emotional activity of nearly a thousand years. The period between the sixth and the sixteenth century was one of extremes—of extreme humility and love as well as cruelty and hate. It was also one of essential contradictoriness. "The contrast between its ideal and practice," says Dr. Workman, "is the cause of its endless attempts at reform, and the secret of the extraordinary fascination of mediæval history in general. In mediæval Christianity there is no dull, drab plain of featureless, logical uniformity that the historian traverses with respect but fatigue; peaks tower into the clear blue with bewildering abruptness from pestilential swamps." In the words of Dr. Taylor, the mediæval spirit was one "which stood in awe before its monitors, divine and human, and deemed that knowledge was

to be drawn from the storehouse of the past; which seemed to rely on everything except its sin-crushed self, and trusted everything except its senses; which in the actual looked for the ideal, in the concrete saw the symbol, in the earthly Church beheld the heavenly, and in fleshly joys discerned the devil's lures; which lived in the unreconciled opposition between the lust and vainglory of earth and the attainment of salvation; which felt life's terror and its pitifulness, and its eternal hope; around which waved concrete infinitudes, and over which flamed the terror of darkness and the Judgment Day." Surely, this is a spectacle that should stir us to the depths, especially as through it all the Christian Faith was exercising a dominating power, within inevitable limitations. The principle of development is thus expressed: "Perhaps the fittest standard to apply to them (Middle Ages) is one's own broadest conception of the Christian scheme, whole and entire with the full life of Christ's gospel. Every age has offered an interpretation of that gospel and an attempt at fulfillment. Neither the interpretation of the Church Fathers nor that of the Middle Ages satisfies us now. We have to sympathize with their best, and understand their lives out of their lives and the conditions in which they were passed. But we must judge according to our best wisdom, and out of ourselves offer our comment and contribution." The last two sentences indicate the spirit in which Dr. Taylor has conducted his elaborate study. He is neither technical nor superficial, but always instructive. He is ever conscious that he is writing about men of like passions, and he interprets their aspirations with the best fidelity that is possible to a historian who is writing of a period in the distant past, and which is radically different from the one in which he himself is living. Human and humorous touches abound in all the chapters, and nowhere have we been able to see the bloodless interest of a mere recorder of anitiquities. Even his treatment of the hair-splitting controversies of much of the arid scholasticism of that day contains quotable passages which refresh the spirit. It is moreover a work of independent research. Dr. Taylor has gone to the original Latin sources and the translations are his own. When many are questioning the benefits of modern civilization it is well to understand the forces which produced it. In this luminous historical study of influences we are reminded that in those early centuries Christianity was superimposed upon paganism. Professor Ramsay has shown in "Pauline and other Studies," and in his other noteworthy contributions, how this same thing happened in the early Christian centuries. In spite of the alertness of our missionaries, we know how the subtleties of paganism creep into the mental outlook of the native Christians. All this must be remembered by the onesided modern critics of Christianity. Book I is a careful analysis of the elements which constituted the mediæval genius. Dr. Taylor rightly reckons with the classical heritage of Greece and Rome, and the intermingling of Celtic and Teutonic strains at the time that Christianity was taken to the northern peoples. "As might be expected, the re-expression of Christianity in Anglo-Saxon writings was martial and emotional. A martial tone pervades the epic paraphrases of Scripture, the Anglo-Saxon *Genesis* for

example. On the other hand, adaptations of devotional Latin compositions evince a realization of Christian feeling and prevalent ascetic sentiments." Book II takes up the Early Middle Ages. An introductory chapter on the Carolingian period treats of the influence of Charlemagne, and mention is made of the services of scholars like Alcuin, Peter of Pisa, Rabanus, Gottschalk, Scotus Erigena, Agobard. Other chapters are detailed studies of the mental aspects of the eleventh century in Italy, France, Germany, and England. There are also estimates of the contributions to learning made by Peter Damiani, Anselm, Gerbert, Odilo of Cluny, and other scholars. Many of these are merely names to us, and yet they were the makers of the Middle Ages. We owe Dr. Taylor a debt of gratitude for introducing these men to us and making us familiar with their aspirations and accomplishments. The Crusades had much to do with familiarizing Western peoples with a civilization other than their own and in widening their horizon. An important factor was the influence of towns on humanistic studies. "Did not the *Divina Commedia* draw its human setting from the life and strife of towns and in towns attain to its inspired being? But more especially Italian humanism was to be the fruit of towns, even as the Greek and Latin classics were; and from city life, rather than from seclusion, the Italian humanists were to learn to understand them." Here let us anticipate and refer to the closing chapter, on "The Mediæval Synthesis," which is a comprehensive study of Dante, and to the equally constructive discussion of Thomas Aquinas, "the final exponent of scholasticism, perfected in method, universal in scope, and still integral in purpose." The tribute which is paid to these two thinkers is worth quoting: "The *Commedia* (*Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, *Paradiso*) is a *Summa*, a *Summa salvationis*, a sum of saving knowledge. It is such just surely as the final work of Aquinas is a *Summa theologiæ*. But Aquinas was the supreme mediæval theologian-philosopher, while Dante was the supreme theologian-poet; and with both Aquinas and Dante theology includes the knowledge of all things, but chiefly of man in relation to God." In many respects Books III and IV will appeal to the largest number of readers. They treat of the Ideal and Actual, as illustrated by the lives of the saints and of the worldly. The extremes of Mediævalism are seen in these chapters in a very memorable fashion. Monastic reforms and activities are associated with the fragrant names of St. Bernard of Clairvaux and St. Francis of Assisi. Justice is done to the gracious influence of St. Bernard, that mediæval prophet and preacher, by whose extraordinary enthusiasm the Benedictine order so grew that in forty years it founded one hundred and sixty abbeys. A selection is given from the many hundreds of letters which he wrote, all of which breathe the spirit of evangelical love, like the letters of John Wesley. By the side of this twelfth century apostle of love we would place St. Francis, who presented "a complete artistic unity, never exhibiting act or word or motive out of character with himself," who "modeled his life on his understanding of Christ and his teaching, and created a new Christ life, partial, and reduced from the breadth and balance of the original, yet veritable and living." We would mention other chapters; but must pass on from the

ideals of monasticism to "The Spotted Actuality," which exposes the indescribable corruptions in the cloisters on the testimony of extensive quotations from contemporaries. These two sections have impressed us with the pressing need of producing a type of devotional literature which is free from the unhealthy ideals of monasticism and which more accurately expresses the *vita contemplativa* and *vita activa* suited to the twentieth century. The best of these mediæval productions, like *The Imitation* of à Kempis, for instance, were written under religious standards which are impossible to us. Why then should we lash ourselves into an abnormal condition under the delusion that we are doing God service? But here let us add a note of warning in the words of Dr. Workman: "The mediæval saint towers above all other saints simply because he knew nothing of twentieth century adaptations of the gospel to the need of business, pleasure, knowledge, politics, and imperialism. For it is the weakness of the twentieth century, as well as its strength, that between the ethics of the street and the pew there is not an overwhelming difference. We are not therefore troubled by the glaring contradictions between ideal and practice; if anything it is the ideal that needs raising; it is too much smirched with the dust of what is deemed practicable." There are many other chapters in these two volumes which attract attention, but we must be satisfied with merely mentioning their titles: "The Growth of Mediæval Emotion"; "The Hermit Tempter"; "Romantic Chivalry and Courtly Love"; "Parzival the brave man slowly wise"; "The Spell of the Classics"; "Scholasticism: spirit, scope and method"; "The Universities, Aristotle, and the Mendicants"; "Bonaventura"; "Albertus Magnus"; "Roger Bacon"; "Duns Scotus and Occam." This work of historical learning reflects great credit on American scholarship and will be the standard for many years. In connection with it, we would mention Dr. Workman's Cole lectures for 1916. All students are familiar with his many volumes of mediæval studies. The value of his latest contribution lies in his emphasis on what the Christian Church accomplished in the days of storm and desolation during the middle ages. His declaration that it was the Church that saved civilization is fully supported by innumerable arguments and illustrations. It is not a case of special pleading but of the square deal. There are many reasons why we commend this book, but especially is attention invited to what is written concerning the saving influence of the Church in regard to womanhood, charity, slavery, civil liberty, and democracy. In spite of many defects, which are acknowledged, the mediæval church rendered an important service to humanity and made possible the advances of a later day. "Protestantism is the triumph of the individual, conscious of his supreme value and his direct relation to God." The individualism of Protestantism is that of thought and not of mere action. This difference is thus explained: "Unregulated individualism in action, whether in the fifth century Vandal or the twentieth century manufacturer, leads to inefficiency and anarchy; individualism in thought, however ill-regulated, makes for liberty, and thus, in the long run, for righteousness." Dr. Workman's volume is timely not only because this is the four hundredth anniversary year of the nail-

ing of the theses, but also because it helps to direct our thought into right channels and prepare the Church of Christ for larger service in that better day which is about to dawn.

HISTORY AND BIOLOGY

From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles. A Midshipman's Log. 16mo, pp. 174. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, 60 cents.

A Boy and his Mother: the mother more remarkable than the boy. He, "a regular boy," eager for adventure, reckless of danger, not to be outdared; she not, perhaps, super-motherly, but of a highly heroic and self-renouncing type, surprisingly self-controlled. The Boy invalided home from the Mediterranean fleet to the awful tragedy of Gallipoli, told his ten-months' story of the Great War, or jotted it down brokenly, and the Mother edited it, put it in order. So here we have it, a story which only duplicates many thousands like it. At the mouth of the River Dart in England is a Naval Academy. This boy was admitted there in May, 1914, aged fourteen years and some months. In July Austria opened the bloodiest chapter of human history by declaring war on Servia, and on August first orders came to the Commander of the Naval College to "mobilize" his cadets, putting them on warships ready for service. They were taken to Chatham, where they waited in the Royal Naval Barracks over Sunday for the ships to be ready for them. Of the service in the naval chapel that morning the Boy says: "We had to listen to a most lugubrious sermon from a parson who seemed under the impression that we would all be at the bottom of the sea very soon and had better prepare ourselves accordingly. Of the patriotic and heroic note, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, which, however hackneyed, cannot fail to bring courage to those setting out to battle, there was not the faintest echo, so the whole service was in no wise calculated to raise our spirits. This depressing episode ended, we fell in outside the chapel and were marched off." It would be good for some parsons to know what the boys think of their preaching. Even strong men want the pulpit to brace and cheer them, not weaken and unfit them for duty and danger. This Boy's criticism is not unfair. He had a right to expect something more and better from that parson. This Mother was not unwilling that her boy, in his early teens, should go to fight for his country. She seems to think that mothers raise their boys to be soldiers if the nation needs them. And she is not of those who think these mere lads ought not to be sent to war. Of the Dartmouth cadets she says: "The mobilization of these boys came with a shock of horrified surprise to a certain section of the public. And after the tragic loss of so many of them in the destruction of their ships, there was an outburst of protest in Parliament and in the press. In the first shock of grief and dismay at the sacrifice of such young lives, this protest was perhaps not unnatural; but it argued a limited vision. A certain well-meaning but hysterical member of Parliament wrote to the papers, saying it was monstrous to send such mere children to war, and that they were

of no use on the ships, but only a worry to their officers. One could wish he had been at Gallipoli and seen what great deeds were done there. Some of those boys won decorations they can wear proudly, for they won them by deeds of magnificent fortitude and valor. Others gave *all* they had —health, youth, and in many cases their lives. And the names of those 'children' are on their Country's Roll of Honor. The boys who left us as children, come back to us (if they do return) dowered by their tremendous experience with manhood far beyond their years. It is a logical result of the fiery crucible of war." [Even in civil life and in times of peace, many a boy is stung and stricken into sudden manhood by a sharp demand made on him by some great emergency that he shall take his dead father's place or in some other way play all at once a man's part in the world.] Hear this mother go on about the manhood of these "children": "These boys," she says, "have looked Death in the face, many a time. Like our soldiers in the trenches (who no longer say of their 'pals' 'He is dead,' but only 'He has gone west') they have learned to look on Death as the Great Deliverer, not a horror, not *an end*, but a mighty and glorious Angel setting on their brows the crown of immortality! and so when the call comes they, like Sir Richard Grenville of old, 'with a joyful spirit die.' A stupendous initiation into magnificent manhood has transformed those careless 'children' of a few months back." This is a *mother* talking so proudly. Mighty must any land be whose mothers look upon their sons and say as this Mother says in spirit to her Boy:

O child of all my pain and all my victory,
This love that wraps thee now so safe, so warm,
Dare take thee from within my heart's still haven
And give thee to the North Wind and the storm.

O child of all my grief and all my valiance,
This love that decks thee now with dreams so sweet,
Dare take thee from my heart's soft place of resting
And lay thee on the stones at Sorrow's feet.

O child of all my darkness, all my glory,
This love that holds thee dearer than life's breath,
Dare take thee from beneath my heart's fair roof-tree,
And yield thee on the bleak heights unto Death!

And this Mother is as democratic as she is heroic. She does not want to withhold her boy from the common duty and the common danger and the common sacrifice because he is *hers*. She does not think him too good to be sacrificed along with the lowliest and commonest boys in the land. She says: "If my boy was too young or too precious to be exposed to danger, then the son of my cook, my butcher, my washerwoman, ought not to be so exposed; and there are thousands of such boys *always* employed in humble work on board our ships of war. There must be no class distinctions in that great Band of Brothers who are fighting, shoulder to shoulder, for Right and Justice on land and sea. If any claim to belong to the 'higher classes' they can only prove it by setting a higher example of sacrifice. Those who are counted among the Privileged Classes are

entitled, in a crisis like this, only to one special privilege (which constitutes a duty)—the privilege of being first in the field and foremost at the post of danger. That is the only possible justification of their existence: and at the fiercest front of danger they will find their claim to priority hotly and gloriously contested by splendid heroes of the rank and file, the sons of the so-called common people." So says this calm, strong, heroic mother. Her boy, a mere lad, was sent on the disastrous expedition to the Dardanelles. He went through the indescribably terrible bombardment and slaughter in the Landing at Gallipoli, which John Masefield has immortalized in a tremendous poem. The Boy went down with his ship when she was sunk by the enemy; but caught a spar, floated and swam, and was picked up. But he was broken by the strain and exposure, and had to be sent home on sick leave. His mother went up to London to meet him on his return, and this is her story: "I had not seen my Boy since he left us to enter the Academy at Dartmouth fourteen months before. *Then* he was a round-faced, rosy, inexperienced child. *Now*, he came up the steps, dragging a seaman's soiled canvas kit-bag, a tall, thin, wasted figure, with face white, drawn, and haggard,—*incredibly old*. I had not quite expected *this*. For an instant my heart sank within me at the pitiful sight. What had become of My Boy? Then he caught sight of me, and his face lit up with joy and wonder, for he had not known I was coming to London to meet him. 'O, Mother! You here?' My boy was gone forever: but My Son had come home," cries this brave woman, proud to be the mother of a *man*. She had him for a little while, but not to keep: nursed him back to strength and then let him go again to fight his country's battles like the *man* he was. Her lot was like hers of whom the following lines were written:

They sent him back to her. The letter came
Saying . . . and she could have him. And before
She could be sure there was no hidden ill
Under the formal writing, he was in her sight—
Living.—They gave him back to her alive—
How else? They are not known to send the dead—
And not disfigured visibly. His face?—
His hands? She had to look—to ask
"What was it, dear?" And she had given all
And still she had all—*they* had—they the lucky!
Wasn't she glad now? Everything seemed won,
And all the rest of them permissible ease.
She had to ask "What was it, dear?"
"Enough,
Yet not enough. A bullet through and through,
High in the breast. Nothing but what good care
And medicine and rest—and you a week,
Can cure me of to go again." The same
Grim giving to do over for them both.
She dared no more than ask him with her eyes
How was it with him for a second trial.
And with his eyes he asked her not to ask.
They had given him back to her, but not to keep.

Before us, at this moment as we write, lies the photograph of a soldier lad of fifteen, in blue uniform, with sword and belt and knapsack and canteen. The card is inscribed, "C. J. North, Co. F Ninth New York Artillery, Sept. 17, 1862," and on the margin the lad wrote, for himself and the thousands of other boys who enlisted, "A. Lincoln and I put down the Rebellion"—a statement in strict accordance with the facts. For our army records show that the *average age* of our soldiers in the Civil War was about twenty-two. Boys in their teens overthrew slavery and saved the Union. The slender, fearless lad before us fought through the war and got twenty-nine pieces of Confederate lead in his body. Every natural wholesome boy is ready to flash into manhood on call.

A Spiritual Pilgrimage. By R. J. Campbell, M. A. 12mo, pp. ix+300. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, cloth, $2.00 net.

We acknowledge the candor and courage of Mr. Campbell, but cannot accept his conclusions. There is far too much at stake. We cannot lightly surrender our cherished principles, which are not only a sacred heritage, but also a power for the noblest Christian living, as we ourselves have personally proven. It is superfluous at this late day to declare what history has repeatedly shown, that sincerity is not a conclusive test of truth. One of the tragedies of life is that sincere people have been mistaken. Many of the bitterest controversies in the Church might have been avoided if the contestants had soberly tried to understand each other's positions. After occupying a conspicuous place as a Nonconformist minister for twenty years, Mr. Campbell decided, when he found it physically impossible to hold his position, to retire from Nonconformity and to enter the Church of England. No one objects to this course, for each man must be fully persuaded in his own mind. But when he confesses in this autobiography that he never was a Nonconformist at heart and never was in sympathy with the Nonconformist testimony to Christianity, and yet continued to be one of its representative ministers, we are frankly nonplussed about the sincerity and honesty of such a position. "Nonconformists will forgive me for saying that no one of their number has ever touched me at all from first to last, and I am not conscious of owing anything of my religious life to Nonconformist influences." Is it credible that a man can minister to a congregation and know nothing of the reciprocal benefit? In another place he confesses, "It is safe to say that but for the attachment of the City Temple congregation and my feeling of responsibility for its welfare, I should have left Nonconformity, and perhaps withdrawn from the pulpit altogether, as early as 1905. This was the one bond that held me, but it was a strong one." Did this bond not include any "Nonconformist influences"? A similar style of writing is seen in other parts of this volume, and all that can be said about it is that it is a species of recklessness which can never be tolerated, least of all in a teacher of religion. Referring to his volume "New Theology," Mr. Campbell says, "It was badly proportioned. It was too a break with history, and that is always fatal. It was much too hastily written, was

crude and uncompromising in statement, polemical in spirit." Without being harsh or uncharitable we cannot help thinking that this is a correct characterization of his latest book. We think of him as a restless soul, turning from one phase of thought to another with extraordinary agility, and passing judgment on the work of scholars, who had not come to their conclusions over-night by reading a few magazine articles, but only after exact and exacting toil of mind and spirit. Mr. Campbell is an impressionist and he has been unduly swayed by temperament in preference to the sober summons of the intellect. The history of Nonconformity is certainly not as black as he tries to paint it. A far more satisfactory estimate of it is given by C. Silvester Horne in "A Popular History of the Free Churches," which he well describes as "the story of an unconquerable spirit dedicated to the service of an indestructible ideal." Mr. Campbell apparently has no sense of the perspective of history, when he holds up the Anglican Church as a shining example, and glosses over the contentions, corruptions, and inconsistencies within its fold. He also writes with lofty arrogancy, so characteristic of all Anglican writers, as though their position alone was finally secure. We recall Article XIX of the Articles of Religion of the Episcopal Church, which betrays a lack of charity and courtesy: "As the Churches of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch have erred; so also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith." There is not the slightest suggestion anywhere that the Church of England may also be in error. Its exclusive possession of the historic episcopate and of sacramental authority is emphatically advocated by Mr. Campbell. Judged by the tests of catholicity and apostolicity, he believes that the Nonconformist churches are found wanting, although he is forced to acknowledge that judged by one supreme test they would not be found wanting. *Ubi Christus ibi ecclesia* is the test in question. But if the greater includes the less, then all this talk about Episcopal prerogatives and the like is just so much piffle. In spite of his protests to the contrary, Mr. Campbell has unfortunately revived one of the mournful controversies of the Church. This is all the more regrettable at the present time, when the movement for federation and union is making such healthy headway among the churches. In a closing chapter he passes in rapid and superficial review the claims of everyone outside his new found preserve. The big question, to his mind, is "Episcopacy as witnessing for an uninterrupted apostolic stream of life and power, an outward as well as an inward sequence of spiritual fact and function. The American Methodist episcopate would not do as fulfilling this condition, for it is not and does not profess to be the lineal descendant of the episcopate of the undivided Church." Such reckless utterances show a pathetic disesteem and disregard both for history and the sacrificial achievements of a Christian multitude whom no man can number. Has this writer no sense of humor? After lashing everyone he makes a concluding exhortation in these words: "Do not let us refight our ancient battles: we are out to make peace; and we cannot make peace until we learn to understand each other and to be willing to extend charitable allowance to its utmost

limits." This is good advice. Had Mr. Campbell followed it himself a large part of his book would never have been written. There are, however, other sections of this volume which have real value. His experiences in preaching and dealing with individuals will be read with great interest. Here is a timely counsel: "I have long been cured of any tendency to make use of academic language in the pulpit, and my firm advice to young preachers would be: Avoid it as you would the plague. You cannot be too simple in your phrasing, whatever you are in your thought. Never overrate the intelligence of your hearers. Have you never noticed how much more intently the grown-ups will listen to a children's sermon than they will to one supposed to be addressed to themselves? The hint is worth taking." His success in dealing with inquirers was extraordinary. This is part of the pastoral function that we should emphasize far more than is done. Many people would probably not get entangled in religious isms, if they received guidance or rather were encouraged to seek it from their pastors. "There is that in human nature, and in some characters more than others, which finds relief in uttering to human ears that which must ordinarily be kept between the soul and God. The mere act of telling is a help and at the same time a searching of motives and culpability, and if this craving were to find no outlet there would be many thousands of our fellow-creatures condemned to bear in secret a burden which grows heavier with the years. The longing for the word of authority, the word of comfort and release, from the lips of God's minister is a longing which cannot be ignored and ought not to be denied." We radically differ as regards ecclesiastical matters, but we gladly indorse Mr. Campbell's love for our Lord, expressed in these words: "The Jesus of glory is to me a living being dwelling with me day by day, and guiding and directing me in the work I am trying to do. Jesus Christ is central for my spiritual life. I worship Him and I trust my soul to Him."

Fanny Crosby's Story of Ninety-four Years. Retold by S. Trevena Jackson. 12mo, pp. 192. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.00 net.

The saint is still the final argument for Christianity. The life of Fanny Crosby brought cheer and blessing to so many souls because of the Christ spirit which radiated from her personality. No writer of sacred verse has appealed to the imagination and heart of the plain people like this woman who was blind from infancy. So great was her industry that she was privileged to publish about eight thousand hymns and secular poems. She once said: "My methods of work are very simple. I retire to my room about ten o'clock and spend two hours in thinking out a poem, going over every line until it is thoroughly fixed in my mind. The next day I repeat what I have made to a copyist. To work out my hymns I must be alone." It was a happy thought when Dr. Jackson induced Fanny Crosby to relate the story of her life at various intervals, when she made annual visits to his home. He had known her for twenty years and this book is a labor of love. In fact it might be regarded as a filial

production, so much of heart and thought has he put into it. The book is a unique combination of biography and autobiography. The greater part of the story was taken down from her lips, and the running comments of the reporter give continuity to the charming narrative. It is arranged in fifteen chapters and there are eight photo-illustrations. Some of the chapter titles are: "How I Became a Hymn-writer;" "Some Stories of My Songs;" "My Teachers and Teaching;" "My Notable Preachers;" "Making the Best of Everything;" "American Hearts and Homes." This book should be read by all preachers and laymen. The welcome reception which has been given it is seen in the fact that since its publication a year ago, it has passed through seven editions. During her long and busy life she was brought in contact with some of the most notable people in every walk of life. Her reminiscences and observations are full of instruction and value. "Mine has been an experience that has ripened into a faith as strong as the hills. It has given me a hope that admits me into the room called Beautiful. It has arrayed my pathway with the jewels of love so that in my old age I love everybody." "During my long life I have had many a hard struggle, with bread to provide and rent to pay, but I never lost faith in the promise, 'Thy bread shall be given, and thy water sure.'" Her testimony to the influence of the Bible on her life is worth quoting: "This Holy Book nurtured my early life. When a girl I could repeat from memory the five books of Moses, most of the New Testament, many of the Psalms, the Proverbs of Solomon, the Book of Ruth, and that greatest of all prose poems, the Song of Solomon. To-day I love the dear old Book, that I have tested and tried, more than ever. You know that to one like myself, shut in from much that those blessed with the sense of seeing enjoy, God's Holy Word has been, and is, doubly precious. On it I have rested right through the years. On it I rest now." The chapter entitled "My Living Hymns" relates with characteristic winsomeness the circumstances which led to the writing of "Rescue the Perishing," "Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine," "Thou My Everlasting Portion," "Saviour, More Than Life to Me." She thought "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," was her best hymn, and it was written in less than thirty minutes. Five of her hymns are included in the Methodist Hymnal and many more in the books which are used at the various meetings of the Church. We should be more familiar with the life of one who has done so much to enrich the devotional life as well as the worship and service of the Church. Dr. Jackson's volume deserves to be placed among the spiritual classics.

The Composition and Date of Acts. By CHARLES CUTLER TORREY, Professor of the Semitic Languages in Yale University. Pp. 72. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

PROFESSOR TORREY, whose work for years has reflected much credit upon American scholarship in the field of the Old Testament, has, under the above title, made a valuable contribution to the study of the sources of the New Testament text. This is in marked contrast to the quality of

Wellhausen's incursions into the same field, whose attempts to discuss the abundant objective data for the New Testament text after the manner he has employed in the case of the hypothetical text of the Old Testament has laid his entire system of criticism open to the most serious question. Though it has been long recognized that the first fifteen chapters of Acts were in what may be called translation Greek, reflecting, that is, original Semitic sources, yet no serious effort has hitherto been made to adequately investigate this important subject. Luke's method in the early part of his Gospel is closely akin to that followed in Acts, but not so extensively employed. Here Professor Torrey finds proof of axiomatic originals throughout the larger part of the second treatise, namely: from the second clause of the first verse of the book to the thirty-fifth verse of the fifteenth chapter. This is in marked contrast to the latter half of the Acts, something over thirteen chapters, in which "there is no evidence of an underlying Semitic language." The translator of the Aramaic sources in both the Gospel and Acts is St. Paul's contemporary and companion, Dr. Luke, the same writer who composed the sequel in such excellent Greek in each case. Professor Torrey sets the date for the issue of the third Gospel about the end of 60 A. D., and that of the Acts at the end of Paul's imprisonment, three years later. One cannot here take up the detail of the first and more intricate part of the argument, but for clearness and simplicity of statement it is a model and every earnest student of Acts should master it. Out of sixty different passages discussed we condense the findings in one—Acts 5. 13. The Authorized Version reads: No one dared "join himself to them." This is an evident mistranslation, for it is immediately and flatly contradicted by verse 14: "more were added to them . . . multitudes both of men and women." What the writer intended to say, Professor Torrey shows from the reconstructed Aramaic text, is "no one dared to contend with or withstand them." The complete answer of Norden's elaborate and searching criticism of Paul's speech at Athens, recorded in Acts, chapter 17, is possibly the most brilliant section of the book. To Professor Torrey's general conclusions several factors contribute of a less abstruse character. It appears, that of the more than ninety quotations from the Old Testament in Acts, and all are from the LXX, only one falls in the half of the book composed by Luke. Again, it is significant, of course, that all of the "we" passages fall in the second part. Yet Professor Torrey holds that Luke was the translator of the first half as well as the author of the second. Thus he totally rejects the position so commonly held in recent years for considering the book composite, considering "the discrepancies and contradictions" pointed out by Harnack and others "such as are easily found by those who are in search for them, but . . . hardly convincing to the reader who is equally inclined to regard the whole account as the work of a single author."

From Egyptian Rubbish Heaps. Five popular lectures on the New Testament. By JAMES HOPE MOULTON, Tutor at Didsbury Wesleyan College. London: Charles H. Kelly. Price, cloth, 2s 6d net, postage 3d.

The Vocabulary of the Greek Testament. Illustrated from the Papyri and Other Non-literary Sources. By JAMES HOPE MOULTON, D.D., D.Theol., Greenwood Professor of Hellenistic Greek and Indo-European Philology, Manchester University; and GEORGE MILLIGAN, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism, Glasgow University. Part I, A; Part II, B—Δ. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, stiff paper, $1.50 net, each part.

A Pocket Lexicon to the Greek New Testament. By ALEXANDER SOUTER, M.A., sometime Yates Professor of New Testament Greek and Exegesis in Mansfield College. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. Price, cloth, $1 net.

THE researches of scholars continue to throw welcome light on the language of the New Testament. Rich treasures are fast accumulating, but unfortunately the records appear in technical journals and do not come under the notice of the preacher. Deissmann pointed out in his Light from the Ancient East that one of our urgent needs is a new lexicon of the New Testament which will sketch in each article the history and statistics of words and meanings. It must also place the New Testament vocabulary in living linguistic connection with the contemporary world, trace the changes of meaning of the words, and simplify and put warmth into the popular concepts of Primitive Christianity. These conditions are being faithfully met by Moulton and Milligan in their Vocabulary, to be completed in six parts. To judge from parts one and two, which have appeared so far, this contribution is of exceptional value to the preacher in his study and exposition of the New Testament. The method adopted by these two authors is to cite the places in the papyri where a particular word is used, to give the exact meaning as there contained, to trace any changes of sense, and, in the light of this investigation, to determine its use in the New Testament. There are many advantages to be derived from this Vocabulary, which supplements Thayer at many important points. (1) Difficult words are made easy. The sense of ἄδολος in 1 Peter 2. 2 is now set at rest by its constant occurrence in the papyri to mean "pure," "unadulterated." Without pronouncing on the theological meaning of αἰώνιος this word has the meaning of *perpetuus* in the vernacular and in classical Greek, and "depicts that of which the horizon is not in view, whether the horizon be at an infinite distance, or whether it lie no further than the span of a Cæsar's life. The use of the word ἀρετή in only four places in the New Testament was probably due to the fact that it had not precision enough for large use in Christian language. The word βιβλίον never meant a *little* writing. The γυναικάρια of 2 Tim. 3. 6 were society ladies, borne by caprices in various directions, and full of idle curiosity. (2) Light is thrown on social and religious conditions. Βύσσινος illustrates the government monopoly in the manufacture of fine linen, which was superintended by the priests in the temples.

Theirs were hives of industry as well as of devotion. The words Sodoma, Gomorra were found scratched on the wall of a house in Pompeii, probably by a Jew or a Christian, and showed how fully alive he was to the nature of his surroundings. (3) Problems of New Testament introduction receive help. The word δίψυχος is first found in James and may be regarded as an argument in favor of the early date of this epistle. The accuracy of Luke the historian, which was seriously questioned, is now confirmed by the discovery of census papers, and there is ample evidence, as shown under ἀπογραφή, that there was a census in the year 8 B. C. which is mentioned in Luke 2. One of the interesting features of this Vocabulary is the occasional play of humor. Between 1 Pet. 2. 2 and our papyri we should think of "freedom from taint"—ἀφθορία—"the spiritual milk has gathered no microbes." Under βαδίζω—"a donkey was apparently regarded as 'what will go,' which is not a unanimously accorded estimate." The benefits of this new approach to the study of the New Testament are attractively set forth by Dr. Moulton in his little volume of five lectures which were originally delivered at Northfield. Their titles are "Egyptian Rubbish Heaps and the Study of the New Testament," "A Sheaf of Old Letters from Egypt," "Some Sidelights Upon Paul," "How We Got Our Gospels," "The Fullness of the Time." In addition, there is also a sermon on "The New Song" which has the cheer and comfort of the gospel of joy. Dr. Moulton has the unique gift of making a technical subject intensely interesting to those who are not initiated. Anyone who reads this little volume will be able intelligently to appreciate the significance of the wonderful discoveries on papyri, inscriptions, and broken pottery for a clearer understanding of the New Testament message. Take Hebrews 11. 1: "Now faith is the *assurance* of things hoped for." How few people have grasped the import of this definition! What has Dr. Moulton discovered? "The word translated 'assurance' occurs in a long legal document, the 'Petition of Dionysia.' She was a widow who had had some trouble with her property, which had been claimed by litigious persons. She writes out a copy of the judgment delivered in a previous litigation, and a full statement of her claim is sent with this to the prefect of Egypt. In the course of that document there occurs this Greek word, *hypostasis*. Drs. Grenfell and Hunt tell us that it was a technical, legal word, and meant a collection of papers bearing upon the possession of a piece of property. When anybody bought a piece of land there were always some papers connected with it. There would be old census papers in which the owner and his land were registered, bills of sale, correspondence about it—in fact, any sort of thing that might be put in as evidence if any question should arise as to the title of the land. All this was carefully collected in a docket and then put into the public archives office. Each large town had a special keeper of the archives to look after the papers and produce them when demanded in order to help the security of property. In other words, this word may be translated 'the title-deeds.' Can we not see what a depth of meaning that puts into the word? 'Faith is the title deeds of things hoped for.'" Another word from 1 Cor. 10. 11: "Now

these things were written for our admonition, upon whom the *ends* of the ages are come." Many have interpreted this verse with reference to the judgment with perverse consequences. Let us hear what Dr. Moulton has to say: "Some years ago in reading papyri I came upon a whole series of wills, and I noticed how frequently this very Greek word came in an obviously technical sense. It is a legal word in documents dealing with property which has *'come'* to a man from his father. We remember Tennyson's great line: 'We the heirs of all the ages.' I was speaking with Dr. Rendel Harris about it, and he asked why we should not translate the word 'ends' *toll*—a meaning it bears elsewhere in the New Testament. That seems to fit the metaphor still better. 'To us the toll of all ages has come as our inheritance.' We are the heirs of the spiritual wealth of all the ages past. The wealth of Greece and Rome and Israel, the wealth of the Middle Ages, the wealth of all time and of all countries, of all the accumulated experience of mankind—all this has come down to us to-day in order to teach us the wonderful works of God, and make us realize better than ever before what is the wealth that God has for those who put their trust in Him." These two examples are enough to make clear to the preacher what unusual helps are within his reach for a more comprehensive and living interpretation of the Word of Life, free from threadbare exegesis, but laden with the riches of redeeming love for our modern day. Dr. Moulton has also many suggestive speculations in these lectures. The man of Macedonia was probably Luke; there are marks of Paul's influence, as though he had been an eyewitness, in Luke's account of the Passion; the brother of Titus, in 2 Cor. 8. 18, was probably Luke; the author of Ephesians might have been Timothy, who wrote out the thoughts of Paul after he had dictated the Epistle to the Colossians. Brief mention must be made here of Professor Souter's handy volume. He takes full note of recent discoveries and what is found in the best commentaries, and gives his results with brevity, but not at the cost of lucidity. His testimony is worth quoting: "The newer knowledge sheds a flood of light on passages hitherto misunderstood or regarded as unprofitable (e. g. 1 Cor. 10. 11, James 1. 3, 1 Pet. 2. 2), and sweeps into the dustbin a deal of well-meant but hair-splitting theology of the past (cf. *ek*), quite unsuited as it was to the comprehension of plain first-century Christians." No preacher can get along without this Pocket Lexicon, which should find a place beside the Greek New Testament for constant use.

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1917

THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF AMERICAN CHURCHES AS AN ACHIEVEMENT IN CHRISTIAN UNITY

The average man would not speak of such an organization as the Federal Council of American Churches as an achievement, but in such a world as ours it is never out of place to repeat that the most significant and far-acting achievements of men are those which are silently compelled from obstinate conditions and announced without blare of trumpets. Definite consecration indefinitely prolonged, with never a cheer for the toiler, often ridicule instead, has been the cost of those unsensational movements by which the world has profited most. The magnitude of such achievements defies perception in their own day by as much as their potential promise outreaches present knowledge; hence they must depend upon historic perspective for the revealing of their true proportions. To this class belongs the Federal Council—and the more fitly because, remarkable as has been its development, it is still, as related to its portent, only an achievement in process. Nothing could be more fatal to its present promise of high service than to forget, in our satisfaction over results attained, that the Council is a movement that must continue to move or fail.

Luther's achievement was spectacular in daring courage and sensational episode, but what the later centuries are still busy measuring is, not the startling incidents of the Reformation, but its far-reaching significance. It created highways that have led not only beyond Germany and Europe, but even beyond the domain of religion; for the contention of the Reformers involved the principle of intellectual freedom as well as the right of every man to

relate himself directly to God in his secular as well as his religious life. If we would understand the conditions with which the Federal Council is dealing, the conditions that at the opportune time suggested its organization and brought it by God's blessing into form and power—a clear perception of which is necessary if we are to work out intelligently and in the right spirit the problem they present—we must not ignore their historical genesis. When the long-repressed currents of individual thought and action were once set free by the spirit of the Reformation nothing could be more natural than that they should run for a time with tumultuous indulgence, sending the pulses of succeeding generations up and up with accelerating movement to the danger point, which was registered in a frenzy of liberty that unseated judgment. Then the horrors of imperialism, suffered in the past, were duplicated in the horrors of individualism run mad. Thrones tottered and kingdoms crumbled as they will and must when men are inflamed by tragic memories to revolutionary deeds. By the more frenzied and reckless, God and religion, with the kings and popes who had ruled in their name and by their assumed authority, were cast into the same abyss, and no excess of madness was too cruel for perpetration in the name of the new gods—Reason and Humanity. When one man's voice has long been accepted as God's voice, and that man's voice at last loses its charm, with the result that his power is openly defied, then, for the time, religion becomes a by-word, and morals are forgotten in the revel of evil passions.

But chaos is inherently impotent. God still lived and reigned in righteousness. There were people who made better use of their freedom. They clung to the Bible and the Cross of the Nazarene even though their learned men, using their new-found liberty of interpretation, could not agree. It is not in the nature of men or things to get ahead through monotonous accord with each other. Individuality is essential to character, and diversity is its normal process of growth and expression. Thus, standing for individualism as against imperialism, Protestantism inevitably took on a diversity of types by the resistless impulse of its generic life. The new continent of North America, opportunely in waiting, and early devoted to the principles of freedom of conscience, thought and

utterance, became the prolific field of exploitation for every aggressive idea in both politics and religion. Here the seeds of old world controversies found easy lodgment and favorable atmosphere. The first natural harvest was endless differentiation. No marvel that Protestantism in America became a mosaic of sects. Any half dozen zealots could organize, call themselves a church, and set up an ecclesiastical order—at any cost of disorder.

But there came a day when it began to appear to sane minds that this chaos signaled anarchy and disintegration; that the dementia of denominational partisanship should no longer pass for religious zeal, nor the vagaries of a rancorous debater for the voice of the Spirit. The limit had been reached. It was high time to assume that, if the frenzy of liberty had not exhausted itself by excesses, it should at least have no further recognition of respectability. To make this conviction effective required organization, for there was no tribunal with power to arrest the evil. Seventeen types of Methodists were at least fifteen too many. Fifteen kinds of Baptists and twelve or more of Presbyterians were not required for the peace of Zion. But who could so declare, without arrogance, save these bodies themselves, and others with like embarrassments to confess and, if possible, escape? And how could all these detached and independent churches, each intent upon its own problems and busy in its own tasks, be brought into acknowledged relationship and cooperative effort toward unity? Here was a mighty call to faith and patience and courage, but where were the men who had the faith to undertake the formidable task? Who should lead? Who *could* lead, without being called a busybody and being suspected of ulterior purposes?

There was one foundation to build upon—such as it was—namely, that all the denominations insisted, inconsistently enough, upon their *"essential unity."* There was no other way left them, in truth, than to thus mutually certify each other's standing in order to justify their manifold divisions. The Spirit of God used this common confession. He found the men who could be patient, persistent, courageous, and tactful. He prepared assemblies, conferences, associations and synods for the coming call. Messiah's Star reappeared in the heavens, and led some of the wise men of

their day, after several years of preparatory work, to the great Inter-Church Conference of 1905 in the city of New York. There the new covenant of unity was framed, and three years later the Federal Council, composed of representatives of thirty-one American churches and of seventeen millions of Protestants, held its first meeting, wonderful in its numbers as well as in its harmony, in the City of Brotherly Love—to which it gave a new christening more significant even than the original.

Here is the place for a *caveat* against a misapplication of all that has been thus far said. From the inception of this movement it has been understood and repeatedly emphasized that it was not a repudiation of denominationalism in its sane and legitimate relation to the work of evangelization in America and elsewhere. The protest was and is against the abuse of a serviceable good. It must be conceded in defense of our American denominational life and activity that, while the over-multiplying of sects is to be regarded as a wasteful indulgence of freedom, nevertheless there have been valuable compensations. First, the authority of the Bible has been significantly emphasized by the constant reference of contending champions to its teachings as warrant for their respective claims. However erratic the method of study, however unwarranted many of the interpretations and applications of its teachings, however irrational the zeal with which it has been used to belabor sectarian antagonists, we are bound to admit that the ever-confident appeal to the One Book as the fountain of all good, the one inspired volume of sacred truth, even though the appeal was for controversial ends, has served to introduce the Book more widely and impressively to succeeding generations than would otherwise have been possible, and to spread and keep alive the conviction of its divine authorship and infallible wisdom. We may grant that in many individual cases the seeming to prove contradictory propositions by scriptural quotations has started questions as to its inerrancy—and no marvel; still it remains true that in the vast majority of instances the doubt was aimed at the partisan interpreter rather than at the Book; while with the masses, the Bible, notwithstanding this perverted use, has become known and trusted and loved by multitudes into whose lives it might not

have entered under stagnant conditions. By stagnant conditions I mean the conditions that have resulted as to Bible study, and spiritual stimulation therefrom, where but one reigning and teaching church has had lawful access to the people—the conditions in which Luther found Europe, and in which John Wesley found England. Of the two extremes, ecclesiastical imperialism and unrestrained individualism, the world of to-day is evidently choosing the latter. But this is not to be taken as the expression of a judgment that there is not safer ground between the two extremes.

A second wholesome result of our intense denominational life has been the steady and rapid overspreading of this great continent by church influence. In this way only could our extended and ever restless frontier have been held to the paths of civilization. No state church, no *one* church, however strong and active, could have met the conditions of pioneer life and a heterogeneous population. Rivals for a prize will train more carefully and travel farther and faster to secure it than the man who has reason to believe it awaits his leisurely coming. The zest of denominational emulation has wrought miracles of evangelism in this country. It is not too much to say that it has been worth more to the nation and the cause of good government than a standing army—to say nothing of the ministries of religion to the sick and poor, the bereaved and lonely in the isolated settlements of the pioneers, where one regulation church, never-in-a-hurry, would not have found them until the day of need and opportunity had passed by. Wisely the Federal Council recognizes the value of denominational types as rationally applied to the tremendous problems presented by the religious, social, and educational conditions of a new and rapidly growing cosmopolitan republic such as our own. But the Council may well aim to save religious liberty from the contempt invited by controversial schismatics who mistake themselves for new incarnations of truth, and from intemperate party zeal.

The federation of so many denominations on the basis of their fundamental agreements marks the change of emphasis from the divisive non-essentials to the unifying essentials. This means cooperation instead of competition, and emulation in service in place of rivalry for advantage; but most significant is the witness

it bears to the reversal of the trend of four centuries. From creed-making and creed-mending, to which the generations in revolt against the ancient councils felt impelled to devote themselves in their loyalty to the infallible Word, this generation turns to the Word Incarnate who dwells among us, whose glory we behold as the one radiant light in and above all our formulas of doctrine so devoutly fashioned. Liberty has at last recognized its law. Individualism is becoming sane.

Think of a pendulum, hung in heights eternal, amid countless complexities of wheels, and wonder not that it required 400 years to measure its arc in one direction only. But it had to swing, regardless of centuries, until spiritual gravitation could arrest its course and reverse its movement. The crucial question just now is whether this coordination of the faith and plans and energies of thirty churches and seventeen millions of people has come by the spiritual gravitation of these masses toward each other. But if not, then whose was the eye that discerned the times, and whose the hand that signaled the hour for the Inter-Church Conference at the dawn of a new century of the Christian era? And by what power were general conferences and assemblies and associations and conventions made alert upon call and unanimously responsive? And whence the harmony of spirit and unanimity of action at Philadelphia in 1908? We may love our churches as nursing spiritual mothers, but never was sectarian bigotry so offensive as to-day. Yes, the Federal Council is an achievement in spiritual unity.

But let its friends bear with the fervent admonition that we must not rest here. We must move the pendulum as it swings now back toward its starting point. It is still under the impulse of liberty. The breath of God now turns the wheels amidst which it swings. And God is love, and *love is the one law by which liberty is preserved forever.* The movement is not back to enforced unity through a compulsory creed, nor to a dumb Bible, nor to a unity of stagnant indifferentism; but to a unity in which individualism, utterly escaped from the conventional toils so deftly woven by itself, shall at last attain to its perfect expression when, seeing "no man, but Jesus only," and all faces being set one way, and all

hearts possessed by the one supreme passion, the denominations shall use their names only for historical identification and the more convenient designation of equitably distributed service.

No, this is not a dream, if the Federal Council is a spiritual achievement. No one can question that it is an achievement, as the organized exponent of a scriptural truth of supreme importance. But what are principles apart from men? And what to men, unless men are prepared to follow them to their logical application? I venture to question the consistency of accepting as permanent any conditions that violate the admitted principle that underlies this organization. We cannot long satisfy ourselves by mere confession, without the *fruits of repentance.* We proclaim that we differ only in nonessentials, but not one of us would admit that his denomination was *founded* as a separate church upon a nonessential. Has, then, that ceased to be so regarded which *was* deemed an essential when that event occurred? Or by change of issues has it lost its significance? It would seem so, if now we are "divided by nonessentials, only." Not one of us would approve the founding of a new sect upon a nonessential principle or interpretation. How then shall we escape judgment if we perpetuate divisions in the body of Christ when no question of conscience is involved with sufficient clearness to affect religious integrity? Particularly, How shall our many differentiations of the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian types continue to justify the scripturalness and sanity of their kaleidoscopic manifestation of unity?

As denominations seeking closer fellowship we have undoubtedly made headway. We no longer make wry faces at each other over our wire fences. Still, no fences have come down. Christian tolerance has yet ample opportunity for expression, and it is really a bright and beautiful virtue. But we *must* face the question—what call have nonessentials upon conscience or devotion? Plainly, the Federal Council is an achievement whose chief glory is yet to be revealed. Demonstrate its practical value as a *unifying force,* as well as a federative method, and the world will bless the day of its birth.

Earl Cranston

THE RELATION BETWEEN RESEARCH AND INTERPRETATION

Only a man of miraculous optimism can be entirely enthusiastic about the history of the interpretation of the Bible. In fact, there is a touch of something sinister about the whole history of interpretation as regards literature and movements and people. Again and again interpretation has come into new significance because of the practical necessity of making an author mean something which is just the opposite of what he has said. Greek moral ideas developed beyond the standards of Hesiod and Homer. The Greek thinkers faced the practical dilemma involved in possessing an ethical life which had quite outrun the sanctions of the authoritative Greek religion. It was necessary either to discredit the religion or to read the new ethical ideals into a literature which did not inculcate them. The second alternative was chosen. Of course the process of facing these dilemmas may have been subconscious, and the man who began the use of allegory to read meaning into ancient documents may have been a man of vigorous enough belief in his religion to have persuaded himself that the ideas ought to be found in the literature and therefore they must be there. It is hardly possible, however, to believe that some of the Greek philosophers who justified the allegorical method of relieving the strain caused by certain passages in Hesiod and Homer were so naïve.

The situation involving this problem assumed an acute form in the mind of Philo. He accepted much of the Greek thought. He was a loyal Jew. How could he make a bridge between Plato and Moses? Obviously allegory was the only method. And so Philo, with the simplest sincerity, builds his structure of allegory in order to harmonize what he thought as a Greek with what he believed as a Jew. Without critically analyzing his own processes it came to pass that he did not ask what an author meant. He asked what he wanted him to mean. A tyrannous subjectivity was on the throne of his mind. The right approach to the examination of the Christian interpretation of the Bible is through the

intellectual world of Philo, for Philo furnished the intellectual background most sympathetic to the mental life and needs of the school of Alexandria. Clement and Origen and the other typical Alexandrians were Greeks in philosophy and Christians by personal conviction, as Philo had been a Greek in philosophy and a Jew by personal conviction. So they faced the same sort of problem. Only in their case it took this form: How were they to harmonize their Greek philosophic thinking with their Christian convictions? Once again allegory formed the bridge. The outstanding characteristic of this type of exegesis may be briefly described as:

I. Interpretation Without Research.

Even if a man did have personal resources of erudition and certain interests connected with the manuscripts which conveyed the Biblical material—as did Origen—these did not become dominant in his interpretation. In the typical Alexandrian when it came to exegesis the approach was not historical. It was transcendental.

We need to see clearly the implicit logic in the minds of the men who fastened allegory upon the interpretation of the Bible. First, they believed in a mechanically infallible literature. Second, they believed that which had no relation or a contradictory relation to that which was explicitly stated in that literature. Therefore, allegory alone made it possible to do homage to the literature and at the same time to be perfectly loyal to their own unfolding mental life. To them, again unconsciously, what a man brought to a passage of Scripture was infinitely more important than what he found there, and the inherent difficulties of the Scriptures, the clash of various points of view and of contending opinions, met with the same easy solution. Whenever you met a problem allegory gave you wings. The belief in a manifold sense in Scripture was a natural corollary and development of the idea. It all involved a Bible created by the interpreter, for the principles of interpretation allowed him cleverly to inject his own views into the book he was interpreting. Even the vagaries of Gnosticism did not check this method, for Gnosticism was not met by a new exegesis but by the authority of a churchly tradition. The real check on erratic inter-

pretation was not a closer study of the Bible but a reference of the whole matter to ecclesiastical authority. This was the method which was inherited by the Middle Ages. It ran riot through the Middle Ages and faced serious danger only with the Renaissance and the approach of the Reformation.

Two or three facts ought to be in our minds in regard to this method. First, it was used in so many cases by men of deep spiritual intuition and experience that very often their insight was right when their exegesis was wrong. It was often true that a particular passage was tortured to teach a meaning of which that particular passage was completely innocent, but a meaning involving something true and important in itself and something actually belonging to the general position of the Bible; indeed, elsewhere specifically asserted. Second, the deeper spirit of the Bible often possessed these allegorical interpreters. Their years of patient brooding over the Bible had not been in vain. A depth, a richness, had come to them from the Bible and it diffused itself in their writings. Even what is valueless from the standpoint of scientific exegesis is often rich in spiritual suggestion. Third, the continuity of noble and creative Christian experience in the church did much to fill the writings of the allegorical interpreters with Christian significance even when they are quite without exegetical significance. Even when they cannot tell us how to use the Bible they often can tell us how to enter and how to develop in the kingdom of God.

II. Research as a Check on Interpretation.

The allegorical method had not an absolutely unchallenged right of way, however. The school of Antioch, notably in the person of Theodore of Mopsuestia, stood for a grammatical and historical interpretation. In place of the fanciful and bewildering imaginative flights of a figurative exegesis we have here a sane and sober and straightforward approach to the Bible. In the preaching of Chrysostom the method of the school receives its noblest expression. But the church at large did not take the Antioch method seriously. To begin with, the school did not produce men of gigantic stature to perpetuate its type of activity. Then its severely critical type of mind did not express either the

temper of the age or the passion of the gospel. In the men of Antioch you see already emerging the problem, to become acute centuries later, how to preserve evangelical passion in the midst of an intellectual temper, cool and critical in its appraisal.

Augustine united a powerful mind with amazing instruments for close and discriminating thought, with a passionate intensity of religious life. But the allegorical method received no serious antagonism from him. In fact, he helped to fasten it upon the church.

With the approach of the Reformation we come upon a mood encouraging to research. On the humanistic side the tendency was to go back to Greece to find out what beauty meant, and this was paralleled by a tendency to go back to the beginning of Christianity and its literature to find out what religion meant. Erasmus was the prophet and priest of the new movement as applied to the Bible. The huge fabric of ecclesiastical dogma, especially with respect to the papacy, was put to the test of research. The Bible began to speak with something like its natural voice. Of course the movement was uneven and inconsistent, and one kind of subjectivity fought against another. The kind of subjectivity which was antagonistic to the papacy enjoyed a research which brought to light facts which were uncomfortable for those who advocated papal supremacy, and a new dogmatism began to read its tenets into passages never meant to teach them. Calvin, in some respects a prince of expositors, illustrates this mixture of a clear-cut historic method with willingness to be guided by the presuppositions of his own theory. On the whole, however, a new mood has come. You are no longer in the world of Peter Lombard or Thomas Aquinas. Research has lifted its head. The past has spoken. The reign of utterly fanciful allegory comes to an end.

III. Research as a Substitute for Interpretation.

The dogmatism of the period when Protestantism degenerated into a scholasticism of its own was sure to provoke a reaction. Then the intellectual life of the world was not at a standstill. The birth of modern science became its youth, its adolescence, and then the time of its mature powers. And now we come upon the period of the really scientific study of the Bible. And its keynote is

history rather than interpretation. The brilliant processes of analysis by which the composite authorship of the Hexateuch was brought to light, the unearthing of the Isaiah of the Exile, the placing of the whole Bible in a new light as the result of the study of cognate religious and contemporaneous history represent outstanding features of the new age. Here again we come upon subjectivity even where we least expect it, and the modern scholar has sometimes found it as hard to be just to a fact which did not fit in with his conception of evolution as applied to the Bible as some medieval writer found it hard to be just to a fact which did not exactly fit the philosophy of Aristotle. Sometimes we have reasoned in a circle. A passage has been declared to be of a late date because those ideas were not current at an earlier. Then, that settled, we have marshaled all the evidence to prove that these ideas were late because they nowhere appeared in early documents. A man cannot empty his mind even in scientific research. And it is usually the next generation which discovers just how powerful his presuppositions were.

In the main, however, it may be said that the latter part of the nineteenth century came nearer to achieving objectivity in Bible study than had any earlier period. At least in many conspicuous instances it attained an entire freedom from prejudice in favor of tradition.

As to the results of all this research and analysis, it is fair to say that there has been no synthesis. We have had a scientific study of the Biblical documents. We have had the most painstaking and microscopic research. We have not had an interpretation gathering the million details of the new method into some genuine and authentic totality. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that nobody knows what the new Bible is like because nobody has seen it. Each expert hurries timorously to his own department when you speak of organizing into a general view the results of the last half century's activity. It is an age of specialized research rather than of interpretation in large relations. But many wistful eyes are looking forward to the day when, to paraphrase the words of Matthew Arnold, we shall "see the Bible steadily and see it whole."

IV. Research as a Preparation for Interpretation.

In the meantime thoughtful preachers have been confronted by a difficult situation. They have had to preach (though some cynics have applied to them the famous utterance "I do not see the necessity"), and they have felt that they were dealing with materials so much in solution that their perplexity was constant. Some men took refuge in a dark and angry obscurantism. They condemned research and analysis and all their works. Some took to practical activities as a means of avoiding thought. They dealt with Christianity as a program rather than as a religious experience. The profoundest spirits have sought sources of certainty which left criticism free because it could not touch their position. Schleiermacher was a pioneer in an attitude which found certainty in religious experience itself. Coleridge made it compelling in England. Robert William Dale of Birmingham popularized it in "The Living Christ and the Four Gospels." Essentially the position amounted to this: The Christian religion is a fact of the inner life which authenticates its own necessary materials. The Tractarian movement tried to meet the situation as Gnosticism was met in the second century by the authority of the church. The philosophic movement represented by Pragmatism, the activism of Eucken, the dynamic theories of Bergson, and the basic views of the personal idealists, have made easier a triumphant and enthusiastic assurance on the part of interpreters of the Christian religion while the problems of the Bible are still open. The mental sifting caused by all these processes has resulted in an increasing consciousness that research is, by its very nature, a preparation for the ultimate task of interpretation, and that the spot where research and a living experience meet is the spot where the work must be done.

V. Some Suggestions as to the Characteristics of the Interpreter.

(a) The interpreter must be a man with a cosmopolitan intellectual outlook. The very essence of interpretation is the thinking of things together; thinking them into totality. And the man who does this must have a mind responsive to all the variety which characterizes the elements which make up his problem. The work

of the interpreter is done at the spot where many departments of specialized activity meet. The work of the specialist in detailed research is of very great importance, but it would be a tragic result if the training of our time produced a type of incarnate microscopes incapable of seeing things in large relations. The tendency of some contemporary scholars to rush to cover, the moment anybody suggests relating what is done in their department to the results in any other department, is rather discouraging. There is a type of mind, the result of very involved and intricate training, which thrives on a double-entry bookkeeping of the results of minute investigation, but is incapable of actual thought and is restless in the presence of ideas. All this is said not to depreciate the fullest technical mastery of details, it is to emphasize the relative and preparatory significance of this very important work. Its results come to the true interpreter as data. The harvests of manifold departments are brought to his table, and with all of these he does his constructive work.

(b) The interpreter must have a synthetic type of mind. Just because interpretation is synthesis the interpreter must be a man who by temperament, by training, and by intellectual sympathy fuses various materials into an organism. He must have that passion for totality which characterized Hegel; a passion checked and guided by many a wise restraint, but, for all that, always at work. He knows that in truth there is no such a thing as an isolated fact. Every fact is a part of a delicate and intricate organism of reality, and the capacity to follow the subtle relations of facts until they are seen in their articulated significance is fundamentally important for the interpreter. Some powerful scientists as they have moved along the lines of working hypotheses have liked to call the means by which they progressed "scientific imagination." Whatever we call it, this power of the mind to project itself, to visualize distant situations and realize the intricacy and actual quality of distant experiences, to reconstruct not merely the form but the life of the mastodon from the few bones which research has brought, is the very essence of the interpreter's power.

(c) The interpreter must have a candor constantly on its

guard against a host of invading dishonesties. The eye must not be allowed to see the thing as the eye likes the look. At this point the synthetic mind must be constantly on its guard. The work of Bauer and the Tübingen school is an effective illustration of the danger at this point. The thesis, antithesis, and synthesis of Hegel overran the candor of the Tübingen school many and many a time. In fact we may be tempted to say that the synthetic mind cannot be an objective mind. To set such limits to mental activity, however, would be flatly to contradict the fundamental postulates of evolution. If we are to develop mentally it must be along just such lines as the combination of honest subjective interests with remorseless candor. To say that a mind must be empty in order to be independent is not to place a very flattering estimate upon human powers. The interpreter will be helped in this kind of honesty by a hopeful interest in the facts which do not fit into his synthesis. He will like them when he comes to understand them. The facts which fit represent present achievement in building up an organism of interpretation. The facts which refuse have all the promise of the future in them. They are full of the romance of the days to come. Some later synthesis will find a place for them and so the work of the interpreter will go on.

(d) The interpreter must be alive. His task is expression in the terms of life and he himself must thrill with its energies. Past and present meet in the hot activity of his mind. I use that word "hot" deliberately. There are some chemical reactions you cannot get without heat and interpretation is one of them. A man cannot interpret what is foreign to him. You cannot ask that a man whose heart has never been torn by life's confusions and contradictions and tragedies interpret the literature which has come out of those very confusions. There are stages in the study of the Bible when you must ask a man, Can you observe and classify with patient industry? There are stages where you must ask, Have you thought deeply, and do you bring the instruments of a full and responsive mind? But there comes a time when you must ask, Have you lived? Have you bared your life to the impact of the rude, terrible realities of experience? Academic life is often embryonic, and there is many a man busy about his task who

has never uttered that first poignant cry when the breath of reality cut itself into lungs unused to air.

The insight of life itself will throw light on many a dark place. A man's exegesis will palpitate with life if he brings an actual experience of life to it. An important corollary will be a new power of expression. The interpreter must be a master of live, haunting, compelling words. The solemn and stolid commonplaceness of some exegesis, reminding one of Holmes's lines to a Katydid,

> "Thou mindest me of gentle folk,
> Old gentle folk are they,
> Thou sayest an undisputed thing
> In such a solemn way,"

is the natural result of inner vacuity. The grip of live phrases will follow the activity of a vital manhood in the work of interpretation.

(e) Last of all, we must face the fact that the literature which we call the Bible is the creation of a powerful and passionate religious experience and can never be interpreted adequately apart from such an experience. One is willing to admit, to be sure, that the book of Ecclesiastes is not the expression of any very delicate and lofty spirituality. But the Bible as a whole may be adequately described as centuries of intense religious experience made poignantly articulate. Now a man without the slightest personal interest in these things may do the most important sort of work in research. He may have a distinguished career in deft and powerful analysis of literary materials. But the last and the genuinely interpreting word about the Bible must be said by the man who has its secret in his own heart. Albrecht Ritschl used to declare—and he had no particular enthusiasm for traditional views—that the theologian must do his work within the Christian community. He must have the insight which comes from participation in the essential meaning of the life of the community. The interpreter, at any rate, must have this qualification. That passionate afflatus which created the literature must make its pulsation felt in the life of the man who interprets it.

In some such fashion as this, gratefully accepting all the

garnered results coming from every field of research, relentlessly candid in recognizing every disconcerting fact, working at the place where the departments meet, bringing to his task a living experience and a synthetic mind, the interpreter may organize the results of the last fifty years of activity and the genuine deposit which comes out of an older past into a totality which will have a most far-reaching significance in contemporary life.

The principles which we have been discussing in respect of the Bible are applicable to every field where there is need for research and for interpretation. Against two dangers we should constantly be on our guard. On the one hand there is the tendency to indulge in hasty and unwarranted generalizations, which is the constant temptation of the impatient mind. Here we must insist on the most patient and painstaking and thoroughgoing investigation. On the other hand there is the tendency to treat research as an end in itself, and to refuse to lift the question as to the significance of the material so patiently gathered. It is possible for a man to be keen and alert in the search for microscopic facts, and mentally dull and sluggish whenever you ask that these facts be related to the actual meaning and movement of life. Here we must insist that the larger work of appraisal must be done, and our universities must offer the training which will produce men capable of doing it. Research alone produces a catalogue of unrelated facts. Interpretation alone produces a subjective dogmatism. Together they produce the solid structure of a scientific appraisal of life.

Lynn Harold Hough.

THE FUTURE OF METHODISM

A FAITH without vision is a faith without testimony. Prophecy remains to the church as a part of the ancient commission to preach; without it the cause of religion languishes both in the experience of the individual believer and in the body of Christian communion. The loss by the church of the open vision becomes occasion to the time sense and the world spirit, dreaded as the corrupters of religious character; nor does this loss fail to negative those corrective and progressive measures which are necessary to the enlargement and unity of religion in its organized relations. This double fact is coming home to the church—the whole catholic Christian body—with a new force. War and world disturbance, not to say world disruption, have found the church sadly unprepared to receive the impact of their suddenly elanced calamities and unprepared to take a confident forward look. The measure of unpreparedness is expressed in the lack of spiritual consciousness and testimony, as also in the lack of unity and compactness of organization. The first of these deficiencies can be supplied only in a Pentecost ministered in one tremendous hour—or in a season of linked-up hours, or through days and years, as the need of spiritual power and the spiritual vision may be consciously felt and the answer consciously sought—but the second is to come of Christian statesmanship, divinely directed, of course, but taking its initiative from those starting points of need and precedent which providence and history have set in the open light. What the catholic Christian body is to plan in the way of spiritual revival and unification must be begun by those parts or divisions of the church which are able to call history and affinity to their aid. This is the large religious token pointing to that age which is being prepared by the swift hands of war and destiny. It may have been in the plan of providence to sharpen the separations of Christendom for this radical need and hour.

As the foremost body of evangelical Protestant Christians, Methodism must assume a large responsibility for the spiritual

activity and thought life of the new world-age. As our country has come to the time when its hemispheric isolation must give way to world cooperation, so Methodism has come to the time when, though still maintaining her place as the defender of the chiefest of the evangelical doctrines, she must become a purveyor of the higher theological thought and a responsible patron of the perilous craft of criticism. More especially, as a present initiative, she must be alert to have her full share in whatever rapprochements and reorganizations are to be put on foot. In a word, Methodism must lead the advance toward unity. The favor of providence, which has given Methodism the numerical leadership of a continent and a many-channeled outlet upon the world, has imposed upon her this primacy. Her indifference to the opportunity thus prepared would prove the impasse of present-day religious history. But this leadership movement on the part of Methodism is the logic of the history which she has herself made and is the end to which her spirit has looked since the beginning. When John Wesley claimed the world as his parish he reannounced the doctrine of catholicity and the creed of unity. If it should be objected that this conclusion is not justified by the letter of Wesley's oft-quoted formula, there is abundant evidence that catholicity and unity were amongst his most cherished ideals. When rudely forced to abandon his dream of an Anglican extension and revival in Methodism, he clung to the hope of Methodist unity as the basal movement of a new catholicity, or rather a new manifestation of the old. However easy it may be to point out the impracticability of the plan of Wesley for maintaining uniformity and organic relationship between the patriarchate in England and the democratic ecclesiasticism in North America, it is still obvious that the founder's vision of unity was large and real, and the failure of his plan furnished the most pathetic episode in the history of a wonderful life. The record may carry little that is of practical value to the Methodism of to-day; but it does serve to emphasize the fact that catholicity was, with vital godliness, a first element in early Methodist teaching. The significance of this should not, and cannot, be lost upon the Methodism of to-day. It is thoroughly relevant to a situation which needs to be under-

stood of all sorts and conditions of people. The continued dissevered state of Methodism, particularly on the American continent, cannot be justified by any inference from the past, by any argument drawn from present conditions, nor by any prophecy of the future. Differences and divisions came of necessity, but these necessities, both of polity and life, have passed away, leaving only the divisions themselves and a residue of historical tempers and traditions. Happily, there is unity of sentiment and judgment with reference to the main issues involved, the internal need of readjustment and the loud call for an initiative in the interest of the Christianity of the world. Best of all, perhaps, there is a chastened memory of the past, a willingness to share responsibility for the sins and mistakes of history, and a purpose to consider the future as a common heritage. These are the things that give to men of true faith a confidence that the darkness of division is past and that the light of a true unity has begun to shine.

The burden of realization is on the historic body of Methodism, existing now, and since 1844, in two great divisions. I speak advisedly, for I cannot think of these divisions as other than one church, or, better still, as two families of the same church. My bosom swells at the thought of this oneness, and my faith will take no denial of the hope of its enactment into a form of unity and life. If Providence has not prepared the present hour for the decision of the two Methodisms there is neither relevancy nor meaning in much that has become history. An equal multiple of prosperity has been granted to each division; they now fill and dominate the ends of the continent; radical differences of polity and usage have been divinely prevented, while family love has shown itself stronger than the prejudices of section and the claims of interest. Thus is fact recognized, and, with it, obligation; and thus is given play to the sentiments of fraternity and unity. But what shape is it all to take, and when? Are we prepared to write the verbs of this record in the present tense? To serve posterity is an illustrious privilege, but to acquit oneself honestly before one's own generation is the surer test. The cowardice which runs away from history is brother to the cowardice which deserts in the hour of battle or proves recreant

to a personal trust. Healthy faith asks for an issue in its own day and seeks for results under its own hand. What is to be the future of Methodism?—and what are the conditions upon which it may be expected to stand in delivering its full force upon the early-coming decades, which by every token are to present needs and problems crying and obdurate to the last degree? With the other bodies of Christianity Methodism must face the future. Can it be that there is lacking a general apprehension of the prophetic signs and needs of this impinging time, and that this is the cause of lassitude and temporizing? We shall do well to take stock of both our own interests and motives and of the issues which are to be met. Is Methodism virile enough to endure a great historic test? Are its teachings and spirit broad enough to constitute a bottom for future catholicity? Do its doctrines combine the scriptural and the rational in a proportion to withstand empiricism and criticism alike? Methodism must be prepared to give an affirmative answer to these questions.

With the assessment of Methodist doctrine, spirit, and equipment, it is equally important to know what is to be the exhibit of that future which is to so test the whole frame and life of Christianity. Perhaps it would be better to ask what attitudes the present is to carry over into that future. With reference to the spirit of faith, it is certain to be one of weakened reverence for the records and authority of religion. This at its beginning, whatever happy changes may fall to its early ongoings. The freedom with which criticism for a century past has treated the canon of Scripture and the readiness with which the majority of Christian leaders have more recently accepted the extremest of its conclusions have visibly affected the faith of the whole world. One has the alternative of accepting the most radical of these findings of criticism, and feeling that the disturbance of faith produced by them is only an incident, and that it will right itself in a few years more; or of rejecting the whole and believing that truth will eventually reassert itself and recall men to their old-time faith. This, indeed, describes the attitude of Christian thought as represented in schools of equal or unequal numerical strength. But Methodism occupies a doctrinal vantage in this, that its creed is

wholly evangelical, and that it is hampered by no scholastic methods of interpretation and embarrassed by no traditions of ritual. Whatever virtue there is in modernism appertains to it; whatever there is in direct appeal to Scripture—and it is primary—the balance is with Methodism. But, alas, there is with Methodism, as with the other churches, the fatal precedent of a standard of belief and over against it a manner of thinking and a fact of experience which do not agree. This has no doubt helped to foster that spirit which is worldly and sordid, frivolous and fond, as it has resulted in an oblateness of ethics in practice which has discounted the teaching of the churches and robbed them of their power of the highest ministry. Methodism falls under the disparagement of this general statement, and the more so, perhaps, as the distance is greater between its standards and its actual beliefs, its profession and its practice. The scholars and teachers of Methodism, in all its branches, have consented with considerable unanimity to that pragmatism of critical thought which has brought at least temporary confusion to faith, while the great body of its laity have come to share in the undisciplined spirit of the world about them. There is, to be sure, general and healthy confession of these sins, and Methodism has the fellowship of other Christian bodies in its penitence. Perhaps the letter of confession has been unwholesomely general and constant. Also it may be that the fruits of repentance may be accruing. One is justified in the hope that this is so. How far a protest against and a purpose to forsake all these sins may be predicated of the truly ethical aspects of much present-day legislation, and the increasing strictness of the moral demands of business and industry, is a matter yet to be determined. But accidents cannot take the place of obedience to law, neither can convention accomplish what reformation is required to do. Religion is radical.

The urgently needed preparation of Methodism for its share in the responsibility of the future is a drawing together of its parts, and a consciously conducted return to the spirit of its early experience and testimony. The first, as a means to the latter, may well be considered a setting in order of the house of faith and an attitude supplicatory of the divine Spirit. It was the being "with

one accord in one place" that brought the gift of power in the Pentecost of the beginning. Who knows but that unification, undertaken and accomplished in the spirit of prophecy, is to prove the Pentecost of Methodism? So impressed am I with the value and significance of unification that I am proposing to hinge this discussion upon it as the issue immediately available, and the one most fraught with possibilities. It is the one likest to a revelation.

The unification of American Methodism is manifest destiny. We have already seen and discussed what every catholic-minded Christian must see, namely, that organized Christianity is drawing together; impelled of catholic sentiment and the pressure of world events and conditions without. Not only in the spirit of concert, but in the spirit of leadership, Methodism must answer the call to unity. Each branch of Methodism has stood for and has preserved intact some ideal truth of the original whole; perhaps each has multiplied its talent in separation; but the time has come when the segments should be brought together. The world needs it, and the future generations of Methodism are entitled to it. Our age has taught us that both Philistinism and pretentious rationalism know the value of organization and keep close together. They have differences, but a cohesive purpose binds them at bottom and at top. The schools of destructive criticism not only have tender mercy for one another's amazing inconsistencies, but they present a common front of opposition to the truth. The nation sets the example of solidarity; political parties delimit the lines of faction; great moral movements reach to the points of the compass; but the churches maintain their old reactive policies of multiple organizations and separative lines, even where fiscality, the final test of commercial wisdom, dictates a contrary course.

The reciprocal influences of the teachings and usages of Methodism, at least of the two main bodies in America, conspire to demand unification. After seventy-three years of separation, any one body of either of the two churches might be, with little difficulty, conducted under the rules or laws in the Book of Discipline of the other, and in doctrine one has not diverged a hair's breadth from the other. An old and hurtful rivalry has outlived

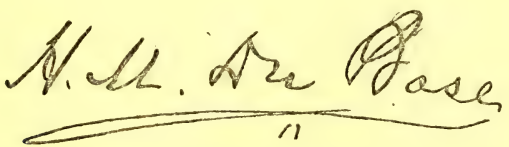
the spirit of separation. Wasteful and mutually destructive plans are made and maintained by men who, in conferences and committees, vote with heavy hearts and hesitating voices. The only escape from self-condemnation is the thought that no one man nor any group of men can remedy the situation; it is a task for Methodism as a whole. And so the reproach is borne in the hope that light is ahead. The archons are weeping in some far-off place while their descendants in the offices of time hesitate and fail to do judgment.

The centripetal of history is toward unity; the world of government feels it; science echoes it; secular thought affirms it, and social movements answer to it. Disobedience to the mandate of history is nearly the same as disobedience to the first of the commandments. With the world about it the church has often disregarded this monitory voice, and always to her confusion. Rome would not see the significance of Protestantism; the High Churchmen of England would not see the relevancy of the Wesleyan revival; nor did modern Non-Conformist England see that William Booth was a man sent from God until the Salvation Army came and shamed all Christendom with a living realization of the parables of the lost sheep and the good Samaritan. The modern church has had its warning. An age of marked political and social phenomena will need a gospel of marked power matched to an ecclesiasticism which follows the lines of living fellowship and universal sympathy. Let Methodism ask herself if these possibilities inhere in her plans and the interrelations of her parts. There are ecclesiasticisms which by these tokens are doomed, not wholly because of their ritualistic and hierarchical *incubi,* but because they have no power to see and read the tokens of the future.

Large sections of Methodism are suffering through blind allegiance to conditions which the age and the country have outlived. Men and women are paying a price and a penalty—the price and penalty of narrowed spiritual and social opportunities —when there is in the devotion no merit or ground of self approval. It is not as in the days when the Vaudoi and the Huguenots paid such a price for liberty of conscience; it is a demand for sacrifice

to be made in the name of traditional conditions that should be amenable to judgment and fraternity. In the guilt of imposing these outworn conditions all Methodism shares alike. The sin of maintaining a border in the heart of a great united country long ago ceased to be venial. What may have been necessary and legal in the days of war and their aftermath is in the times of peace an intolerable obsoletism. The effort of one party or the other to cross that border is to open the door of a closed sepulcher and to compound a past offense. Neither partisan overtness nor cordial compromise can remedy the case. Federation is as impossible as is a correction of the tides. The path of unification is the only way into Methodism's future of largeness and salvation.

A fact which must receive due consideration in connection with unification is this: namely, that Methodism has furnished Christianity with its own ideals of catholic unity. Not the old papal precedent of one rigid organization under an autocratic head, nor the Anglican ideal of a communion defined by an historic prelacy, but such an alignment of parts as will eliminate the elements of rivalry and discord and give healthy play to national and racial consciousness, with catholic and evangelistic truth as a nexus, and an administration shaped from and determined by the needs of a living Christianity. I do not presume here to multiply details; but it must be clearly understood that reorganization, to secure the largest unity and adaptation, must be attended by readjustments and the fixing of new viewpoints for a world outlook. The difficulties belong, for the present, to official commissions, but the great central fact is for the faith and the prayer-soul of Methodism. Let there be mighty cryings and uplifted hands at the gates of petition.



THE PERIL AND THE PROMISE OF PHILOSOPHY

Of late years the term "philosophy" has fallen among thieves and been relieved of something of its once academic reputation. Colleges which at one time subsumed, in their catalogues, Psychology under Philosophy, now subsume Philosophy under Psychology. Physics is writ large while Metaphysics is relegated to a footnote. Some of our physicists, partial to their own particular kind of "fiz" and indulging in moods of erethic exaltation, unfeelingly refer to metaphysics as "hot air." Among the common people the impression has obtained, since the days when Aristophanes pictured Socrates floating in the clouds, that the philosopher is some kind of a dreamer or necromancer, and when a Thales, star-gazing, falls into the ditch more persons than old women laugh. The brethren of Joseph sneer when the exceptional man sees visions. By many teachers philosophy is regarded as a fifth wheel to the academic coach, or is taken along as a kind of extra tire, to serve as a last resort when other rounds of reflection are punctured. Once upon a time, when philosophy, then scrupulously discriminated as "natural," "mental," and "moral," was almonered by portly gentlemen clad in clerical attire, of the Noah Porter and James McCosh order, it was regarded by undergraduates with that kind of awe reserved for antique china in a cupboard, but now, as taught by almost striplings lately Ph.D'd in Germany, who did not tarry in Berlin or Heidelberg until their beards were grown, it is looked upon as a kind of airy apparatus for the performance of mental gymnastics, or even characterized by radical psychologists as "yellow journalism." Among distinctively religious people, philosophy has been viewed with a considerable degree of suspicion, and not without some reason, considering the number and the character of the things that are said in the name of "Metaphysics." In their effect upon popular religious belief the worst of these productions are not the dry-as-dust disquisitions which are set forth by the laboring types of some technical quarterly, for such theses, being read by few, do the unsophisticated majority little

harm, but the *ad captandum* brochures which are read by the man who runs, and which, phrased in some instances in a fascinating literary style though argued with a crude and shallow casuistry, throw discredit on the legitimate spiritual aspirations of mankind. When unsound philosophy secures the services of a publicity bureau the more the ruin likely to be wrought to the faiths and hopes of men. The cant and chaff of one sophist perambulating amid the crowds may undo the work of two or three Platos lecturing in the Academy.

Now there are undoubtedly perils in philosophizing. One of these is pride of opinion—the danger of a knowledge that knows too much. Is not every Idealist sure that this statement holds true of the Realist, and vice versa? Is not the average producer of a "view" apt to cackle too much, like a chicken that has laid an egg? Is not the system-maker tempted to boast, "This is big Babylon which I have built"? Such prideful conceit is but too prevalent among men who earn salaries by teaching each his own brand of metaphysics. Along with this goes too frequently a love of logic-chopping in the interests, not of life, but of scholastic disputation. Some, with a cynical unconcern as to the question of the factual value of their views, declare that metaphysics is "good fun"—and let it go at that. As the technique of philosophy grows in bulk the conviction of the philosopher tends to lessen, since, hearing of so many things, he becomes certain as to few. As a reaction from the cock-sureness of the system-builder many a teacher of philosophy falls into a virtual agnosticism. Personally, he may be an indifferentist, and when he meets another of his own type laughs in his face, after the manner of the Roman augur. The interest of such a man in philosophy is purely intellectual. As for the ethics of the situation, our metaphysical Gallio, who is more at home at a "smoker" than in a church, cares for none of those things. That there is in much of the lecturing and writing of the day a lack of moral earnestness is undeniable. By such teachers speculators may be made, but not chairmen or citizens.

In all philosophical discussion there lurks the peril of a vacuous verbalism. Every logician and psychologist can testify that words are our best friends and our worst enemies. The tyro

in dialectics is apt to think when he has stolen a word from the dictionary that he has gotten a meaning for reality. Many a man laboriously whittles out a linguistic peg and then finds nothing to hang on it, or ostentatiously pastes a label on a trunk without content. Paste-pots and placards are produced, and forthwith the relativism of the Greek Sophists becomes "pragmatism," or something of that sort; the doctrine of consonance with the world-order, on which the Stoics insisted, appears as "loyalty"; "soul" becomes obsolete, being succeeded in turn by "mind," "consciousness," or "behavior." Affectations of speech are common, and one seems to himself to be bigger and brainier when he talks of "my reaction" or "my attitude." So do our words more or less impose upon us because we rather like to be soothed to intellectual somnolence by our own vocabularies. These novelties of nomenclature might be regarded as harmless drolleries of individual vanity were it not for the ever-present danger of assuming when a writer or teacher creates a new term that he gains a fresh idea. Of course improvements are made in nomenclature, and no man should bring the charge of "verbalism" against another simply because he does not agree with him. It is the office of philosophic criticism, where such imposition is suspected, to break the verbal cocoanut to ascertain whether there be in it any milk. Charity ought to moderate all such criticism in view of the ambiguities and vagaries of human language—an instrument well adapted for the diplomatic concealment of thought. Many terms that are apocalyptic in one connection are obscurantist when used in another. So keenly has this peril of imperspicuity—which would define *obscurum per obscurius*—been felt by earnest teachers of philosophy that it has been seriously proposed to constitute a board of censorship for aspirant terms in metaphysics, said board to be composed of eminent professors who will be charged with the duty of declaring authoritatively "who's who" and "what's what" in the line of metaphysical nomenclature. There is also in metaphysical discussion the possible intrusion at any time of a personal prepossession. Even before they have fairly begun their study of the schools men tend to take sides from an excess of self-consciousness. To one complaining that foreign travel had not profited him in the way of learning, Socrates

remarked, "No wonder, for you were always accompanied by yourself." That is just it. We are ourselves in the way; we carry ourselves along and wonder why our progress in truth-seeking is not faster. Many a speculator is embarrassed by a favorite view which in time becomes like a fixed delusion. It is with him as with Horace's painter whose specialty was a cypress tree; if the artist received an order to paint a shipwrecked sailor swimming in mid-ocean, the man of pigments was helpless unless his patron would permit him to insert a cypress tree as one detail in the marine view. We tire at times of the cypress trees, of the personal equation overdone. We may pass by with the mention of a word various risks and hazards incidental to the work of a philosopher: that of over-specialization, accompanied by a corresponding neglect to orientate his results with the wider field of experience; a tendency to make superfine, often forced, distinctions (Dr. Edwards Park used to say that early theology in New England was divided into the four groups: Calvinist, Calvinistic, Calvinistical, and Calvinisticalish), multiplying classificatory cleavages which are logical rather than actual; the peril of the paradox, or fallacy of the snap-shot, which affords a brilliant "flash," illuminating a single aspect of reality, but that is soon lost in night again; the risk of dwelling on negative rather than positive ideas or moments; pride of opinion—a form of temptation which besets more people than metaphysicians; the horticulture of pet fads and fancies; metaphysical metonymy, which puts the part for the whole; discouragement because of the way—it is a long road to the plane of the philosopher; phrasing reality in quantitative more than in qualitative terms; losing the thinker in the supposed interest of the thought ("thought thinks," forsooth!)—and thinking in a vacuum, with no real reference to the concrete, palpitating world in which we all live. One or the other of these doubtful adventures almost all thinkers have at one period or another tried. They belong to the "vealy" stage of metaphysics, fitted for the *menu* of prodigal sons, but not for elder statesmen who desire to be considered in good and regular standing among the *Hoi Scholastikoi*.

We conclude what we have to say regarding the perils of

philosophizing by a brief reference to two forms of dialectical enterprising which in part reflect the ancient antithesis between Becoming and Being; namely, an affectation of vagueness and formlessness in one's thinking, and, at the other extreme, an addiction to and advertisement of a false finality. The representatives of the first "school" (if indeed they are willing to be called by any such name) insist upon a stream-like affluence. For them life is liquid—it has no containing vessel; it is water which needs no H_2O formula to describe it. "Keep things fluid!" is the slogan of these modern Heracliteans, who have a horror of definitions. Like the Irishman's flea, their thought is never here, but always somewhere else. Philosophy in their view is a going thing, not an arriving value; it is all track and no terminus. All this is the apotheosis of Becoming—process raised to the Nth degree. On the other hand, minds of a certain type are peculiarly liable to fall into the error of a false finality, taking it for granted that a given system of thought as a purely intellectual creation has exhausted all the elements in the case or tabulates every moment or motive of experience. As a matter of fact no philosopher—whether a Plato, an Augustine, a Kant, a Hegel, a Lotze, a Royce, a James, or a Bowne—can claim that he has said the last word as to the rational explanation of the world or in justification of the ways of God to man. One does not need to be an extreme Heraclitean in order to feel doubt as to the finality of various schools or views. Even the Eleatic, while holding that the ultimate bases of being abide unchanged from age to age, may recognize a degree of fluidity, or progressive process, in the human reports or descriptions of the underlying reality—for so, centuries after Thales fell asleep, is the study of philosophy kept young! The impulse to system-building is not wholly a blind or a profitless instinct, yet life lies open, and the door of speculation must never be bolted and barred against the access and intrusion of free forces or fresh facts. Experience is both fluid and final—actually processive and teleologically final; laboring for ends in a realm that can never end. We need a world in which "God can work" and in which man can think, arriving at results without being arrested in his mental and moral development.

The promise of philosophy is as real if not as evident as its peril. That promise grows out of its office. The aim of speculation is to give, if it be possible, a satisfying report of a world assumed to be intelligible because rational. The assumption is that somehow the reason of man—which old Pecock called "the largist book of autorite that ever God made"—must comport with the structure of the objective world. Philosophy can never be identified with utter agnosticism, for then it could not get started even as a doctrine of doubt. Its presupposition is that in some degree real being may become the subject of a human knowing, and its purpose is not simply to supply a critical exhibit of most general concepts, but also to interpret the world in the interests of life and conduct.

We are well aware that the interest of many students of philosophy has been purely intellectual. If metaphysics be nothing else, it is, as one post-graduate expressed it, "good fun." Professor James records of a club he attended in Boston, "Whatever may have been the subject for the evening we always ended up with a quarrel over space-perception." Some men find a kind of fun in debating, unfortunately at times in quarreling, but this exercise of dialectic give-and-take, this war of wits, is not without its value for mental development. All of us can see that Metaphysics is an intellectual adventure where the thinker may prove to be a Columbus. The speculative sailor goes to sea to see, and we remember that it was in a maritime region, ancient Ionia, that Greek Philosophy, as distinguished from mere mythology, took its rise. It is not the least among the incidental advantages of this study, too, that it puts one in communion with the mental Alpine climbers of the ages; as the academic formula runs, it "admits to the society of learned men." The views of Plato and Aristotle, the writings of Immanuel Kant, or the conversations of a Fichte, are not simply "hot air." No one claims that these high-peak men exhausted the report of reality, but they have said too much and too well to warrant sneers at the "Queen of the Sciences." Again, while the study of Philosophy means the addition of intellectual treasures, it involves as well the discarding of outworn views. It establishes the proper proportion between ideas and concepts and callings, for, after a candid examination of many

systems, the mind of the prudent and reverent student tends to a judicious equilibrium as the resultant of the application of a critical method to diverse data, and, as Kant taught us, the critical road still lies open. For want of such criticism many crudities of opinion have been advanced for human inspection. It may be frankly admitted that philosophy has often been discredited by the superficiality or the garrulity of self-styled "thinkers." The cure is not less thought, but more, and better. Emerson said, "Beware when God lets a thinking man loose among men." We are not so afraid of the God-allowed man so long as he will think straight, think things through, and compare his results with those of others who are presumably as divinely commissioned as he, but we do feel anxious (not for reality, but for human opinion) when an individual who thinks that he thinks lets himself loose among men. When metaphysics becomes the fad of the "single-track mind," in a socially distracted age, we hang our harp on the willows. A certain suspension of judgment and reserve in the communication of philosophy will enhance its reputation. "If ignorant men begin to talk of some points in philosophy," says Epictetus, "do not join with them; for when men are forward to vent their ideas it is a sign they are not well digested. Your silence may, indeed, be called ignorance, and that to your face. But if you bear this reproach calmly then know that your philosophy is working well. Sheep do not give up again the grass they have eaten to prove that they are well fed; but show the fact in good meat, a large fleece, and much milk." Many a philosophical theory will take on flesh when its shepherd ceases nervously to drive it through the agora. On the other hand, the silence of the Grove is a favoring seed-ground for ideas and ideals.

There is more, however, in philosophy than "fun," or even intellectual adventure, since the best philosophy discloses high ideals and puts men in touch with the forces that render life worth while. The promise of metaphysics hovers over its perils, and the thinker must look up to catch the vision. His goal lies beyond the pitfalls and the bogs of despond, and though he has not yet received the whole promise he is persuaded of its existence, sights it afar off, and endures in the expectation of its sometime fulfillment.

Pure intellectualism, mere "*idea*-ism" (whatever may be said for some form of idealism) lacks content for life, and it is as impossible to think in a vacuum as it is to live in one. The notion of value, the hint of ideal, the call of a higher world, haunts us at every turn. And hence it comes about that the mood of a true philosophy is a mingling of content and discontent. Bulwer-Lytton has remarked, "Philosophy has become another name for mental quietude." This is so in a degree if this quietude be construed, not as the once-for-all stillness of a deaf-and-dumb asylum, but as a series of successive rests, where the pilgrim bivouacks for a night, but in the morning rises to the *reveille* and is off again on his quest for truth. The road lies through search and *re*-search to the serenity of a world-view which provides all needed spiritual values for life while it challenges the mind to the making of new conquests of truth. This was the fine mood of a Lord Kelvin, who, happy in a faith that fed his soul, could yet, as an old man, express his intellectual progressivism in the phrase, "A chiel amang ye takkin' notes."

It appears that in this view of the case speculation is serious business. The aim of philosophy is to arouse intellectual interest in the deeper phases of experience and then in some measure to satisfy it. Many men are content to go through life unheeding the treasures beneath the surface, reminding us of the king who sought to test his subjects by placing a large stone in the street near his palace. Many of the pedestrians went around the stone, some fell over it, while most of them grumbled at the obstruction. When it had been made evident that no one would offer to dislodge it, the king, in the midst of an assembly of his people, with his own hands took away the rock, disclosing underneath it a box filled with gold, and marked: "For him who removes this stone." To the passing throngs the treasure beneath the stone of philosophy, which to them seems only obstructive, makes no appeal until the philosopher magnifies his office and creates a demand for his own intellectual wares. It may be regretfully admitted that in some instances the philosophic stone contains no treasure under it, and a like confession might be made in all honesty by at least a few theologians. Both classes of students would get on better if

there were less controversy and more conviction in their respective deliverances. Neither the *odium theologicum* nor the *odium philosophicum* is a lovely mood. It is an approved saying that "calling names is not philosophy," and the "philosophic calm," if it do not degenerate into moral indifference, is the preferable temperament. In any case it is not to be expected that there will be perfect agreement in all lines of reflection, and such a variety of view, so far from being an unmitigated evil, rather shows the extraordinary richness and fertility of the human mind. In speculation, as in other intellectual pursuits, there may be misunderstandings which provoke misgivings as to one's own sureness of search—or perhaps of the sanity of the other man—but on the whole the outlook for reflection is promising; we are persuaded better things both of theology and philosophy though we thus speak. The cure for obscurantism in the intellectual sphere is a better understanding and a more lively interaction between philosophy and theology. So far as the interests of religion are concerned nothing is worse than to try to keep one's speculation in one compartment and one's theology in another, after the manner of the "twofold truth" which characterized the inwardly discordant thought of the entire later Middle Age. Christianity may begin with the humble and the unlearned, as Paul did at Athens, but in the end it must try conclusions, as did he, with the best thought and culture of the age. Any theology—not necessarily religion itself—will ultimately stand or fall with its philosophy. In any case the discussion of either of these two legitimate intellectual interests of mankind is shot through with cross-motives brought from the other. It is no part of our duty to glorify doubt—quite the reverse; but it is certainly a fact that the best way in which to meet and overcome doubt, so far as it is not temperamental, but purely intellectual, is to exhibit the cordial relations that should obtain between a reverent metaphysics and a reasonable theology. Individual metaphysicians and individual theologians are in specific instances worlds apart, but that may be because the one set are shallow and the other narrow—the former dogmatically denying the possibility of mystic communion and the latter refusing to take their beliefs out in the open for examination. The chief occupation of certain

professors of philosophy may be "to posit the impossible and from it compel the student to strive desperately for the axiomatic," but we are compelled to declare of some professional exponents of religion, as was said justly or unjustly of Macaulay, that there is in their writings or life no trace that they have ever been arrested by an intellectual difficulty of any kind. The trouble with a certain amount of theological instruction in the past has been that it has lacked a broad enough metaphysical base, just as, on the other hand, much metaphysical tutoring has been unreasonably rationalistic; allowing no suggestions of value-judgments or "supernatural" experiences to enter the closed circuit of its temperamental egoism and exclusiveness and hence lacking moral earnestness and adaptation to life as men have to live it. The ideal would be, not a theology which tries to prove that "that which is is not," but a view of the world hospitable to all the factors in the problem, and a theism which, however its statement may involve non-rational or extra-rational elements, never demands belief in the irrational.

It may, then, fairly be claimed that, while technical metaphysics may be the professional pursuit, or the pet diversion, of but few, philosophy, taken in the broad sense of an essay rationally to interpret experience and to utilize learning for the purposes of life, is the inescapable interest of mankind. We must be philosophers if we are to be men. Philosophy becomes an adventure in well-being. It seeks to demonstrate, as R. L. Stevenson phrased it, the "livableness of human life," and to answer the time-worn query of W. H. Mallock, "Is life worth living?" It may be that "Philosophy bakes no bread," but it makes a better and happier man of the baker; it inspires the humblest toiler who, in the intervals of work in the shop or at the forge, picks up a book and rejoices thereby to find that "Plato had some of his ideas." So there is in philosophy a consolatory office. Life is undeniably hard. Optimism is easy—when the sun shines. Sentiment may gaily hum, "All's right with the world!"—but we know that it is not so. When we pierce beneath the apparent order we meet the mournful mystery that is at the heart of things; ever and anon we catch the "eternal note of sadness." Here philosophy and, particularly, theology come to our aid. Can we forget that it was

in a cell Boethius wrote *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, in which may be traced as a motive the Stoic contention that the reason should conquer the emotions? The feelings, indeed, have their rights, and the hard facts of life may not be denied. If a man have a broken leg it is Æsculapius, and not Plato, who will set it for him, but Plato, Paul, Augustine, or Kant starts reflections which will place all events in their proper perspective, making possible, in spite of the pain and the poverty, a *rationale* of experience which religion, with a justified theodicy and a ministrant mercy, surrounds with an aureole of glorious hope. So may we be meliorists at once, and optimists in the conclusion. Philosophy, accordingly, is no mere jargon of quiddities and verbalisms, out of all relation to the practical needs of humanity. It may be the case, and historically has often proved to be the fact, that the philosopher is also the poet, and the speculator the unselfish servant of his fellows. As mathematics has its application in mechanical construction so may metaphysics find its social expression—its apostle being Socrates, not Diogenes. The cynic mood is not the creative temper, and philosophy is no less royal when it travels afoot on the dusty highways "going about doing good." No doubt there is much speculation to-day that is anæmic, just as there is (or tries to be) a certain amount of "soulless psychology," but *gnosis* is not necessarily the antithesis of *praxis,* and the full-blooded thinker (that is to say, the *man* thinking), while striving, like Fichte, to "make truth luminous to the world," can say, in distant imitation of the teaching Galilean, "I am among you as he that serveth!" But if he is to serve, a man must know why he is to be a bondsman to sacrifice. The *cui bono* of all effort obtrudes itself as a conundrum. Is there an intelligent trend, or only a hapless drift to things? The best philosophy accepts the challenge and is not ashamed to confess its teleological interest and conviction. In "nature" it detects some sort of a design, implicit in the evolutionary process though it may be, and it dreams of a

> "divine, far-off event
> Toward which the whole creation moves."

Philosophy is not content simply with describing activity, it

demands to know all it may as to its aim. The mathematician is forever seeking to know the value of x, and when he ascertains that x equals y his soul rejoiceth, but to the heart of the philosopher peace comes only when he solves the equation x equals *why?* Truly our deepest learnings and yearnings are purposive, projective, decisive. After the mind is worn with the study that is a weariness to the flesh, it remains for the will to deliver its ultimatum, and to bid the thinker, "Go thou and *do* . . . for the work of thy hands shall be established!"

Finally, there is no promise in or for any system that does not give spirit its rights. When Antisthenes, a pupil of Socrates, was asked what he had gained from philosophy, he replied, "The power to hold converse with my soul." We did not require Bergson to tell us that what is needed to-day is the finding or rediscovery of the soul. The one fact which, like cheese, digests everything but itself is consciousness; the innermost heart of all findings is spiritual life. No man, whether a prince or a slave, can live on the circumference of things, or even of truths. His real hope and help are within. To explain the world he must explain himself, and to understand himself he must in some degree or way know God. Inwardness and immediacy will be two distinctive marks —if indeed the two be not one—of the speculation of the future. When it fulfills its mission to the higher life of man philosophy becomes a source of real religious insight. It has been said that it is always the business of the philosophy of an age to make apparent to the thought of that age the currents of its own spiritual life. Even so, and more: to make apparent the channels in which those currents should run; for philosophy has a prophetic as well as an interpretative function to perform. Metaphysics, then, is not just a perfunctory postscript to past reflections, but a living interest, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come, and if he be "born of God" the philosopher confesses his consecrating mission in the Johannine phrase, "For the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us forever." Religion, not excepting the Christian religion, is never indifferent to the intellectual interest, but its special province is to conserve the vital values: to teach men not just how to think, but how to live; to

unfold not simply the what of things, but as well the whence, the why, and the whither of events. With this aim philosophy, whose particular work lies in a somewhat different sphere, is in entire sympathy, cooperating, if not precisely coinciding, with theology. Both philosophy and theology may recast some of their definitions as time goes by, but neither can have any interest in denying the claims both of reason and faith. In any case the great questions of destiny will remain, and, whether we speak of the supernatural, the subnatural, or the connatural, the brooding mystery of the oversoul will match the growing wonder of the man within; the value-judgments will call for determination after the desk of the professor has been locked and the key lost; significance will have to be found *for* life *in* life; human hearts will yearn for love, and human wills crave guidance; God will remain the concern of the philosopher because the latter is a man, not a cog in a machine; and religion—which is essentially the faith in the world as good, or as capable of good, and in its builder as Father and Saver—will continue to prove, beyond cavil or rejoinder, its heavenly worth.

Along these lines philosophy, the inescapable interest of mankind, finds its promise.

Charles A. S. Dwight

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, A DECADE AFTER

On the 19th of March, 1907, Thomas Bailey Aldrich uttered his last words, "In spite of all, I am going to sleep; put out the lights"; and a few minutes later, in an endless sleep, he had joined the silent majority. When he died, just ten years ago, Aldrich left behind him a literary record that has enriched American letters and already made his name familiar to a vast host of discriminating readers who have been entertained and charmed by his prose and his poetry. Yet his creative gift was not prolific, but rather meager; and his product was not opulent either in poetry or prose. "He was of the Flauberts," his biographer has said of him, "not of the Balzacs." Aldrich took infinite pains with his composition, making numerous revisions of his first draft and expressing his thoughts in the most correct, elegant and finished style. The fact is, his method of composition and his literary taste would not permit him to write anything save in chaste and choice English. He used to say that he would rather be censured in pure English than praised in bad. Nor could he endure the careless and slipshod methods of writing which give rise to so much of the present-day sloppy English. And yet, as he himself used so often to say, "It is so easy to write sloppily."

In the old town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 11th of November, 1836, Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born. He passed his early youth in the quaint old house later described for us so minutely in The Story of a Bad Boy. The father of "Tom" Bailey, as the bad boy of this story, was Elias Taft Aldrich, a man of a restless disposition, who soon removed from the scene of his son's youthful escapades out into the wide world, changing his residence so often that the author informs us that in his early life he lived in every state in the Union. After a residence of four years in New York Elias Aldrich moved to New Orleans with his little family and engaged in a commission business. Here he invested his scant fortune so securely that his son informs us he was never able to get more than half of it out again. In the

Crescent City Tom Bailey spent three years. Some of Aldrich's early impressions of Creole life have been given literary expression in a few of his excellent short stories, like Père Antoine's Date-Palm. However, Elias Aldrich decided that with its picturesque features New Orleans did not offer the best facilities for education, and so the staid New England father packed his son off to his curious old home town to prepare at the local academy for entering Harvard College. By a singular coincidence, about the time Tom Bailey returned to his grandfather's home in Portsmouth his father died at Memphis on a Mississippi River steamboat. In The Story of a Bad Boy Aldrich reveals to us that in his school days he was a perfectly natural boy. He was fond of boyish pranks and escapades and yet he loved his books too, and realized that there is a time to study as well as a time to play. Describing his little hall room in his grandfather's house, he tells us:

> Over the head of the bed were two oak shelves, holding perhaps a dozen books,—among which were Theodore, or the Peruvians, Robinson Crusoe, an odd volume of Tristam Shandy, Baxter's Saint's Rest, and a fine English edition of the Arabian Nights with six hundred woodcuts by Harvey.
>
> Shall I ever forget the hour when I first overhauled these books! I do not allude especially to Baxter's Saint's Rest, which is far from being a lively work for the young, but to the Arabian Nights, and particularly to Robinson Crusoe. The thrill that ran into my fingers' ends then has not run out yet. Many a time did I steal up to this nest of a room and, taking the dog's-eared volume from its shelf, glide off into an enchanted realm, where there were no lessons to get and no boys to smash my kite. In a lidless trunk in the garret I subsequently unearthed a motley collection of novels and romances, embracing the adventures of Baron Trenck, Jack Sheppard, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Charlotte Temple—all of which I fed upon like a bookworm.
>
> I never come across a copy of any of these works without feeling a certain tenderness for the yellow-haired little rascal who used to lean above the magic pages hour after hour, religiously believing every word he read, and no more doubting the reality of Sinbad the Sailor or the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance than he did the existence of his own grandfather.

The indulgence of young Aldrich's desire for reading speedily developed in him the creative impulse which bore fruit

in rhyme. His juvenile verses found their way into print in the poet's corner of the Portsmouth Journal as early as 1851, when the author was in his fifteenth year. But these halcyon days were to have a speedy end, for when the time came for him to go to college, he had to face the fact that the estate his father had left was not sufficient for his mother's support and to defray his expenses at college, and he had therefore to abandon his cherished ambition, which was to enter Harvard and study literature under the poet Longfellow, then its professor of modern languages, and to set out for New York city for the modest purpose of earning a living for himself there as a clerk in his uncle's counting-room. In this position Aldrich remained for three years; but from the very first, as his biographer, Ferris Greenslet, informs us, this clerk occupied himself more with lyrics than ledgers. He spent much of his time with his books, his pipes and his varied collection of Japanese fans in the little back hall bed-room on the third floor of his uncle's house in Clinton Place. His uncle, Charles Frost, used humorously to complain that his young clerk, Tom Bailey, would always be found studying Spanish, or doing something else equally remote from the commission business. One day young Aldrich, who had been assiduously cultivating the metropolitan muse rather than Mammon, joyfully informed his uncle that the editor of "Harper's" had just accepted one of his poems and paid him fifteen dollars for it, whereupon the crusty old gentleman remarked, "Why don't you send the d——d fool one every day?"

At the end of three years Aldrich resigned his clerkship, having determined to become a man of letters. This same year, 1855, is memorable in Aldrich's career as marking the publication of his first volume of verse, The Bells, and of his poem, "Ballad of Babie Bell," by which he at once achieved for himself a national reputation. This sweet and tenderly pathetic poem was written on the backs of bills of lading while the poet clerk was supervising the unloading of goods consigned to his uncle's commission house. Immediately on its publication "Babie Bell" won its way to the popular heart, but the greater part of the fifty poems constituting Aldrich's first volume of verse possessed only scant merit. They

were rather of the nature of *juvenilia*. There was potential promise rather than intrinsic worth. In 1859 Aldrich published his second collection of poems, entitling the volume The Ballad of Babie Bell, and Other Poems. This fully confirmed the promise of his maiden volume and was warmly received. Some time before the appearance of the second volume Aldrich was fortunate enough to be appointed assistant editor to N. P. Willis, of the Home Journal. This post brought him into more or less intimate association with the *literati* of New York, including such noted men as Stoddard, Stedman, Halleck, Bryant, O'Brien, Edwin Booth, and Bayard Taylor, and, what is of no less importance from a material point of view, the place insured Aldrich a comfortable support while affording him ample opportunity to cultivate the muse.

Aldrich's literary activities during his residence in New York were not, however, confined entirely to poetry. He produced some work in prose also, such as Daisy's Necklace and What Became of It, and a romance which he published under the unromantic title Out of His Head. But that poetry engaged his attention more than prose is evident from the superiority of his early volumes of poetry over his prose. For in addition to the two volumes of verse already mentioned he published three others, namely, Poems, Pampinea and Other Poems, and Poems of a Year—which some waggish reviewer described as "poems of a yearling." These several volumes of prose and verse were published in rapid succession, all within a decade. Meanwhile Aldrich had a varied though brief experience on the front, with the Army of the Potomac, as a war correspondent of the New York Tribune. This brief war experience served to ripen the poet's work, and as the fruitage he gave us such inspiring odes as "Fredericksburg," "Spring in New England," and "The Shaw Memorial Ode." The war episode also furnished him his inspiration for a new departure in the realm of the short story, of which more anon. Taken all together, therefore, Aldrich's rather brief residence in New York forms one of the most interesting chapters in his history, not the least profitable element of which was his friendship with Stoddard, Stedman, and Bayard Taylor, a friend-

ship that was to be cemented all the more firmly by the passing years.

When Aldrich became a member of the staff of the Home Journal in 1856 he was a *novus homo*. When he left New York a decade later he had acquired a national reputation. From this time on Boston with its environs was to be his local habitation when he was not a bird of passage from one continent to another, as he frequently was in his later years. The occasion of his removal to Boston was the establishment of Every Saturday, an ambitious eclectic journal which was designed to carry the best foreign periodical literature, and Aldrich was selected by its promoters as the man best equipped to edit it. Accordingly Aldrich, who had recently married, took up his residence on aristocratic Beacon Hill to direct the destines of the newly projected journal. Boston offered Aldrich opportunity to cultivate the acquaintance of the local literary lights, and soon Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, and Howells came to be counted among his intimate friends. His new field of labor proving quite congenial, Aldrich threw himself into his work with zest and abandon. Early in 1869 he published serially in Our Young Folks his "Story of a Bad Boy," with the result that several thousand subscribers were speedily added to the circulation of that juvenile magazine. Not only did the serial prove a drawing card for the magazine, but when it was issued in book form it proved a happy venture for the author, quickly running through a dozen editions. Even up to the present time the book continues to enjoy a yearly sale far surpassing that of many a new book. Its notable success lured Aldrich on to endeavor to win additional laurels in prose, and soon he achieved distinction by a series of short stories contributed to the Atlantic Monthly. "A Rivermouth Romance" appeared in 1872 and the following year witnessed the appearance of his incomparable masterpiece, "Marjorie Daw." Soon after its publication this short story had the exceptional distinction of being translated into several foreign languages and of being printed, among other periodicals, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This series of stories reveals a subtle humor, a light airy touch, and a mastery of the art of this species of prose fiction, of whose possession the author

up to that time had given no evidence. Furthermore the stories show very conclusively that Aldrich had been a pupil of the French school of short-story writers and had acquired the lucidity and graceful finish in the treatment of his subject so characteristic of the French. Emboldened by the flattering reception the public accorded his short stories, Aldrich decided to try a longer and more ambitious flight in prose fiction, and the outcome, "Prudence Palfrey," was first printed as a serial in the Atlantic in 1874. This novel was presumably suggested by Holmes's "Elsie Venner." Though it is in no sense an imitation of that psychological study, the two novels are of the same general type, and are alike in portraying and envisaging New England characters. Of the two "Prudence Palfrey" is perhaps the better; certainly it is the more engaging story, though as a novel it is hardly above mediocre. In 1874 Every Saturday suspended publication and Aldrich retired for a while from the editorial sanctum, taking his household goods with him to Ponkapog, to enjoy peace and quiet on his Sabine farm. The following quinquennium registered the most prolific period of Aldrich's literary career. The Atlantic Monthly was urging him to send as much as he could from his active pen, and so during these five years he published in its pages, besides a number of poems, two long prose romances, "The Queen of Sheba" and "The Stillwater Tragedy," as well as the greater part of his sketches "From Ponkapog to Pesth." These sketches, as the title suggests, grew out of his experiences during an extended trip from his home to Vienna and Budapest and return. Aldrich was a keen observer and developed into an enthusiastic traveler, almost a globe trotter (if that were not too prosaic a term to apply to such a poetic temperament as his); and this was but the first of a number of trips that he later made to various foreign countries.

When William Dean Howells, now the Nestor of American authors, resigned the editorship of the Atlantic Monthly after a tenure of nearly a score of years, the publishers naturally turned to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and he was soon duly installed in "the seat of the scorner," the editorial chair of the Atlantic. For this important position he was admirably qualified by his previous train-

ing as well as by his fastidious taste and critical acumen, and he set himself a high standard both in prose and verse, fully maintaining the best traditions of the premier literary magazine of America. Under his editorial direction the Atlantic achieved the reputation of being, in the judgment of an English review, "the best-edited magazine in the English language." During his connection with this periodical his critical judgment and literary skill were still more refined and perfected. In 1890, after a rich service of nine years, Aldrich severed his connection with the Atlantic to enjoy a well-merited leisure from the routine of the editorial chair. During the next ten years Aldrich enjoyed a succession of mellow, halcyon days, which his biographer happily describes as his "Indian summer days," and which forms perhaps the happiest chapter in his life. In this decade Aldrich indulged his passion for traveling, spending several summers abroad and making two trips around the world. In the meantime his pen was far from idle, for he wrote a number of excellent short stories, which he published under the title Two Bites at a Cherry, and gave to the world a succession of fine poems, five new books of verse. This decade also registered the stage production of his two-act drama "Mercedes," and the appearance, in 1896, of his collected works in eight volumes. But Aldrich's mellow Indian summer days were destined to be followed by a sad autumn. In 1901 one of his twin adult sons developed tuberculosis, and for the next two years Aldrich spent most of his time in the Adirondacks, occupying a cottage on Saranac Lake, only a few hundred yards from the cottage Robert Louis Stevenson had some years before occupied in his long struggle with the great white plague. In this mountain solitude Aldrich built himself a cottage which he called "The Porcupine," as he said, "because it had so many good points and was occupied by a quill driver." Indeed, quill-driving would seem to have been Aldrich's chief occupation and solace during those melancholy days in the Adirondacks; for, by way of diverting his mind from his constant solicitude as to the outcome of his son's life struggle, he wrote and published his volume of short stories, entitled, A Sea Turn and Other Matters, and that entertaining collection of note-book jottings and delightful

essays which go to make up his Ponkapog Papers. But as time wore on it became evident that his son Charles was fighting a losing battle. His life flickered out in March, 1904.

The following summer Aldrich spent in steady work upon a dramatization of his narrative poem "Judith and Holofernes," which he undertook at the urgent solicitation of Miss Nance O'Neill, the actress. The result of his labors was the play of "Judith and Bethulia," the premier performance of which inspired both author and actress with radiant promise. But, despite its poetic vitality and compact movement and passion, the play failed to hold the boards and had soon to be withdrawn. Aldrich was now approaching the seventieth milestone of life, and his hosts of friends gave him a joyful ovation as he passed it. At this juncture he was asked by those having charge of the centenary of Longfellow's birth to write a poem for the occasion. Aldrich's first impulse was to decline the invitation, but he reluctantly accepted, and in response penned those nobly eloquent lines on Longfellow which proved to be his swan song. For Aldrich was stricken a few days later with a fatal illness, and passed away March 19, 1907; and those noble and pathetic lines he had composed only a short while before upon Longfellow were read with eminent propriety at his own funeral, as he was laid to rest by the side of his son in beautiful Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston.

After the foregoing survey of Aldrich's life and work it ought not to be very difficult to weigh and estimate his achievement. For, as has been shown, Aldrich was not a very versatile writer, nor was his output very copious. He produced no monumental work either in prose or poetry to justify a critic in claiming for him a place in the front rank of our American authors. Yet Aldrich left behind a very creditable accomplishment, both in prose and poetry, that deserves to be considered a distinct contribution to the broadening and enrichment of our literature. To consider first Aldrich's poetry, he was a severe and uncompromising critic of his own work. As he came to view his verse in retrospect he winnowed it carefully, ruthlessly discarding in the later editions poems which under no conditions would many a minor poet have been willing to reject. Indeed, Aldrich's rejected verse

would have been sufficient to make the reputation of a mediocre poet. But the standard of Aldrich's mature judgment was very high, and he determined to admit into the canon only such poems as he deemed well fortified by art and content to weather the criticism of time. He was gifted with a fine poetic faculty and a well-nigh faultless craftsmanship. As he issued edition after edition he would revise and improve, subjecting each poem to the keenest scrutiny, as if to test it for his definitive edition. For, like Horace of the ancients and Tennyson of the moderns, he was a severe critic of his own work and did not spare the labor of the file.

In his callow years Aldrich showed himself a follower of the impressionist school. Holmes used to twit him on being led astray "by the fragrance of certain words—vanilla-flavored adjectives and patchouli-scented participles." But as his taste improved and his art developed, he either omitted lyrics of this type or his deft and graceful touch eliminated these "perfumed passages" along with other offending excrescences. Yet, despite his constant polishing and finishing, his poetry is not "faultily faultless" and over-refined, or cold and soulless. On the contrary, it is warm and sensuous, and appeals to the heart as well as to the intellect. But the beauty that is characteristic of Aldrich's poetry in general is more noteworthy in his lyrics, his brief poems, than in his long narrative poems such as "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," "The Legend of Ara-Coeli," "Wyndham Towers" and "Judith and Holofernes." To be sure, these long poems are beautiful, and reveal a masterly poetic art, but they are not as distinctively characteristic of Aldrich's poetic style as are his finest lyrics, like "Nocturne," "Two Songs from the Persian," "Forever and a Day," "Snowflake," "Nameless Pain," "Knowledge," "Memory," "Identity," and "Imogen." These lyrics are exquisitely beautiful, and delicately wrought, and yet simple withal—veritable gems of the poetic craft. They reveal their author's skill just as an exquisitely carved cameo or intaglio miniature reveals the lapidary's art. In this restricted domain of the simple, dainty lyric Aldrich is all but unsurpassed in American literature.

A word about Aldrich's success as a dramatist before passing

to the consideration of his prose. Few of our American writers have succeeded in producing a play that lent itself readily to representation upon the stage, but the number of those who have failed in the attempt has been legion. It is to Aldrich's credit that he is of the class of those whose efforts in this direction have been attended with success. The play that first won him this distinction is his drama "Mercedes," written in two acts. It was first published in 1884, but was not presented upon the boards till nine years after. Its success was, however, of very brief duration, since it kept the stage only a week at Palmer's Theatre, New York. This short drama really has considerable merit and furnishes abundant evidence of dramatic power. The second and last drama that Aldrich produced was his "Judith of Bethulia," acted in 1904, but first published eight years before as his long poem of "Judith and Holofernes." This was presented both in New York and Boston and was generally rated the most notable dramatic enterprise of its decade. Still, even with these two rather notable successes to his credit in the field of the drama, no critic would be justified in attributing to Aldrich's dramatic achievement anything beyond a moderate degree of success.

Let us now pass in review Aldrich's achievement in prose. His passion for correct English has already been commented upon. His prose style, like his poetry, is refined, chaste, and polished. Even in his juvenile book, The Story of a Bad Boy, regarding which the critic might be disposed to blink and condone a few slight departures from the *jcs et norma loquendi,* no true indictment can be brought against him, for here also his standard is equally exacting and measures up to the requirements of model prose. This tender, humorous, and engaging book, by the way, has now become a classic, fascinating old and young alike, and has won for its author an abiding affection in the hearts of all appreciative readers.

Aldrich's accomplishment in prose is limited to a few volumes of short stories and a few novels. The fact is, his volumes in prose that are really worth while may be counted on the fingers of one hand. For when you have mentioned his two collections of short stories, Marjorie Daw and Two Bites at a Cherry,

and his three novels, Prudence Palfrey, The Queen of Sheba, and The Stillwater Tragedy, you have practically exhausted his stock of prose fiction. The Stillwater Tragedy is rightly regarded as Aldrich's best and most ambitious novel, and it is a creditable performance, though certainly not a great novel. It is our author's most elaborate undertaking in prose fiction, if indeed it is not his only novel, since Prudence Palfrey and The Queen of Sheba are, in the last analysis, found to be long-drawn-out short stories rather than real novels. These two novels, so called, with their few characters and simple plot, do not properly meet the requirements of the novel, and at most should only be termed prose romances. But The Stillwater Tragedy has a somewhat complicated plot that requires space and time for its development to its natural conclusion and contains some very dramatic situations. The characters, too, are more numerous and more skillfully portrayed. In this novel the author attempts a treatment of the vexed labor question, but the moral element is weakened by the sentimental tone of the book, and the treatment leaves much to be desired. Nevertheless, the novel with its palpable defects shows Aldrich's power of invention and portrayal far more than any other work of prose fiction that he produced. The hero is presented, with considerable fidelity to detail, as a man of resolution and of unfaltering courage, and the heroine, Margaret Slocum, is portrayed with a charming freshness of personality. Like Prudence Palfrey, the heroine of the novel of that name, and the fair distraught Queen of Sheba, Margaret Slocum stands out as a distinct and clever character. But none of Aldrich's characters possesses those qualities that insure immortality in literature. His fiction can hardly be said to be above mediocre, but it is fresh and simple, wholesome and entertaining. In the province of the short story Aldrich takes higher rank than he does in the domain of the novel. The short stories included in the Marjorie Daw collection are excellent, as are also those which make up the volume entitled Two Bites at a Cherry. Now that the short story has taken a vise-like grip upon the American reading public, and the name of the practitioners of this species of fiction is veritable legion, it is interesting and reassuring to learn from the critics who speak

with authority that Aldrich's short stories still hold their own in the present fierce competition, and are conceded to be among the best produced in America in the last half century. One might search far and wide to find a more witty, humorous, and charming collection of short stories than the two above-named volumes. But of these "Majorie Daw" is easily first, and whenever anyone mentions Aldrich's name in connection with the short story "Majorie Daw" immediately rises to the mind. Indeed, "Majorie Daw" is as typical of Aldrich's short-story writing as the "Luck of Roaring Camp" or the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" is of Bret Harte's. It was a happy fancy that inspired the conception of "Majorie Daw," and the production itself is very ingenious and original. The conception is unique, the entire story being told in letters and telegrams. Like "Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski," "A Struggle for Life," "His Dying Words," "Two Bites at a Cherry," "Goliath," and "A Sea Turn," "Majorie Daw" falls under the rubric of the surprise story, the type of story in which a shock or surprise is sprung at the end. Aldrich seems to have been the first among American short-story writers to adopt this device or trick; and he probably did so after study of the French school, particularly Maupassant, the prince of short-story writers. Taking his cue from Aldrich's successful method, O. Henry cultivated this type of the surprise story with marked effect, as in "The Rose of Dixie."

Some of Aldrich's short stories are touching fantasies, such as "Père Antoine's Date-Palm," or more humorous fantasies, such as "His Grace the King." Still others are inspired by sad memories of the Civil War and are shot through with a vein of pathos or tragedy, such as "Quite So," "The White Feather," and "For Bravery on the Field of Battle." His short stories all reveal their author's characteristic art and technique and lightness of touch and they do not suffer in comparison with any similar collection in our literature. This, assuredly, is no insignificant achievement.

Edwin W. Bowers

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF OLD THINGS

Only the wasted life dares not give itself to retrospection. Only the man who has never had a decent childhood or youth loses love for the past or is blind to its beauty. In the preciousness of old things, moreover, we see reflected the soul's defiance of death and its insistence upon the right of living forever. And so the exterior of Saint Paul's has been cleaned up with a sandblast! Æsthetically, the very notion was a mistake. It is not the work of the present to obliterate all traces of the past. Some things can be made to look too new for the common good. A dead tree trunk with its clinging ivy is a goodly sight until the living vine has completely buried its support from view and begun to publish a lie. Utility is not the all of art unless we lift the former word to its highest plane of application. Our modern mantelpieces, for instance, with their more or less atrophied fireplaces—what are they but grateful symbols of a former joy? What were the prototypes of these defunct architectural forms but great and strong organs of a truly social domestic life? The hearth-fire has contributed more to civilization than we shall ever be able to realize. Concede, if you please, that our forefathers clustered about the hearth from motives of necessity; nevertheless the outcome was a splendid sociability, whereas our modern devices for heating cater to individual isolation and consequently to selfishness. On a large scale the old fireplace may never be restored—the short-sighted haste and waste of human greed having rendered well-nigh impossible the realization for so fond a hope—but by all means let our architects go on paying silent but eloquent tribute to its past glory or let someone suggest by what other means may be recreated the great good cheer which an open-throated chimney once sang out to men.

It was never meant that night should be turned into day except for special occasions. The electric chandelier is for the ball-room, the stately reception, the wedding feast, the pageantry

of life. Within four walls, and beneath a sun of his own contriving, man's tinsel glory seems truly great; out in the open and beneath God's sun that glory fades that a truer one may take its place. And for the development of domestic sociability better by far was the tallow-dip with its background of shadow, penumbra of life's deep mystery, turning men's faces toward the firelight and, thence, toward each other. Visions were sketched among the flames of whispering birch and singing hickory, of crackling chestnut and uproarious pine, which by the most adroit fancy cannot be invoked through a gaspipe or carbon thread. Stories were told and rehearsed with charm as subtle and sweet as the fragrant scent of burning sassafras. Heroes and heroines stood out against a background of mystery in the making of which imagination confessed to a mighty help. The nobler virtues of life and character were not so bedimmed as now with universal light. About most of things, in the present day and generation, we know, or think we know, too much. Life is no longer the confessed mystery it was; spirit has been debased; love has been analyzed—O, madness of learning! Friendships were forged to last; to withstand the rust of time, the strains of vicissitude, the swift and sudden pressure of ill-report. Yes, you builders, keep the fireplaces in your plans—miniature though they must be, atrophied and useless though they may seem—in their feeblest estate, let them still remain; and they were never so needed as now.

The city hydrant is a poor makeshift also for the village pump. When we come to think of it, our greatest romancer could never have cast his linguistic spell over this obdurate creature. The old pump was a socializer and civilizer, as for centuries his lineal ancestors, in whatever garb, had been. Our modern system of hydrants and mains is not in this line of descent at all. It is the usurper of a throne whose living glory has departed. And the nickel-plated faucet, forever in league with the merciless plumber, is no true successor of the old-time spring on the edge of the wood. Does any one of my readers recall that spring? Was it about six feet across, and perhaps two in depth at the center? Did it have a floor of the cleanest sands—and were these forever at work with

a forever dissolving mosaic? When wavelets had ceased to roughen its surface did the sky with many a passing cloud look up at you as from unfathomable depths? Did the wonder grow upon you of how so shallow a thing could seem so deep? Then did you see yourself as no mirrow of silver or glass had ever revealed you? Perhaps not all of these at that early day. And perhaps not until years afterward did you reflect that the ceaseless jets stirring those restless sands were like the motives of your own life—determining its quality and its worth, both for this world and for any other in which you may be privileged to dwell. Or was *your* spring at the head of the orchard brook, in an atmosphere redolent with the mingled odors of spearmint and apple blossoms? In the streamlet, so cold and clear, that issued forth was there the perennial crop of watercress, whose first flavor has forever refused to be transported in barrels and crates and to be hawked about the city streets? Under the shadow of some projecting stone in the wall of your spring was there a trout in hiding? Did your boyish fancy ever try to weigh or measure that beautiful creature? Then, my reader, you know just where the fisherman's system of mathematics had its origin; a system which no so-called advanced science will ever be able to displace. It belongs to the very order of things that a fish in the pool is larger and heavier and in every way more wonderful than the one which has been caught. And herein, too, the best of arguments for keeping all our springs and rills and rivers and lakes well stocked with members of the finny tribe.

Ay, but the old well-sweep—that was a wonder. Never were mechanics applied to a nobler purpose. Viewed from one of the surrounding hill-tops it looked for all the world like some engine of war set for the defense of its sacred environment. On a nearer approach, however, it assumed a less formidable aspect. And to all who became familiar with it this old servant grew into an object of special fondness and respect. It was the toll-keeper of the well. You could drink, but your draught must be sweetened with just enough of honest toil to remind you of what is your normal relation to the world you live in. But what a bead did that water carry! What a tinge of blue enriched its depths! The

moss of that ancient bucket—so long and so sweetly sung by us all—how like the verdure of creation's morn!

Our architecture, sweeping the skies, is all too glaringly defective at one point—it too seldom makes room for the garret. What a pity that this medium of varied joys should have fallen into such general disrepute! The joy of lying abed in an old garret and of peering up through the crevices of shrunken shingles at the glistening stars is one whose place cannot be filled by any other. The musicale of a summer rain storm once having been heard from this balcony will never die out of one's memory. Wind instruments, stringed instruments, instruments of percussion—all were there. And all the modulations of pitch and tone and movement were in evidence. If one laying no claim to a technical knowledge of the subject might be permitted to say so, it ofttimes rose to the tumultuous grandeur of a truly Wagnerian performance. The days, or nights, rather, of healthy boyhood were not apt to be inflicted with insomnia; and their memory, therefore, may not afford sufficient data of the right sort for the basis of a theory—but in these strenuous times, among the many, many "cures" exploited for over-worked and over-worried men and women, it does seem strange that some one has not proposed the "garret cure." There must be moods and temperaments for which the diminuendo of a midnight storm would have its Lethean blessings to impart. Thunders dying away in the distance; winds calling from afar; belated rain-drops falling at rhythmic intervals upon the roof—in echoing harmonies such as these 'twere a pitiable soul that could not find the key to restful slumbers and refreshing dreams. The old garret was an illustration, in its way, of how a great law of nature may sometimes be reversed. Things possessing the necessary qualities for such a process gravitated *up* to this welcoming repository. Here, on every side, were the touch of tradition and the aroma of time. And here was rest. An occasional hour of childhood spent in this old museum, with a mother's rare company to lend its charm and her quick insight to guide one's fancy, was never an hour wasted, nor is that ever a misspent hour when memory harks back to a scene so fine. Architects, what have you to give us in the place of the old garret?

Something serious has befallen the hills of our boyhood—which we did not hesitate to dignify with the name of mountains. In the halcyon days these delightful domains were governed by a splendid system of socialism. Fences there were, to be sure, which marked off, here and there, such individual rights as no one dreamed of violating. No one ever thought of disputing with the legal owner his ultimate right or title to these domains. No one was ever seriously inclined to filch these cliffs or trees or boulders or springs or laughing rivulets. It was only our æsthetic sense, our love of nature, our enthusiastic delight in God's great "out-of-doors" that led us to a protestation of ownership. The landlords themselves seemed to understand the boast, and were even glad to hear it made. But now—what mean these repelling barbed-wire fences which confront us on the soil so sacredly ours? And these flippant, not to say impertinent, signs of "No Trespassing!" and the like? What joy is left to the pilgrim who must, forsooth, approach these modern apers of mediæval exclusiveness with such words as "Please, sir, may I climb that rugged old cliff? May I take a plunge through yonder old bramble? or, may I swing for an hour in the arms of yonder old pine?" Gentlemen of means, we do not envy you your possessions, nor the success which enables you to call these acres yours. We do not envy you at all. But, gentlemen, we would bid you kindly to remember who it was that made these green fields, these rejuvenating retreats, these welcoming hills and dales—and for whom they were made! Gentlemen, we implore you, by the soul's eternal right of tenure, to take down these miserable devices of a mistaken selfishness and give back to Nature's children the things that are theirs!

What it has taken whole centuries to accomplish for the cathedrals of Europe in clothing them with accumulating sanctity the memory of a single individual will accomplish for the church in which he worshiped as a boy. What if that worship was not so profound or persistent as might have been wished? What though his mind often rambled away from the preacher's discourse out into the green fields whose perfume was wafted in through the open windows? What though that discourse itself was sometimes rambling? What though the church was crudely

furnished and the worshipers lacking in all that fineness of finish which goes to make up a metropolitan congregation? Through Memory's lens the whole scene crowns the flood-mist of the years with a truly sacred grandeur. How inordinately we laughed when the calloused hands of the organist fumbled the keys, or when the timid soprano struck a false note, or the pompous basso took up his task too early in some simple piece of fugue work. How we fairly chuckled when during a certain revival meeting, more familiarly styled "protracted meeting," a kind-hearted and devout but unlettered old man most fervently prayed, "O Lord, bless these young men who have come up from the cemetery to help us." Of course we knew that he meant "seminary." But we do not laugh now; nor do we wholly regret having done so then. For our indulgences of humor were not so irreverent as they may have seemed; and, besides, they were sure to be followed by a healthful reaction of remorse. We did not know, however, nor could we know, how much we loved the things we laughed at. And here was a mystery, at least a marvel. There were men in that congregation, ordinary men when met with on the outside, untutored to the extent of not being able to carry on however brief a conversation without mangling their mother tongue most horribly, who nevertheless, in prayer or in exhortation, could sway the minds of those who listened to them; and that, not alone because of their downright earnestness and unquestioned sincerity, but by the very beauty and elegance and majesty of their speech. One such man particularly appeals to our retrospect. He was an aged mountaineer, tall and gaunt in figure; with stooping shoulders that would straighten most eloquently beneath the burden of rapturous speech; with great toil-worn hands that seemed prophetic when lifted toward heaven; with keen, piercing eyes that looked out beneath shaggy brows, and with locks of purest white that fell in patriarchal fullness about his neck and shoulders. To add to the effect, he invariably carried a long staff on which in moments of lesser exaltation he would most gracefully lean. Had his speech consisted only of the borrowed phraseology of Scripture that would be one thing—but it was more than that. In the old days, I remember, we were wont to look upon it as a species of

divine inspiration; nor have we subsequently found a more satisfactory explanation of the pleasing phenomenon.

Hard by this little house of worship there flowed a noiseless stream, beyond which also there rose a well-rounded glacial mound which constituted the village burial plot. Never was the city of silence more happily situated. And no richer piece of symbolism could be devised than that which was afforded by any one of the all too frequent processions which crossed the rude bridge of that hushed and apparently sorrowing flood.

How gloriously to this day do those storm-washed marbles flash out to all the surrounding hamlet the reflected sunlight of an all-conquering hope! Beyond this mound, but within earshot of it, there stretched a piece of woodland where, early and late, the song birds would gather to weave their strains into the soulful chant of the comforting trees. What a place for pilgrim reveries—ay, and for pilgrim feet!

Fred Clare Baldwin.

METHODISM AND THE SECONDARY SCHOOLS

Methodism has been in the educational field since its organization. Its university origin may have had something to do with this fact, but the chief reason lay in the opportunity for service. The plans of John Wesley, including schools, books and papers for the enlightenment of his followers, were indicative not only of a great philanthropy but also of a great need. Expanding this activity, Methodism has continued his two motives, which were (1) to afford education and (2) to offer it from a Christian point of view. To educate the student in a Christian atmosphere is still a Methodist ambition. This is the reason for Methodism's maintenance of an educational organization and equipment. The growth of Methodism's educational system is an interesting subject—too much so for discussion here except to say that too frequently it has been controlled by local circumstances, and that in spite of various commissions it still presents an unsymmetrical development. An ideal system would locate strategically a certain number of colleges and grant to each a group of supporting secondary schools, the proportion of one to the other being the ratio of the number of those who attend secondary school to the number who attend college. The proportion in the State of New York is approximately forty secondary schools to each college, the college being about four times as large as the secondary school. Methodism reports thirty-eight Group "A" colleges and four Group "B" colleges, forty-two in all, and only thirty-three supporting secondary schools; to these may be added thirty-two academic departments still maintained by certain of the colleges—a total averaging about one and one half preparatory schools to each college and constituting an abnormal educational system which is decidedly top-heavy. This condition has been brought about by strong popular support for colleges and a general indifference toward the denominational supporting schools. This may practically be all very well if college students can be recruited from public high schools; but Methodism is losing her chance to impress the adolescent students, especially her chance to

do something for the nine out of ten who do not go to college, to say nothing of the failure to give her colleges dependable sources of student supply. To discover how many of the existing colleges began as academies would afford interesting study, but decidedly Methodism has grown away from the academic type of education. Ten years ago Methodism reported fifty-five separate schools of secondary rank. To-day thirty-three. Then it had 10,295 students. Now, 5,973. Whatever consolidation there may have been for the sake of efficiency, Methodism is serving fewer students than ten years ago. Methodist secondary education has moved backward during the last decade. The condition at present is such that Methodism must now decide whether it will maintain or abandon its secondary schools. Continued neglect is equivalent to abandonment. Methodist secondary schools are being steadily put out of business, not, as is sometimes supposed, by the public high school, but by the better endowed and equipped schools of other denominational and private interests. With the best type of private schools Methodist schools have not been able to compete. Methodism may indeed look with sorrow upon the chart which shows that seventy-six Methodist schools have forever closed their doors and be prepared to see some of those yet in existence follow in the same roadway. Methodism must decide for or against secondary schools, and that decision has to do with Methodism's whole educational future.

Before the decision is made it is well to survey the field. At least three questions must be answered clearly: (1) How far can the public high school do the work of secondary education in America? (2) What is the place of the Church in the field of secondary education? and (3) What is Methodism's duty in the light of educational need? Intelligent consideration of these questions will indeed enlighten the situation.

I. Can the public high school do all the work of secondary education in America? No: it cannot. It will always furnish most of the secondary education, but it can never furnish all of it. The reasons therefor are evident:

1. The public high school makes no provision for food, room, moral oversight or social protection for students who must study

away from home. It only furnishes instruction, and its authority is limited to school hours. No sane person would advocate turning high school girls and boys loose in a community of strangers without competent guidance and protection. Hence, wherever the home and school must be combined, we must have the private boarding school. That students will always have to leave home in search for education needs no argument. Death, legal separation, lack of opportunity, unsatisfactory environment are a few of the many causes which send students away from their homes. There will always be a need for school-homes.

2. The classes are so large and the teachers of the average high school are so overworked that personal attention to individual needs is practically impossible. Some students need personal help. Belated through illness, or unusually able, each student must conform to the mediocre average. Hence we have both physical breakdowns and mental indolence. The private school, with its small classes and competent teachers, gives help for one and enlarged opportunity for the other. The private school strengthens individuality.

3. Not every home is within convenient distance of a high school. High schools represent communities of considerable size. Farms and small villages are often outside the zone of attendance. For these there must be some provision. Hence we face again the problem of finding supplementary facilities to the high school system and again the private school is needed.

4. High schools are very much of a type—co-educational, with conventional courses and methods and without religious instruction and influence. The individual must conform to them. Those who believe in single-sex schools during adolescence have no recourse except in very large cities, where high school conditions are not always satisfactory. The private schools always have the newer methods, a greater investment per student, and a wider range of studies, including personal piano, voice, and other extra-curriculum instruction. As to the irreligious influences of public secondary education there has already been a very general discussion. Its dangers need not now be repeated. So whenever the parent is conscious of such limitation he looks about for a private school and, if he can afford it, he assumes gladly the increased expenditure as

an investment in his child's future. He pays his money cheerfully for known value received.

Further detail might exhaust the reader's patience, and I think it is already apparent that the public high school, while always the largest factor, cannot do all the work of secondary education. How large a proportion of secondary education must be done by other than state schools it is hard to estimate. The last-issued report of the national Bureau of Education gives a total enrollment of 154,157 students in private schools for the year 1913-'14. It lists 2,199 private secondary schools. "In five recent years the enrollment of the private schools of the country increased fifty-eight per cent, while the public school enrollment in the same time increased but thirty-four per cent." For the special training that has been necessary to enter the older universities the private school is still almost essential, so that "We find recently at Princeton eighty per cent, at Yale seventy per cent, at Harvard fifty per cent, of the students were prepared at private schools." (American Private Schools, Sargent No. 24.) In the state of New York (for which state there are the most complete statistics) there are 211 private academies listed by the Regents, as contrasted with 724 public high schools. Without reducing the proportions to mathematical certainties, it may be accepted as true that there is a large share of secondary education which the public high school has not done and which it cannot do.

II. What is the place of the Church in secondary education? Since there is a considerable proportion of secondary education to be given by other than state schools, the question is whether it shall be done by an established institution like the Church, or by the sometimes irresponsible private agencies operated only for commercial gain. It may be definitely understood that Methodism should not contemplate any parochial system in competition with the state schools. Methodism always has been loyal to the public schools, and intends to continue so, and any school agencies under her care will be supplementary to the state system and not antagonistic to it. This is generally true of Protestant denominations. If the Church is to be in the educational work at all there is no more fruitful field than that of the adolescent student. Its motive

to furnish education from the Christian point of view here meets the largest success. The adolescent period is the time of character building. Students reach college with habits well formed. In the secondary school those habits and characters are developed, and often fixed. Here the student comes from home on his first venture into the world. His home influences, he likes to think, are behind him. He is in a world of action, of new powers, of new achievement, of new liberty. Here, as never before or after, he needs the friendly guiding hand and the quiet counsel. He needs an atmosphere rather than a set of rules, example rather than precept. What an opportunity for the Church! Seven days a week, for eight months a year, before the eyes of ambitious youth already aglow with achievement, the Church may present in alluring and satisfactory fashion the substantial principles of moral behavior. It is a great chance to impress the future, for college preparation should mean more than entrance examinations.

Furthermore, the Church must not be indifferent to the evangelistic phases of the situation. The period of adolescence is the most probable time for conversion and the definite profession of a Christian life. Here is a great opportunity to make Christians. The ambition of the Church surely would not be to make proselytes, but rather to put the high idealism of Jesus Christ before the adolescent mind in such a truthful and attractive way that to know him would be to love him and to serve him. In my own school last year every girl not a member of a church went home at Easter and joined her own home church. If Methodism does scatter a little seed outside its own fences it will in no way be the poorer for it.

Aside from such good as the Church may do in forming moral character and guiding religious decisions, there is the idea of dependability and responsibility, both alike important to parent and student. The support of any school by a great religious denomination is assurance of competent instruction, good moral conditions, and the permanency of the institutions' life—though Methodism can hardly claim much profit from the last phrase. It has allowed many schools to close already. Parents like to know what is back of a school as well as what is in a school.

Furthermore, the philanthropies of a Church can create the endowment essential to proper school maintenance. We must not get the idea that the private school is a luxury. Without question there are luxurious but exotic private schools where foolish parents may spend $3,000 to $5,000 annually in giving their children false ideas of life. But these are a very small fraction of the great body of secondary schools where sanity, competent instruction, and good example go to make sturdy and efficient men and women. In all of these church schools there are needs for scholarship endowments as well as reasonable tuition charges, and to all of them must be given that assurance of security and continued usefulness which is so important in the effort to do thorough work. They must have adequate support independent of local conditions or a depressing financial year. The Church must decide on its own system of supplementary schools, judging the type of each and where it shall be placed, and then must adequately endow each school to assure permanent operation on a predetermined policy.

Unquestionably the Church has a definite place in secondary education. Its traditions, its present usefulness and the possibilities of future service, joined with a growing demand, should incite the Church through its various denominations to maintain schools of recognized worth for the strengthening of moral character and the increase of Christian education.

III. What is Methodism's duty in the light of educational need? Let us first look at our present educational system. The better educational policy is taking the academy or preparatory school away from the college campus. Methodism is already following up this idea. In time there will be a general separation of the two institutions. How is Methodism equipped to handle the opportunity of secondary education? The unbiased verdict is "too many colleges and too few secondary schools." This will not be a popular decision, yet certain small colleges, struggling with indifferent success with college standards, might very profitably become secondary schools. Its present thirty-three secondary schools are divisible into three classes, judged by enrollment. (Report of Board of Education, February, 1916.) There are 3 boys' schools with 190 students; 3 girls' schools with 304 students, and

27 co-educational schools with enrollment of 2,652 boys and 2,827 girls. Of these 33 schools 13 have no endowment whatever, and, including these, 21 have, each, less than $15,000 productive endowment. Roughly locating these schools, 15 may be classed generally as eastern schools, 13 as central, 3 as southern and 2 western. In contrast with these 33 (some of them very weak) the Catholic Educational Association lists 1,276 Roman Catholic schools as engaged in secondary work. In the state of New York alone the Roman Catholic Church has about four and one half times as many secondary schools as the Methodist Episcopal has in the whole United States. The Roman Catholic Church aims to keep its young people.

Methodism has already $3,314,768 net invested in buildings and grounds and $1,497,660 as productive endowment. This is a very small sum to spread over 33 schools, but as Methodism is already in the secondary field its career is predetermined. Its duty is to conserve this investment and to add to it enough to produce satisfactory results. That does not mean that every secondary school should be maintained as now located, or that each should continue to do the present type of work, but it does mean that Methodism should have a sufficient number of secondary schools, each with a proper field and a definite course of study, and with an adequate endowment to keep the cost of a good education within the range of the average pocket-book. For the cost of good education is going up even faster in secondary schools than in colleges.

The fact that we have no preparatory school of really national reputation should not trouble us. Whenever a secondary school has felt the fuller pulse of prosperity it has immediately sought a precarious place among the colleges. In this way strong secondary schools have been sacrificed to make weak colleges. Let us hope that the Board of Education will steadfastly discourage this impulse. It is the desire of some of the secondary-school men that Methodism should have at least one great, thoroughly endowed, absolutely up-to-date preparatory school, capable of comparison with any secondary school in America. The example of such a school would be of immense advantage to the denomination and greatly strengthen the hands that labor in the secondary field. This fore-

runner and its inevitable followers will be possible only after the Church has realized that a strong preparatory school can be of more service than a weak college. Would that some man of means would give the secondary school a chance to prove itself!

Aside from this rounding out of its educational system, Methodism cannot continue to expect other denominations to educate and convert its young people and then cheerfully send them back to Methodism. Methodism suffers a serious annual loss of its young people to other denominations because of its educational policy, and Methodism cannot afford to lose the children of its better class families simply because it does not provide a place for them to go to school. That there will be an increasing demand for such schools no one familiar with the situation can doubt. Methodism should aim to care for its own, whatever their wealth or poverty.

The duty of Methodism in secondary education may be summarized in a sentence: Methodism must do for its secondary schools what it has done for its colleges; it must put them on a sound financial footing. This will involve re-location in some instances, consolidation in others, and even the founding of new schools, but it will gain a compact, efficient system of secondary schools doing full service in the educational work of Methodism. There is no substitute for this support, and if Methodism hopes to keep its secondary schools that support should not be long delayed. Now is the acceptable time and to-day is the day of salvation.

THE TRAGIC LIFE-STORY OF A HIGHLY TALENTED MAN—A TRUE NARRATIVE

Intemperance is a multifarious evil, undermining the foundation of society and sapping the life-blood of the nations. Like the simoom, it has swept over the land, scorching whole communities with its fiery breath. It has brought misery and discord into households where the angel of peace once reigned supreme and love sat enthroned. It has estranged hearts that at the altar had solemnly vowed to be one, thus severing the dearest ties that bind one human being to another. It is the mildew that has blighted many a bright intellect just developing into the strength of manhood, arresting its growth and crippling it forever. It has robbed thousands of their manhood, their inspiration, their ideals, and set them adrift on the surging ocean of humanity, mere wrecks, at the mercy of winds and waves, to be finally dashed to pieces upon the rocky shores of despair. Think of genial Reuter and his incomparable "Stromtid," and imagine his periodical struggles with the demon that held him in its fatal embrace. Think of Poe, another genius of the highest order. Had he written nothing but the "Raven," that alone would entitle him to immortal fame. However differently critics may interpret his masterpiece, to me it is but the expression of utter despair, into which the poet's soul was plunged in consequence of his dissipation, and from out of whose shadows he was lifted "never more."

At times there looms up before my mental vision the form of one of my early teachers. It was he, principally, who created in my mind a thirst for knowledge, and inspired my soul with those noble sentiments and lofty ideals that have ever since propelled me onward and upward. He was a frequent and highly welcome visitor at my father's house. For hours I would listen to the words of wisdom that fell like music from his lips. His knowledge was comprehensive and his powers of communication were wonderful. His Latinity was of the purest, and the facility with which he wielded the idioms of classic Greece and Rome might have caused

the bones of a Heyne to stir with envy in the grave. Nor was he less conversant with the intricate questions in theology and philosophy. Plato, Locke, Leibnitz, Kemp, Hegel, he quoted at will with the greatest facility. The civilizations of antiquity and the history of earth's nations he spread out like a panorama before our astonished gaze. For an hour and longer we would sit at the table in mute astonishment and leave untouched the food set before us while he discussed some problem in metaphysics or analyzed the works of Dante, Goethe or Shakespeare. At times, when he became too eloquent, my good mother would call attention to the fact that the things were getting cold, and, looking at him kindly, she would say: "But, Herr Pastor, do eat!" His answer was: "Dear Hausfrau, I have meat to eat that thou knowest not. This attentive table-company is to me food and drink, and my soul is feasting." And a more interested audience than the one at our "table-round" a public speaker seldom faces. How I drank in his words and how I longed for the next call of the Herr Pastor! As a pulpit orator his eloquence was simply grand. I have since heard the most celebrated preachers of England and listened to the greatest that America can boast, but none kept their entire audience so spellbound from beginning to end as he did. He was an earnest speaker, and had at his command an almost perfect voice, which he modulated at will. When he spoke of the wages of sin and the final judgment, its deep tones rolled through the audience hall like thunder, but when he portrayed the "eternal salvation" and the love of Christ, its insinuating silver tones fell upon our ears like heavenly music. He preached without manuscript or notes and his delivery was beyond criticism. During the sermon the congregation sat as if spellbound; one could have heard a pin drop, and after the service, and even during the week, a favorite topic of conversation among the parishioners was the wonderful eloquence of the Herr Pastor. His fame spread, and, as in the times of Hofacker and Krummacher, people came from a distance to hear him preach. His extraordinary capabilities will appear less incredible when I state that he was the son of a Consistorialrat at one of the German courts and had received a superior education, the best that money and European universities could furnish. It may

be asked: "How did this man, who certainly might have filled the highest positions in Germany, come to take charge of a congregation in America?" At the time this was a profound mystery, which people in vain tried to penetrate. After a lapse of several years, however, it was discovered that he was the slave of strong drink. Having been found intoxicated several times and going on from bad to worse, he was finally obliged to dissolve his connection with our church and left for parts unknown. I well remember the efforts my father and others made to reform him; how they pleaded with him, and how he promised never to drink again. But his promises were futile and his reform temporary. The craving for strong drink was so great that he would even ransack my mother's cupboards in quest of some liquid containing alcohol. The parting was sad, for we all loved him. In spite of his great "failing" he had made a deep impression on our minds and hearts. I seemed to be his favorite. For years he had given me private instruction in Latin, and we had met almost daily. No wonder that when he bade me farewell, and pressed my hand tenderly for the last time, tears streamed from my eyes and my heart felt as if it would break.

Many years had passed since the events transpired that have been narrated above. The youthful student had developed into manhood, but the image of his former friend and instructor had not faded from his memory. Some years ago, as I was traveling in a Western State, I met an old acquaintance, who, in the course of conversation, stated that there was a small rural congregation, some eight miles distant, whose new pastor was creating a sensation by his wonderful pulpit oratory. People from a distance were coming to hear him preach. My interest was aroused, and as it was in vacation, and I had plenty of time at my disposal, I determined to interview this modern Bossuet. Accordingly, at an early hour the next morning I started for the village designated by my friend. Inquiring for the residence of the clergyman I was directed by the village smith to a small log-cabin in the rear of the miniature frame chapel. On knocking, the door was opened by an elderly matron whose emaciated features and haggard looks indicated that she had seen hard times. I was told that the Herr

Pastor was still in bed, but if I desired to see him he would soon be at my service. It was not long before the gentleman made his appearance. I judged him to be about seventy-five years old. His beard and hair were gray and his features wore an exceedingly haggard expression. Soon our conversation was in full flow, and we talked with as much freedom as if we had long been intimate friends. When we happened to touch classic ground and began to discuss the ancient world, with its languages, philosophy, literatures, and antiquities, a strange inspiration seemed to come over the old man. His eyes began to sparkle, the color came back to his pale cheeks, and his voice grew tremulous with excitement as he poured forth with astonishing facility stores of ancient lore. This lasted all forenoon. Finally dinner was announced and we sat down at the table, but the tone of our conversation did not change. After dinner the conversation continued with unabated interest until late in the afternoon. When I arose to take my leave my host sprang to his feet, saying, "Sir, you must not leave to-day; stay one day longer. For the first time in many years I have met some one with whom I can converse. I am a lone man, completely isolated. My farmers do not understand me, and there are no intelligent persons in the neighborhood. But, tell me, what is your profession and where is your home?" When I had answered these and similar questions to his satisfaction, I, in turn, told him that his personality and the tone of his conversation recalled vividly to my mind the many pleasant hours I had spent while a youth with a teacher of cherished remembrance, "who," continued I, "resembled you so much that I should be led to believe you are he if your age did not render such a supposition impossible. The gentleman in question cannot have passed his fifty-fifth year, since at the time when he was my teacher he was a man of thirty, and that was about twenty-five years ago. If it were not for this great disparity in age I should take you to be my former teacher, Doctor T. D., of the University of Göttingen, and for some time professor at the University of Marburg." Scarcely had these words escaped my lips when the old man cried out with a quivering voice: "Ah, sir, you are not mistaken. I am that man. My name is T. D. Twenty-five years ago you said it was? Let me see, that was just before

the Civil War broke out. I was then pastor of a congregation in C. in the State of Indiana, where I used to frequent the house of one of my parishioners whose son I was instructing. The youth's name was Victor—O, I remember well!—but I had changed it to Greek and called him Nikon. Is it possible that you are my Nikon?" The old man was beside himself for joy. He remembered all the members of the family, even grandmother, who used to knit and darn his socks. There was no end of questioning, and we lived over again the scenes of those early years, which to me had been so happy. My Latin and other studies I had subsequently continued in college, but under teachers that could not make the lessons half as interesting as he. Later on the conversation changed to a sadder tone. From his wife, with whom I had an opportunity to speak in private late in the afternoon, I learned the history of the last twenty-five years. It would make angels weep to relate it. Suffice it to say that since his student years at the university he had been the slave of an indomitable appetite which had ruined him, body and soul, and was dragging him into an untimely grave. It had crushed his genius, paralyzed every noble effort, smothered the fires of his ambition, lowered his ideals, extinguished the lamp of hope, and brought him to the verge of despair. At times he had made an effort to shake off the demon that was holding him so firmly, but his reformation was always transitory, as it had been when he was our pastor. He had received many letters from his parents, especially from his pious mother, entreating him in the name of all that is sacred to conquer the habit that was ruining him and, as it seems, had been the cause of his coming to America. One of these letters, written by his mother, was found by my father in the parsonage after he had left. He brought it home and read it to us. It brought tears to our eyes, and my mother wept as if her heart would break. I shall never forget that letter. It seems he was an only son. The mother called him her heart-darling, her only, much-lamented, but much-loved son. She begged him for his own sake, for her sake, for his father's sake—who it seemed had disowned him—not to drink any more. She wrote words of encouragement and cheer. She told him that all was not lost; that there was One mighty to save; that Jesus would accept him and

that there was free grace for such as he. She said that he was not only ruining himself but making his parents extremely unhappy, and that it would be the most glorious day of her life when she should hear the glad tidings that her lost son was found. It was all in vain. He could not do without strong drink. He cursed it, but he must have it. His whole being craved it.

The unhappy wife inquired of me whether I could not do something for her husband. She thought that a position in some institution of learning, where he would be surrounded by educated people and enjoy the society of the scholarly, might possibly enable him to overcome his terrible appetite. If he only had friends to speak a good word for him. Did I know of an opening in some college? Was there no vacancy in the institution with which I was connected? Would I use my influence in his favor?

Alas! what could I say under the circumstances? What could be done for a man who during his whole lifetime had been the slave of an unconquered appetite? Was there a reasonable prospect that he would ever reform, no matter what his surroundings might be?

With a sad heart I took leave of my former pastor and teacher, and in parting I spoke words of encouragement. I recalled to his mind an impressive sermon he had once preached on "Free Grace," and on the power of God to save to the uttermost. "Yes," was his reply, "I well remember that sermon. I preached it at a time when I made a strong effort to reform. I meant it for myself, and it helped me for a while. At that time I still had hope, but now hope is dead. I fear I shall never be different. My parents are dead; they died, I fear, broken-hearted, at least my mother. No more encouraging letters from her. No; at this late date it is not possible for me to reform." "With God all things are possible. He can save to the uttermost," was my parting word.

A few years later I received a letter from a wealthy lady in Boston in which she stated that she had incidentally heard the facts concerning my former teacher. She said the case interested her deeply. She proposed to have the unfortunate man and his wife come and live with her. She was engaged in that kind of reform work and she was confident that with the help of God she could save him. She requested me to write him immediately, if I knew

where to find him, and put him into communication with her. There would be no expense on his part whatever. All he had to do was to dispose of his furniture and other property and come to her just as soon as possible. Her letter was indorsed by her pastor and a number of influential business men, stating that the proposal was genuine and the lady entirely reliable. On receipt of the letter I immediately wrote to the official board of the congregation where he was pastor when I met him. The reply came in due time to the effect that their former pastor had several years ago been obliged to resign because of overindulgence in strong drink, and had left for another field of labor in a distant Western State, where, according to report, he had recently died. The official that wrote the letter added: "Our pastor was a wonderful man in the pulpit; but, alas! he had that one bad habit!"

What a frightful tragedy such a life presents and what an important lesson it contains. I have heard men say, when they were warned, "I can drink moderately, or quit drinking altogether at any time." Such do not know the power of habit. I shall never forget what I once heard Gough say in one of his lectures: "John B. Gough's father could drink moderately, but John B. Gough's father's son could not; hence he had to quit altogether." The only absolutely safe way is not to drink at all.

Victor Wilker

HARVEST OF A TRANQUIL MIND: TROWBRIDGE
1827-1916

Carlyle's saying that the story of any man's life would be of interest and value if truly told, prompted the "Story of My Own Life," a piece of work free from dull minutiæ and vanities which are the common bane of autobiography. In his cleverly called Forewarning, Trowbridge tells how of set purpose he holds his auditors at a distance, assuring them that what he writes is "not the bare, absolute, unveiled verity." He shuns ennui, annoyances, errors, and heartaches, eliminating the inveterate tedium which, like the sound of friction of bow on strings, is so conspicuous in unskilled work. His portraiture of the country boy in the clearing in central New York at the fore of the last century is faithful and engaging. It shows how

> "Love that is mighty and hope that is great
> Consecrate
> Wooden platter and pewter plate."

One fairly sees the chinked log-cabin, with its "lean-to" and out-oven, its polished chestnut floor, ample chimney-place with back-log, scene of good cheer and good stories, where

> "Ruby jellies in Autumn stored
> Crown the board"

when

> "The goose is carved and the cider poured."

His very love writes him a title deed to all the grove-bordered streams, the flower-strewn fields, and the waterfalls not yet drunk up by greedy mill sluices. He paces the brow of the hill at night, gazing at the jewelry of the sky, as if he were on the quarter-deck of the great ship sailing the universal sea. His hands might be full of common tasks, but his head is full of rare romances.

In the garret he chanced upon a stray copy of Lalla Rookh, that brilliant mirage of Oriental scenery, courts, and peoples. With

that his poetic fancy had birth. The boy's eyes widened with wonder as

> "from beneath the magic leaves
> There streamed a sudden glory
> . . . . . .
> As from a store of sun-lit gems,
> Pellucid and prismatic,
> That edged with gleams the rough old beams
> And filled the raftered attic."

A hunger of books claimed him from that hour. He names two-score borrowed from neighbors' scant stores and village lending library. He gives in passing deft appraisal of contents of many. The range is as wide as from Locke's Essay Concerning Human Understanding to Pirate's Own Book. A list of "Foreign Words and Phrases" at the back of an old "speller" fires him at fifteen to learn other languages. In large measure self-taught, he acquires German, French, and Latin. The "noonings" and rainy days and other "odd spells" on the farm suffice for his self-selected curriculum. Even when at his favorite work, plowing with rein thrown about his neck, he recites Virgil's immortal hexameters. Unflagging application is sign manual on the diploma of his self-made school.

What if Trowbridge had gone to college? With wider vision and more thorough general and technical training he might have been equipped to write the romantic fiction which he felt should have been born in the period of social upheaval incident to the Civil War. No one has ever more clearly discerned the conditions favorable to such a production or felt more keenly the pity of its failure to appear. No other country or epoch ever furnished such abundant and rich material for romantic or realistic fiction—humorous, tragic, pathetic, picturesque, full of great events and of the most amazing contrasts of characters and conditions—as appealed to the heart and imagination in the old slave States at that period of social upheaval. That the currents and counter-currents and somber abysses of that troubled time did float some bright fiction must be freely admitted. That they did not burst forth and overflow in tidal waves of power and passion, lifting a great and enduring literature, is a marvel. But if, on the other

hand, Trowbridge had gone to college, the world of letters might have to be posted, "Lost: The Good Grey Poet!" He would probably never have entered that modest sphere which he filled so finely. He might have acquired an average dignified style at cost of that lively and unstudied manner, so light and graceful, touched and brightened with a humor peculiarly his own. At all events, taking him at his own modest estimate, he did produce a sort of minor novel true to life, with other elements replacing the traditional part which is so overdone as to be flat except when retouched with unusual freshness, some minor poems cared for by a few, half a dozen novels, and a large number of smaller books that have been successful in their way. Many have outlived their copyrights and have appeared in repeated editions. Nine out of ten persons to whom Trowbridge is named will think of him first as a juvenile writer and associate him with the periodical literature for youth. He was prodigiously active in this sphere. He believed and proved that instruction can be made entertaining and that young people can be made to observe and think in the by-paths of a story. He realized that what he had produced here had eclipsed at least partially his more ambitious prose and poetry, but he found compensation when he was greeted, as he often was, as an old friend by boys, or by grown men who had been his devoted readers in youth, or by mothers who felt that his influence upon their sons had been wholesome.

If the late Elbert Hubbard had only been fortunate enough at his start to have met a "good Major Noah" there might never have been a Philistine or the meteoric and early quenched career of its editor. Landing in New York city at twenty, with nothing in his pocket but some poems, Trowbridge found himself

"In the lone desert of the city street."

His ambition was the talismanic white flower safeguarding him against the Circean lure of the metropolis. When his chance and already initiated roommate offered to show the rustic boy the ways of the city he parted company with him at once, paying more for an attic alone, and saying, sententiously and nobly, "I had aspirations for which his atmosphere was not the breath of life."

In the Hebrew journalist to whom Trowbridge appealed, without any letter of introduction other than his own open countenance, he found a Ulyssean mentor in the devious ways of the world of letters. Major Noah advised him that writing for a living was an honest business in which an industrious person of fair ability might anticipate reasonable remuneration, and suiting action to word he helped to open a market for his wares, a market which continued its demand for the phenomenal period of sixty-five years! It is due to the caution of his early literary guide that we have so much more prose than verse from Trowbridge's pen. He was advised to avoid poetry if he expected to make a living. He said, himself, that if he had had other means of support he would not have divorced the Muse, but would have kept her as mistress of the *ménage,* not as the maid. No writer was ever more generous toward the fellows of his craft, but there was always a cunning deftness in his appreciations that lifted them above the plane of mere compliment and freed them from savor of interested praise. The closing verse of his "Recollections of Lalla Rookh," read at the Tom Moore banquet, May 27, 1879, celebrating the centenary of Moore's birth, is characteristic:

> "The centuries roll, but he has left,
> Beside the ceaseless river,
> Some flowers of rhyme untouched by time,
> And songs that sing forever."

For Whittier's seventieth birthday he spun delicate praise from the quaint notion of the Quaker lads, John and his brother, that, if one could lift the other, then their lifting simultaneously would insure a grand ascension for both:

> "Since he who lifts his brother man
> In turn is lifted by him."

To Edward Everett Hale's eightieth birthday celebration he contributed this incident: On leaving after his first visit to the young minister the latter plucked a rare rose for him, saying, "Are you learned in roses?" "Of course I wasn't, and he was. This was the first humiliation he put upon me; but I forgave him, for I carried away the color and the fragrance and was willing to leave

the science and the cultivation to him. For similar reasons I pardon the manifold reproaches laid upon my ignorance and inaptitude by his amazing activities and achievements, for I too, like all the rest of the world, have all the while been sharing the results of his late half century of work in the rose garden of humanity."

At the "Breakfast" in honor of Oliver Wendell Holmes's seventieth birthday, December 3, 1879, he pictured Dame Nature "filling an order" from Boston for three geniuses—a poet, a professor, a wit. Finding herself short of the ethereal clay required for the three, the cunning dame escapes the dilemma by putting the three in one, saying:

> With their fair elements I'll make a single rare phenomenon,
> And of three common geniuses concoct a most uncommon one
> So that the world shall smile to see a soul so universal,
> Such poesy and pleasantry, packed in so small a parcel.
> So said, so done: The three in one she wrapped, and struck the label:
> Poet, Professor, Autocrat of Wit's own Breakfast Table.

At the Claflin Garden party, given in honor of Harriet Beecher Stowe, on her seventieth birthday, June 14, 1882, no note of jealousy could be detected in his tribute to one who had surpassed him with an anti-slavery story:

> "Genius, 'tis said, knows not itself,
> But works unconscious wholly.
> Even so she wrought who built in thought
> The Cabin of the Lowly.
> . . . . . .
> While this one wrote she cast the vote
> Of unenfranchised millions."

But while he had this uncommon aptitude for appreciation his was no blind adulation. It admits of question whether a more discriminating valuation of seven of his contemporaries has ever been made. Certainly it has not been done in pithier phrase: "Bryant, journalist and politician, would be forgotten as a poet but for Thanatopsis. Reputation of Poe, man of genius, but adventurer and something of a charlatan, likewise rests on one or two poems. Whittier, prophet and reformer, had extraordinary poetic sensitiveness and winning spirituality, but was too much

of an improvisatore to regard uniform excellence in his work. Whitman brought 'sheaves' in abundance, but too often with stubble plucked up by the roots and with the soil adhering. Holmes was wit and man of science. Lowell, satirist, essayist, diplomatist, and assuredly a poet, but one whose affluence of fancy and largeness of culture did not insure him always against incongruousness of metaphor and roughness of utterance. Emerson, pursuing loftiest ideals, a transcendent master of crystalline prose rather than rhythmical harmonies. Longfellow, not the greatest of the group, neither brilliant, versatile nor intense; charm of his verse rather in sentiment and atmosphere; commonplace, undoubtedly, his poetry is inasmuch as it has entered into our literature and our lives."

That is a fascinating page which pictures him as guest of Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, in his elegant home in the national capital. The palace is presided over by the statesman's still more ambitious daughter. Sleek and obsequious servants are on every hand and there are distinguished American and foreign guests. When the stateliness, with all its glamour, becomes too oppressive, Trowbridge steals across to the ramshackle tenement opposite and mounts to Walt Whitman's sky parlor to watch him brew a cup of tea and hear him talk. He says, sententiously, that Chase's drawing room was the World, but Whitman's garret was the Universe! It admits of question whether Whitman's style has ever been better analyzed and appraised than when Trowbridge says, "When his genius flows his unhampered lines suit his purpose as no other form of verse could do. The thought is sometimes elusive, hidden in metaphor and suggestion, but the language is direct, idiomatic, swift, its torrent force and copiousness justifying his disregard for rhyme and meter. Indeed, it has often a wild swinging rhythm of its own. There is no art like Tennyson's or Longfellow's. In the free play of his power he produces an effect of an art beyond art."

What a variegated company assembles in the pages of My Own Story. The wits, Benj. Penhallow Shillaber (Mrs. Partington), Chas. F. Browne (Artemus Ward), Ellen Louis Chandler, and Moulton, the publisher, who accepted her manuscripts and

then got himself accepted; Ben: Perley Poore, to whose dying paper Trowbridge accidentally gave the *coup de grâce* with an anti-slavery paragraph while as a youth he played editor in the proprietor's absence. "Father" Taylor, the Bethel preacher and sailors' idol, who solemnly advised his young fellow traveler down in Maine to be always "prepared" (!)—with his fishing tackle; Theodore Parker, in whose sermon of the following Sunday Trowbridge recognized a sentiment he had himself expressed in conversation, and realized how the great thinker made every little rill tributary to the broad stream of his next discourse—these and others besides the number already mentioned!

Pithy sentences abound, repaying a second reading; as, for example, when he refers to his medal from the M. H. S. (conferred for humane exertions, in this instance the rescue of a drowning boy), as valued because attesting qualities the quiet life may conceal even from their possessor. Again, "We are less able to live up to our ideals at times of petty provocation than in crises of weightier moment because minor annoyances move while weightier occasion settles to some unexplored substratum of nature." He tells of fierce controversies as cause of the shedding of much erudite ink. "Headstrong impulse and impetuosity of temper are not, after all, bad fellows for the crew as long as the captain keeps on deck." Fishing in a "pot-hole" one day he saw a large trout dart at his bait. When drawn out it proved small. The "large fish" was an illusion occasioned by the refraction of light in the oval-shaped hole. "This is my experience. The fish in the pool of anticipation has appeared vastly larger than when I caught and took it from the hook. The fame and good fortune I cast my line for, which hope and imagination magnified to such alluring proportions, proved but modest prizes when landed in the sight of common day." He answers the fool's folly in his quatrain,

> "He took a tawny handful from the strand.
> 'What we can grasp,' he said, 'we understand,
> And nothing more!' When lo! the laughing sand
> Slid swiftly from his vainly clutching hand."

The poet who gave the world the most preposterous caricature of man's essay at flying was guest of honor, and most absorbed and

delighted of all observers, at the aeroplane meet of Harvard at Squantum recently. Although generally recognized as the author of Darius Green, the tables could not be entirely turned upon him, for it was remembered that he had cleverly left a loophole in his parody in case flying should ever become a fact, as it did that day. The injunction, "Stick to your sphere!" has the addendum in case one felt he must fly:

"Take care how you light!"

Although "never ascetic," Trowbridge has expressed some fine temperance sentiments, all the more effective from the fact that they were not professional. As, for example, when he says, "Stimulants used to facilitate composition are like stones let fall into a fountain to create an overflow. They forestall the supply and choke the source." Again, as in the quatrain,

"'Live while you live!' he cried, but did not guess,
Fooled by the phantom Pleasure, how much less
Enjoyment runs in rivers of excess
Than overbrims divine abstemiousness."

The Vagabonds is such a vivid picture of the pains and penalties of intemperance that a lady affirmed, much to the poet's amusement, that no one but a drunkard could have written it.

A marked characteristic of Trowbridge is his present tenseness. This gives never-failing sprightliness. That it is not accidental, but predetermined and cultivated, is evident from The Poet:

"And he vowed, 'I will rend as a garment the dream I have dreamed so long,
Put LIVING men in my measures, *this* land and *this* light in my song;
For never was fabled country so fair as this I behold,
I dwell in a realm of enchantment; I live in an age of gold.'"

Again:

"Seize traits of the living and human, no copy of copy cast,
Nor swaddle the themes of the present in fable and lore of the past,
Find love in hearts that are nighest, contentment in common things,
And give to the creeping moment the lightness and glimmer of wings."

If one were asked to describe Trowbridge in a single word, "tranquillity" would serve the purpose. Of course, need is of

poets of storm and passion who immolate themselves to redress a wrong, whose fierce lines burn reader as well as themselves. But need is also, and all the more, of interlude of gentle note which the "beloved author" gives. Even the Civil War did not disturb his poise, although he felt deeply and wrote vigorously. His Neighbor Jackwood was an anti-slavery contribution second only to Uncle Tom's Cabin, surpassing it in wit and humor. His Coupon Bonds won him the friendship of Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, and was an appreciable aid to the government in floating its certificate securities. His volume on the ruin of the South at the close of the war is the narrative of an alert, painstaking, and sympathetic observer and a mine of information for the historian and of motifs for the novelist of the future. But in the deadly clash of passion and arms he kept the even tenor of his way. He lets us into the secret of it when he says, "Our strivings may be too incessant, and dry up in us the springs of spirit they should feed. We do not often enough rest in the divine passivity that heals the hurts of time and is the restoring bath of our being." He cries deprecatingly,

> "O Poet! with doubt and denial vex not your mind over much,
> They dull the delicate forces, the chords that respond to my touch."

This calmness and freedom from agitation also accounts for his extreme longevity with unimpaired mental and physical powers. Within a month of his death there came a poem equal to the best of its kind: "Belgium: An Appeal." He discriminates scientifically when he writes, summing it all up, "That something of the freshness of dawn is preserved to me in the evening of my days I believe I owe primarily to a sound constitution, an instinctive, never ascetic, obedience to the laws of health, and, above all, to a mind open to the beauty and wonder of the existence in which we are embosomed. Add to this a philosophy of fortitude and renunciation which has enabled me to receive the rebuffs of fortune." Again:

> "Age that appeared far off, a bourne at rest,
> Recedes as I advance; the font of joy
> Rises perennial in my grateful breast,
> And still at fifty I am but a boy."

At the end the calendar fact would have allowed him to insert eighty-six in place of "fifty" even if the poetic meter should forbid it. He does not obtrude religious sentiment, but once in a while there is a glint that makes one think his tranquillity was born of his faith, as, for example, when he says, in Service:

"One prayer, 'Thy will, not mine,' and bright
O'er all my being
Breaks blissful light that gives to sight
A subtler meaning.
Straightway mine ear is tuned to hear
Ethereal numbers
Whose secret symphonies ensphere
The dull earth's slumbers."

Again.

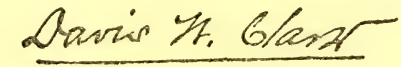
"Riches I have not sought and have not found,
And fame has passed me with averted eye;
In creeks and bays my quiet voyage is bound
While the great world without goes surging by.
No withering envy of another's lot,
No nightmare of contention plagues my rest,
For me alike what is and what is not,
Both what I have and what I lack is best.
A flower more sacred than far-seen success
Perfumes my solitary path. I find
Sweet compensation in my humbleness
And reap the harvest of a tranquil mind.
I keep some portion of my early dream,
Brokenly bright like moonbeam on a river.
It lights my life, a far elusive gleam
Moves as I move and leads me on forever."

The hammock,

"well back
From the shaded track
By the curve of its greenest crescent,"

from which the silver-haired poet observed with interested eye the tide of life "forever ebbing and flowing," will be tenantless. The question is natural, "What did the praiser of 'Pleasant Street' think of the Great Beyond?" His hope of immortality is to be had by inference rather than dogmatic statement. For that, perhaps, it is all the stronger as evidence. Of all the original company of the contributors to the Atlantic Monthly, save only Frank

Sanborn, of Concord, he was the sole survivor. So there is enhanced significance in his recalling the high converse of one of the famed Atlantic dinners. Emerson is saying that Egyptian architecture is characterized by breadth of base, Greek by adequate support, and Gothic by upward soaring. Holmes breaks in, exclaiming, "One is for Death, another for Life, and the 'upward soaring' is for Immortality!" Trowbridge was inclined to accept the Darwinian doctrine, the substantial truth of it, with some modifications, in spite of Agassiz's vigorous protest, "I don't believe a word of it"—and that, too, because of the professor's fair, full, and convincing statement of the main facts and arguments for the very theory which he so vehemently denied. But though accepting it Trowbridge deprecated the fact that Evolution "cast no ray into the Infinite Beyond." In another connection he says: "The assurance remains that the mind has occult faculties rarely developed in this state of existence, which presuppose a more ethereal existence fitted for their unfolding, as the submerged bud of the water-lily struggling upward from the ooze, and groping dimly through the grosser element, is a prophecy of the light and air in which it is to open and flower."



THE KIND OF CERTAINTY PROMISED BY THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

PAUL'S great word to Timothy, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day," places the emphasis in Christian doctrine exactly where it belongs; namely, on personal trust in Christ. It is an emphasis particularly relevant and welcome in these days in which Pragmatism is the approved fashion in philosophical thinking. It leaves to the Christian believer the widest possible liberty of investigation and of interpretation, and makes the essentials of faith to consist in a living experience of the life manifested in Christ. The certainty which it promises is the progressive satisfaction of the needs of life. The certainty to which the apostle pretends is not the certainty of the student, achieved through successful efforts to comprehend the innumerable mysteries that surround the soul in its search for God, it is not a mastery of creeds and philosophies, but it is that all-round satisfaction of mind, heart, and will which comes from knowing and believing in a Friend whose abundant life is a self-evident proof that he is, in some way, vitally related to the Eternal and has the key to the eternal verities. Knowing him we have the secret of all Being and are made certain of all that is needful.

The closest analogy in ordinary human life to this relation which the Christian believer holds to Christ is the relation of child to father. To the child the father is in himself the sufficient guarantee of the explanation of all possible mysteries. The child cannot understand a thousandth part of the manifold wonders which life brings, but he knows his father, and believes in him, and thus there is in his possession a key to it all; there is a source of wisdom and power to which he can always appeal. The needs of his growing life are satisfied by this faith. His father is "made unto him wisdom" and strength, protection and consolation. Very similar is the relation of the believing Christian to Christ. Christ is the guarantee of all that the human soul can demand of this

vast sphinx-like Universe. "He is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption" (1 Cor. 1. 30). He is the Alpha and the Omega, and has the keys even of death and of the world to come. Christ is himself the object of the Christian faith, the pledge and promise of all that man can hope. Phillips Brooks once asked the question, "Why do I believe in God?" and his answer is in perfect accord with Paul's beautiful confession of faith in Christ: "I give one great reason—two great reasons, which are really but one great reason—why I believe in God. I believe in God with all my soul because this world is inexplicable without him, and because Jesus Christ believed in him; and it was Jesus Christ that showed me that this world demanded God and was inexplicable without him. That made certain every suspicion and dream that I had before—and Jesus Christ believed in him."

"But," it may well be asked, "is the Christian right in thus identifying the search after truth with trust in a Person? Is truth not truth in any case, and independent of personality? Is it not a thing of the intellect purely, and must we not reach it by abstract intellectual processes, reason with rigid conformity to the laws of thought until we reach demonstration, and can we honestly rest content with any certainty short of demonstration?" At first thought most of us would be inclined to answer these questions in accordance with the mood of the absolutist. What could be more desirable than for the seeker after truth to reach infallible certainty? As Professor James says, "By instinct, we are all absolutists" (The Will to Believe, p. 14). Both philosophy and theology have sought, as an ideal, absolute certainty; and this search has given rise to the regal notion of authority, in all its various forms, rising up to guarantee certainty. It has created all the infallibilities in Pope, Church council, Bible and dogma that have sought to satisfy, and have professed to be able to satisfy, the thirst for assurance. But are we on the right track when we search for infallibility and authority as satisfaction for our desire for knowledge? The whole theory of knowledge has undergone radical and extensive revision during the past few years. Modern science asks not "How ought things to be?" but "How are things

actually?" The data of the senses need continually to be reinterpreted. Science is constantly sifting out and rendering absurd statements that once were considered axioms. The stick in the water is not bent, though the eye says so. The planets do not move in circles, after all, though our ideas of perfection might seem to demand it. And, most astonishing and revolutionary of all, this universe is not a great piece of ingenious mechanism, constructed with perfect adherence to a design, as science once confidently taught, but is a continually developing organism, alive and soul-filled in all its parts. And so with the knowledge of the human mind. Science asks, "What is it, actually?" "How does it know?" "Is the mind divided into faculties, one part doing the thinking, another the feeling, and a third the willing?" Science answers, No! There never was such a human mind in actual existence. The mind is a unit; and the whole mind acts in each and all of these various modes.

But what of this craving for absolute certainty which leads men to set up authorities of all sorts, that causes them to demand infallibility of statement and absolute correctness in philosophy and religion? Without question the craving is there, and is an expression of our instinct for truth: but do we correctly interpret that craving when we say, as philosophers and theologians of the past have said, that it demands infallible certainty? The modern theory of knowledge, looking the facts of consciousness squarely in the face, says, No! As a matter of fact, absolute certainty—demonstrable evidence so called—is limited to a very small class of truths, a class that deals with space and number, and we need very little of it in order to lead thoroughly normal and successful lives. The old dictum, "Probability is the guide of life," hints at the truth. No man lives by certainties infallibly proved and established. Indeed, certainty is a thing of degrees, varying from the slightest preponderance of probability up to the highest intensity, and often very little evidence is sufficient to produce it. To demand that probability attain to the highest degree of conviction, such as we experience in the solution of a mathematical problem, before we can live a satisfactory mental and spiritual life is to misinterpret the needs of the human soul.

"To aim at absolute truth, and the faultless statement of it," says a recent historian, "men have thought to be their highest duty" (Dr. J. H. Allen, "Our Liberal Movement"); but that this aim has been an impossible one to fallible human beings the history of all doctrine, scientific, philosophical and religious, has borne impressive witness. As Professor James says, "Objective evidence and certitude are doubtless very fine ideals to play with, but where on this moon-lit and dream-visited planet are they found?" Every school of thinkers, whether in science, philosophy or religion, that has set itself up as infallible, as having attained absolute truth and as having faultlessly stated it, has succeeded only in making itself ridiculous. Subsequent ages have smiled at its childish assurance. Our knowledge of the great realities of the Universe is never capable of "proof" or "demonstration," it grows; and comes to be knowledge not by any such logically correct and faultless methods as the abstract philosopher constructs in his study. Professor Bowne says, with clear insight, "The problem of knowledge can never be solved by itself, and in advance of all concrete investigation, but only in the active exercise of all the cognitive powers. We learn that we can walk by walking; and in the same way we learn that we can know by knowing. Academic discussions of the standard of certainty or of the criterion of truth are barren of any valuable result. There is no general standard which the mind can mechanically apply. The standard is the mind itself, dealing with particulars and concrete cases; and any given item of knowledge must stand or fall, not because it agrees with some assumed standard, but because of the evidence with which it presents itself to the living mind in contact with the facts." (Theory of Knowledge, 290.)

This idea of knowledge as not being perfect, and as not corresponding to any standard outside of the mind itself by which it can be infallibly tested, might seem at first sight a very hopeless thing; but if it seem so it is because of our false education. A true analysis of our powers of knowing takes away the very foundation of the ideal of infallibility. As a matter of fact, we do not, and cannot, know things absolutely and with infallible certainty. That is the prerogative only of the Universal Mind. But suppose

we must be content with probability, with its varying degrees; what of it? We can live and grow. And, after all, what we really need is not mathematical demonstration and infallible statement, but life, and that more abundantly.

> "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant;
> More life and fuller that we want."

One of the most careful thinkers of our times has said, "In saying that truth represents at best a more or less probable hypothesis, which no conceivable circumstances would ever enable us to make logically complete, we are, it is true, abandoning an ideal which has been very widespread and very persistent; but what, after all, is there so enticing in the ideal of certainty that we should hesitate to give it up? Truth is meant to furnish us with an hypothesis for action, and the zest of life is found in living." (Rogers's Modern Philosophy, p. 350.) Whatever theory bids for our mental allegiance must ultimately be tested by experience, and if it does not minister to the increase and enrichment of life it is of no value to us. The soul of man is endowed with certain unspeakable thirsts. It seeks to come to itself, to find its true goal and end, but to limit this desire to the ideal of intellectual certainty is to misunderstand and to impoverish it utterly. The mind of man cannot be satisfied with faultless statement and infallible authority. Its quest is for something more rich and divine. As Professor Rogers says again, "The consistency of which we are in search is not the mere logical consistency of certain abstract truths, nor the consistency of scientific formulæ simply, though these are both a part of it, but it is the consistency which is demanded by our whole nature as life develops it; and so it is only life that can bring to light the data without which our intellectual solution will be nothing but a bare framework; logically correct, perhaps, but absolutely inadequate" (Modern Philosophy, p. 252). That we can ever attain to the satisfaction which our minds crave, either through correct processes of reasoning by which we reach correct statement, or through submission to some external authority which we accept as infallible as a substitute for our own thinking, is a false and impossible claim. There is no such short cut to the goal

of life. "Life is to be lived," says a great preacher, "and truth is to be won by a process. Nor can it have power in any other way. Divorced from life, truth is simply a soul without an upholding and inclosing body; it is the absolute without the eternally necessary relation" (Theodore Munger, Appeal to Life.) The attainment of certainty is regarded by the abstract philosopher as the goal of thought with which he rests content. But it is not so with the human mind as God made it. Thought, with all its processes, its laws and its results, which we may analyze and classify as much as we will, is not an end in itelf, but a means to an end. "Not only is our present thought not final, but the whole justification of thinking lies in the fact that it is not final, and that life still has something for us to do for which thought is a necessary preparation" (Rogers's Modern Philosophy, p. 348). No man can claim to have classified and comprehended enough of truth to justify any claim to infallibility. Nor is it necessary, in order that life may attain its true end, that there should be complete certainty, much less an infallible interpreter of truth. The world needs not and can get no profit from infallibility in Church, or Book, or interpreter of either. The world needs to know truth by living the life which God made men to live. As Dr. Lyman Abbott says, "An infallible guide would be an injury, not a benefit to man. Where man has believed in an infallible guide he has stopped growing; that is, he has stopped true living. Life is more important than truth; truth is only an instrument for the development of life." And again he says, "A wise father does not attempt to give his children infallible guidance: he throws them on their own resources, requires them to answer their own questions and act on their own judgments." (The Outlook, Feb. 23, 1901.) Only thus can the character be formed. Therefore, in seeking to know how the Infinite Father has been pleased to reveal his truth to men may we not conclude that the last thing he would do for us, in the great task of developing character, would be to appoint infallible authorities over us? Counselors, teachers, aids to growth in grace and knowledge, he has given us in lavish abundance, but no Church nor Bible can for any man take the place of his own reason and con-

science. By every counselor that can help or guide he must continue to cultivate and enlighten that reason and that conscience; but, "that reason and that conscience he must follow, for they are his ultimate guides. To his own Master every soul must give account for himself at last. No Church can render the account for him." (Outlook, p. 436, Feb. 23, 1901.)

Truth itself can never come by making it an end in itself, but only through living; for when abstracted from life, and made a thing apart, to be worshiped for itself, it becomes false. "What so false as truth is?" sings Browning; and his meaning is that literal accuracy, correct statement of fact, impeccable, "eye-for-an-eye" justice are often found to be false to the greater moral and spiritual truths and to the personal loyalties that minister to life. It is this false worship of intellectual certainty that requires us to believe impossible things, and thus fatally limit our mental life. This misunderstanding of our real needs has caused men to adopt arbitrary standards of authority and to affirm infallibility of notoriously fallible men and institutions, to the scandal of all sincere lovers of truth. It has thus been the mother of bigotries and persecutions innumerable. This false worship of the goddess Certainty is responsible for the theories of the literalist in his interpretation of the Holy Scriptures; requiring him to believe that it is literally consistent in all its manifold books, infallibly dictated by God himself, and that it contains no contradictions or errors of any sort. But to the man who trusts in the Living God, and to whom it is enough that life progresses with increasing purpose toward the perfect day under the abiding leadership of him whose Life was the Light of men, none of these things are a hindrance. He lives on, content that certain knowledge is withheld for the time being since this is God's way in the developing of souls, content to walk by faith, growing in grace and in knowledge daily, and willing to sing with that sad, earnest seeker after light,—but with joyful hope, because so sure of God,

> . . . "I do not ask to see
> The distant scene; one step enough for me."

Misunderstandings at once arise when we are asked to abandon

the hope of absolute certainty and of infallibility. Some one is sure to say, "Why, this is nothing but contentment with ignorance. If we can never be infallibly certain of truth, if there is no power to make us utterly sure that truth has been attained, why continue the fruitless search?" In reply it is sufficient to say that the search is not fruitless; and walking by faith and not by sight is not by any means willing ignorance. It is rather following the light where the gleam alone is to be found. It is seeking truth in the most real and true way. For the final satisfaction, the real certainty, if you will, toward which we aim is not a thing of correct intellectual processes, but is to be found at last in that correspondence of the whole life with the life of the Eternal which makes us conscious of our true destiny as inheritors of the Life of God. Both Philosophy and Religion are but "attitudes" toward life, servants called to minister to life; and both must be tested by their application to life. That theory most nearly approaches truth, and most completely satisfies our demand for certainty that sets our life in the largest possible relations toward the "*all* of things"; in a word, that makes life more abundant. Test the Christian faith by this test and its appeal to the seeker after truth shines forth clear and strong. Its test of reliability is not abstract theory, but something concrete and personal. Its evidence and authority are a Person. "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." The life of Christ as interpreted by every man's conscience in the fear of God, is the criterion of Christian knowledge, the standard of authority, and there can be no other. St. Paul places the emphasis exactly where it belongs when, although confessing to only a partial and inadequate knowledge of the manifold mysteries of God, he ends by the sublime affirmation, "But I know him whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him." What reason can there possibly be for sighing for infallibilities and absolute intellectual certainties after such magnificent assurance? "I know him"—that knowledge can unlock all the treasures of knowledge. The great reason for believing in God is Christ, in whom we see the Eternal. The great reason for believing in immortality is Christ, for in him it was manifest.

The great reason for believing that good is to be the final result of this universe is Christ; for he must reign; such character as his being essentially and eternally sovereign. "Believe in God: believe also in me. Let not your heart be troubled."

Arthur Christopher Benson tells of a conversation which he once held with a Roman Catholic priest, and after the good father had left he pondered long, as the evening faded into dusk, and asked himself the question, "Is there no certainty, then, attainable?" and he then tells us in the following beautiful words the answer of his own spirit. 'No ready-made certainty is of avail; a man must begin from the beginning and construct his own faith from the foundations. Reason must play its part, lead the soul as far as it can and set it in the right way; but the spirit must not halt there, but pass courageously and serenely into the trackless waste, content, if need be, to make mistakes, to retrace its path, only sincerely and gently advancing, waiting for any hint that may fall from the Divine Spirit, interpreting rather than selecting, divesting itself of preferences and prejudices one by one, and conscious that *One* waits, smiling and encouraging, but a little ahead upon the road, and that any turn in the path may reveal His bright coming to the faithful eye." (Beside the Still Waters, p. 127.) As the child, secure in its father's love and wisdom, can face the universe, with all its dark riddles, in serene confidence and with a firm belief in final participation in his father's knowledge, so the believer in Christ can face life, and all that life can bring, in the confident persuasion that he is in good hands, that he has trustworthy leadership, and that before him is a goal which means nothing short of seeing face to face and knowing even as he is known. To know Christ makes us sure of God: and this is surely the highest and the most fruitful of all certainties.

Hugh D. Atchison

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

IN LEWIS CARROLL'S COMPANY

CHARLES L. DODGSON was an ordained clergyman of the Church of England who, because of a slight difficulty of speech and extreme shyness of nature, never took a parish, though he preached now and then, preferably to children and servants and the poor. His diffidence in society was painful. Mark Twain after meeting him at dinner in London said, "The shyest full-grown man I ever met." Most of his active life was spent as resident teacher in Oxford University, where his instructorship gave him rooms and support on condition of his remaining unmarried. While living thus in bachelor quarters and pursuing his routine duties, three little children took him by the hand and led him on the path to immortal fame, which he won under the pen name of Lewis Carroll, as author of Wonder Books, in the same general class with Kingsley's Water Babies and Kipling's Jungle Books. As to the value of such literature, it is at least innocent and harmless and diverting. It is worth more to the world than half the fiction that is written. And Lewis Carroll's books are oftener quoted and referred to than almost any others published fifty years ago. As in Mark Twain's case, this man's pen name supplanted his real name. Almost everybody knows Lewis Carroll, almost nobody mentions Charles Dodgson.

Browning in his "One Word More—To E. B. B.," cries, "God be thanked! The meanest of his creatures has two soul-sides; one to face the world with, and one to show a woman when he loves her." Multitudes of children of all ages, from seven to seventy, agree in saying, "Heaven be praised that Charles L. Dodgson had two soul-sides, one to face his Oxford University world with, and one to show to little children when he loved them."

Extremely different the two soul-sides were, and hardly on speaking terms. Dodgson seldom admitted identity or connection with Carroll—shook his head gravely as if in denial when accused of it. It seemed almost a psychopathic case of dissociated personality, an indi-

vidual amphibious in two quite opposite realms. Dodgson lived in Oxford with pundits and pedagogues and scientists and senior wranglers. Carroll lived in the land of Child's Delight with little tots and kiddies. To Charles Dodgson's company some might not feel drawn. In his solemn society we would be regaled with mathematics, on the top ranges of which he was quite at home, an easy scaler of the most splintery Alpine aiguilles of higher mathematics and expecting us to climb with him. Even his recreations were scholastic and austere. "This morning," he says, "while dressing and thinking over the problem of finding two squares whose sum is a square, I chanced on a theorem (which seems true, though I cannot prove it) that if X^2+Y^2 be even, its half is the sum of two squares. A kindred theorem, that $2(X^2+Y^2)$ is always the sum of two squares, also seems true and unprovable." (Thanks for "true and unprovable"; showing that the mathematician knows as well as the preacher that there are things which are at once true and unprovable.) One pleasing conundrum with which this Oxford mathematician "makes a night of it" is this: "Sat up till 4 A. M. over this tempting problem sent me from New York: 'To find three equal rational-sided right-angled triangles.' I found *two* whose sides are 20, 21, 29; 12, 35, 37; but could not find three." (Thanks, dear Mr. Dodgson! Never mind about the other one. We will try to worry along with only two. And you ought not to sit up so late.)

One of the puzzles invented by Mr. Dodgson wherewith to entertain his friends was called the Monkey and Weight problem: "Suppose a rope to be hung over a wheel fixed upon the roof-peak of a building. Suppose a weight fastened to one end of the rope, exactly counterbalancing a monkey which clings to the other end. Now supposing that the monkey begins to climb the rope, what will be the result?" Over this engaging little problem the mathematicians could not agree. One said, "The weight goes *up* with increasing velocity"; two others said, "It goes *up* at the same rate as the monkey"; while another said, "It goes *down*." One wonders that a gentleman who irked the souls of his neighbors with such puzzles had any friends or neighbors. Why didn't they move away? Such was Charles Dodgson. Yet we grow reverent toward his midnight mathematics when we read what he says concerning a book of his entitled Curiosa Mathematica, containing original problems in algebra, trigonometry, and differential calculus, which he called "Pillow Problems," because he had worked them out mentally in the dark, without any

tables to refer to, while lying awake at night. He says that one of his motives in publishing the book was to show how by a little determination "the mind can be made to concentrate itself on some intellectual subject and thus banish petty troubles and vexations, which, unless the mind be otherwise occupied, will persist in disturbing the night hours." "More serious still," he adds, "are certain mental troubles, much worse than mere worry, for which an absorbing subject of thought may serve as a remedy. There are skeptical thoughts which seem for the moment to shake the firmest faith; there are blasphemous thoughts which dart unbidden into the most reverent souls; there are unholy thoughts which torture with their hateful presence the fancy that would fain be pure. Against all these," says Mr. Dodgson, "some real strenuous mental work is a most helpful ally." For exorcising such evil spirits he resorts mentally to the purity of mathematics, with a reverent faith resembling Carlyle's, who said: "The man who has mastered the first forty-seven propositions of Euclid stands nearer God than he stood before."

Dodgson, as lecturer on mathematics, would be extremely unpopular in Carroll's world. Wonderland abhors mathematics of the Oxford type. Its sentiment is typified by Alice's struggle with the multiplication table which ran thus: "Four times five is twelve, four times six is thirteen, four times seven is—O Dear!" and by the Mock Turtle's definition of the four branches of arithmetic as "Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision." Alice is of one mind with Marjorie Fleming and with the little girl toiling under the drop-light over to-morrow's lessons who moaned piteously, "The oftener I add it up the differenter it is." What would have become of these poor little pestered souls if they had lived in old Babylon, where the multiplication tables multiplied up to sixty times sixty? In the matter of mathematics numerous powerful persons are in Lewis Carroll's company with Alice and Marjorie. Emerson when a boy at school could never multiply seven by twelve with any degree of confidence. The imperial mind of Cecil Rhodes, mighty builder of continental empire, man of enormous intellectual daring and colossal enterprise, found difficulty in adding up a column of figures. The author of The Little Minister, Sir James M. Barrie, confesses without shame that he "never had any passion for proving that when circles and triangles try to do impossible things the result is absurd." Why, of course it is! Absurder than any Oxford surd, impossible of expression in rational language. And in this respect circles and triangles are

just like folks: when they try to do impossible things the result is absurd. Everybody knows that without laboriously proving it on a blackboard. A few rash persons have incurred the charge of being Universalists by expressing the belief that there may be people in heaven who, when in the flesh, were not good at figures, and who, like Marjorie Fleming, rebelled and lost their little tempers over mundane mathematics, in which they are pedagogically justified in these very days by a Los Angeles superintendent of schools who says in a public address: "God bless the girl who refuses to study algebra, a study which causes many girls to lose their souls." Should immortal souls be cast into outer darkness because they found no fun in trying to demonstrate that "the squares of quadrantal ursois are equal to minus unity," or because they were incapable of throbbing to the thrill of such a theme as "The Primitive Double Minimal Surface of the Seventh Class and Its Conjugate," which was the Ph.D. thesis of a certain bishop's daughter whose prospects for heaven would seem just as clear without that thesis presented at the celestial gate.

In Lewis Carroll's Wonderland, where life is one grand revel of mirth and solemn drollery, mathematic laws no more hold good than, according to Kipling, the Ten Commandments bind Tommy Atkins "East of Suez" by "the old Moulmein pagoda on the road to Mandelay," or than any law of God or man binds the sealers "north of fifty-three." In Carroll's company there are only such merry mathematical problems as this one in navigation: "Given the captain's name and the year of our Lord, to determine the latitude and longitude of the ship." Or such court episodes as this: "What's the charge against the prisoner?" "Bigotry, your Honor. He's got three wives." "Study your dictionary, officer. When a man has *three* wives, that's not bigotry, that's trigonometry." Or the sort of figuring that was done in the court when the jury in the case of the Queen's Tarts wrote down on their slates the Fourteenth of March and the Fifteenth of March and the Sixteenth of March, and then added them up and reduced them to pounds, shillings, and pence. Or the kind of twins found up in Maine, where a little girl writes of a pair, one of whom was eight and the other ten; found also in Kansas, where a girl, whose twin brother is thirty-one, remains by sheer force of will and stability of character a tender young thing of only twenty-three short summers. In Wonderland Alice found two Tuesdays in every week; that was why they were called Two's-days.

Charles Dodgson lived in a world riveted with rules and regulations, forms, laws, and reasons, a prison-house of regularity where one's intellectuals and impulses sat with their feet fast in the stocks of propriety and precedent, domineered not only by mathematics but by logic as well. Dodgson himself published a book on logic, and carried on a sharp controversy by pamphlets and correspondence with Cook Wilson, professor of logic at Oxford, charging him with the heinous offense of perpetrating fallacies in his views about hypotheticals. With this rigidly regulated realm there could be no greater contrast than the Wonderland in which Lewis Carroll lived, a frolic realm where logic and arithmetic play leap-frog together, where that dignified, stern and uncompromising precisian, the multiplication table, stands on its head and wiggles its toes in the air, where syllogisms shoot the chute and hang by their eyelids from a trapeze.

To be in Lewis Carroll's company is to go gipsying through Topsy-Turveydom. The sillier a Wonderland syllogism is the greater the gayety of nations. This is a sample syllogism: "No bald person needs a hair-brush; no lizards have hair; therefore no lizard needs a hair-brush." And this: "Caterpillars are not eloquent; Jones is eloquent; therefore Jones is not a caterpillar." The logic of Wonderland is as tipsy as that of the Greek inscription over a tavern in old Athens: "He who drinks well sleeps well; he who sleeps well has a pure conscience; he who has a pure conscience is dear to the gods; therefore he who drinks well is dear to the gods." Formal reasoning in Wonderland runs into rhyme like this:

> "If a man who 'Turnips!' cries,
> Cries not when his father dies,
> It is proof that he would rather
> Have a turnip than his father."

And in Lewis Carroll's company reasoning from analogy is like that of the little girl who was scratching the ground with a stick and said, "There'll be some little birds here soon, 'cause I've planted some fevvers." When Candidate Woodrow Wilson said to an Oregon audience, "I don't care a pepper-corn for logic," he was bidding for the vote of Wonderland, where Professor Jowett is canonized for his most audacious heresy that "Logic is neither a science nor an art but a dodge," which is orthodox doctrine in Wonderland.

In Lewis Carroll's company we are with the children, a good, safe, happy, boundless place to be. The human race, like ancient

Gaul, is divided into three parts—men, women, and a sexless *tertium quid.* Men are men and women are women, but the little ones are neither. Childhood is a world by itself, a world in which, as Symonds says is the case with William Blake's poetry, "there are no men and women—only primal instincts and the energies of the imagination." Francis Thompson's explanation of Shelley is that he was an eternal child. What is genius but the child's faculty of make-believe raised to the Nth power? Professor Phelps of Yale says, "Louis Stevenson spent his life, like an only and lonely child, playing games with himself. To a boy the mud-puddle becomes an ocean where the pirate ship is launched; a scrubby apple tree has infinite possibilities. Armed with a wooden sword the child sallies forth in the rain and fiercely cuts down the mullein stalks; could we only see him without being seen, we should observe the wild light in his eyes and the frown of battle on his brow. He walks cautiously in the underbrush to surprise the ambushed foe." Stevenson was playing the child when to the question, "Where is Samoa?" he replied: "You go out the Golden Gate and straight ahead till you take the first turn to the left"—"directions," says Professor Phelps, which "make up in joyous childlike imagination what they lack in latitude and longitude. . . . Stevenson, prone in bed, when his attention was not diverted by a hemorrhage, had all manner of pageants and day dreams playing across the counterpane, just as Ben Jonson saw the Romans and Carthaginians fighting, marching, and countermarching across his great toe."

Lewis Carroll was at home in the realms of imagination. He knew the road to Wonderland and led his child-friends thither, and they flocked after him as the children of Hamelin after the Pied Piper. He was also at home in the realms of glee and laughter where the children live. Like a daisied meadow lying between the landing coast of infancy and the foothills of youth which rise toward the uplands and peaks of maturity are the preadolescent years; years which are the playground of primitive impulses where tiny, tender creatures frolic in spontaneous sportiveness; where life is to the child as "a flower-bed to a young humming bird, a collection of proprietary sweets"; where the sheer gladness of being alive bubbles into laughter so that some one says, "The earth first laughed when the little children came"; gladness which made Tom Hood say, "Childhood is such a merry, joyous time that I often wish I was two or three children"; the gladness we hear in Kipling's "They," where, amid the fountain's tinkling and

the bees' mumbling and the doves' cooing, the man catches "the utterly happy chuckle of a child absorbed in some light mischief"; the gladness mirrored in the lines:

> "Happy, happy, happy for all that God hath done,
> Glad of all the little leaves dancing in the sun."

"The final test of a gentleman is perhaps his attitude toward children," says William Lyon Phelps. Thackeray asserted that "Swift never spoke well of a child, nor ever mentioned one except to say that it squalled"; which shows Swift as a surly churl. When the blind woman in one of Kipling's stories asks the man if he is fond of children he dissembles his love by giving her one or two reasons why he does not altogether hate them.

Lewis Carroll's chief joy was in his child-friends, of whom he said, when asked how many he had, "More than I could count on my toes if I were a centipede." Nearest and dearest of these were Alice, Lorina, and Edith, small daughters of a stately couple, the erudite Dr. Greek-Lexicon Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, and Mrs. Liddell, the Grand Dame of Oxford. Alice, Lorina, and Edith Liddell—a fine match for "grave Alice and laughing Allegra, and Edith with golden hair," in Longfellow's "Children's Hour"—lived close by Mr. Dodgson in the same college court, and much happy play he had with those three little girls, often taking them boating on the river in summer afternoons, picnicking under the trees along the bank, and spinning for them on demand many marvelous tales of a novel kind improvised by his fertile and facile imagination, to which they listened wide-eyed and entranced. When he paused they chorused, "Tell us some more"; and when he said, "Not now; next time," those insatiable youngsters cried, "It's next time now." His favorite apparently was Alice, "Child of the pure, unclouded brow and dreaming eyes of wonder," with "sunny face and silvery laughter," who became to his enchanted fancy the "Dream-child moving through a land of wonders, wild and new, in friendly chat with bird and beast," as is recorded in Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass; and of whom he wrote with tender recollection in years long after,

> "Still she haunts me phantom-wise,
> Alice, moving under skies
> Never seen by mortal eyes."

Has this world any more exquisite beauty than the flowerlike

faces of little children? George Matheson remembered through his years of blindness the face of a little girl whose "beaming countenance revealed the beauty of a spotless soul and made some hideous old theologies look diabolical." The writer of these pages cares more for some child-faces he remembers, including one entrancing infant whose gleeful mischief fixed upon her for life the name of "Little Witch," than for far-famed Trojan Helen with her face that "launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium," or for the Woodmaid of Domremy haloed with legends and painted in many a picture, or for Mona Lisa with her hundred-thousand-dollar smile. Of those little faces he says, as Luigi in Pippa Passes said of the moonlit summer nights, "Gone are they, but I have them in my soul." Remembering some of them at the baptismal font and the communion rail and the marriage altar, young souls steeped from birth in the atmosphere of godly homes and never false thereto, he falls helplessly, automatically into accord with Emerson, who, when his wife suggested having their children baptized, said, "I will not object, if you can find a minister as pure as they are." We sympathize with Bronson Alcott who wrote, "Verily, had I not associated with children, had I not studied human nature in its period of infancy and childhood, I should never have found the tranquil repose, the steady faith, the vivid hope that now shed a glory and a dignity around the humble path of my life. Childhood hath saved me. The chief obstacle in the way of human regeneration is the want of a due appreciation of the nature of children." Who can fail to be touched by that hallowed letter which Bronson Alcott wrote to his first-born on her ninth birthday, telling her how "dear an object of love and hope" she is to her parents as her "life buds and blossoms under their eyes"; how they "watch this flower growing in the Garden of Life, scenting the air with its fragrance and delighting the eye by its colors"; how they "pray that it may never fade, nor its fragrance cease, but flourish in perpetual beauty, and be transplanted in its time into the Garden of God above, whose plants are ever green and fresh and blooming, to be the amaranth of heaven, the pride and joy of angels."

In Lewis Carroll's company is a merry place to be. To the Pall Mall Gazette, the Fortnightly Review, and the Saint James Gazette, this tall, grave Oxford don Dodgsoned in articles on subjects educational, philanthropic, and political, and to Ellen Terry he wrote letters which, she said, always smelled of mathematics; but to his child-friends he Lewis-Carrolled in letters like the following missive to a

wee miss who was given to sending him kisses in her letters (as a certain lovely little ten-year-old in New York sent a hundred and fifty kisses on one post-card to a grizzled old editor). Here is the letter his small correspondent received from the sunny side of this grim middle-aged mathematician: "My Dear Gertrude: This really will *not* do, you know, sending one more kiss every time by post; the parcel gets so heavy that it is quite expensive. When the postman brought your last letter, he looked quite grave. 'Two pounds to pay, sir,' he said. '*Extra weight,* sir.' 'O, if you please, Mr. Postman!' I said, going down gracefully on one knee (I wish you could see me go down on one knee to the postman—it's a very pretty sight). 'Mr. Postman, do excuse me just this once! It's only from a little girl!' 'Only from a little girl,' he growled. 'What are little girls made of?' 'Sugar and spice and all that's nice—especially the spice,' I began to say, but he interrupted me. 'No, I don't mean *that,*' he said. 'I mean, what's the good of little girls when they send such heavy letters?' 'Well, they're not much good, certainly,' I said, rather sadly. 'Well, mind you don't get any more such letters,' the postman said, 'at least not from that particular little girl. *I know her well and she's a regular bad one.*' That's not true, is it, Gertrude? I don't believe he ever saw you, and you're not a bad one, are you? However, I promised him you and I would not send each other *many* more letters —'only two thousand, four hundred and seventy or so,' I said. 'O,' said he, 'a little number like *that* doesn't signify. What I meant was, you mustn't send *many.*' So you see, Gertrude, we must keep count now, and when we get to 2,470 we mustn't write any more unless the postman gives us leave. Your loving friend, Lewis Carroll."

When Lewis Carroll was spoken of as the Children's Friend, he only half deserved that title, for all his child-friends were of the feminine persuasion. Boys were too much for him; he dreaded them as if they were wild animals. With reference to them his perplexity resembled that of the Pittsburgh street urchin who strayed into the art gallery and stood before a copy of Raphael's Sistine Madonna with his attention specially fixed on the lower part of the picture where the two winged heads of "those awful angel boys" (as Mrs. Jameson calls them) are up-gazing. Regarding them dubiously, the half-grown gamin inquired of a bystander, "Be they kids or be they bats?" To his bright little friend, Kathleen Eschwege, whose acquaintance he made on a railway train, he once wrote: "I am fond of children—except boys." And again he wrote: "Sometimes chil-

dren are a terror to me—especially boys. Little girls I can now and then get on with when they are few enough. Even they easily become *'de trop.'* But with little boys I am out of my element altogether." When an Oxford man wrote, "You are such a friend to children, I think I must bring my little boy to see you," he replied, "Don't," or words to that effect, to the fond father's astonishment and disgust. A playful letter from him to a little girl who had a new baby brother ends thus: "My best love to yourself; to your mother my kindest regards; to your small, fat, ignorant, impertinent brother, my hatred. I think that is all." The baby brother's mother thought that was more than enough, even if in jest.

Sad to say, many others share Lewis Carroll's feeling about boys. A. C. Benson writes: "Ruskin was always fond of girlhood, but there is no evidence that he took the slightest interest in boyhood. Little boys were to him like miniature savages, in whom the selfishness, the cruelty, and the boisterousness of humanity had not been chastened or refined." Various experts and inexperts have attempted to elucidate the difference between boys and girls, among whom was Ruskin, who tried his hand at it in "Sesame and Lilies," when he wrote: "There is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's—you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does—she will wither without sun; she will decay in her sheath, as a narcissus will, if you do not give her air enough; she may fall and defile her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life; but you cannot fetter her; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body must have always

> 'Her household notions light and free,
> And steps of virgin liberty.'"

Dr. J. H. Rigg, writing to Mrs. Wansbrough on the birth of her son, said: "Indulgence does little harm to girls; they seem to be the better for a little spoiling. With boys it is otherwise. Firm guidance—a mastery that is not loud nor violent—a loving *mastery*—is necessary for a boy that has the making of a man in him." How far Ruskin and Rigg are right in this profound matter, we dare not undertake to say; we are becomingly modest about our ability to pronounce; but we would rather have the judgment of certain experienced wise

mothers and fathers of sons and daughters, some of whom may read these pages, than the lucubrations of a whole senate of Ruskins. We heard one great Southern woman, mother of three sons and four daughters, say: "I would rather bring up three girls than one boy; there is less anxiety." One man says: "My little daughter is a tea-rose, satin to the touch, wine to the lips, and a faint, delirious perfume. But my little son is a June apple, firm and cool and scornful of too much sweetness, but full of tang and flavor, and better than bread to the hungry."

Occasionally antipathy is directed against girls. Hazlitt, the English essayist, seems to have been a girl-hater. In 1806 Charles Lamb wrote to William Wordsworth: "Hazlitt is in town. I took him to see two very pretty young girls. They were well behaved, they neither laughed, nor sneered, nor giggled, nor whispered—but they were young girls—and that was enough for Hazlitt. He sat and frowned, blacker and blacker, in perfect misery, indignant that there should be such things as Youth and Beauty, till he tore me away before supper and owned that he could not endure young girls. They drove him mad. So I took him home to my old nurse"; which was the right place to take him, for his childish petulance needed a nurse as certainly as his bearishness needed a cage and a keeper. One who remembers Louisa May Alcott tells us that her preference was for little boys, with a prejudice against girls. She wrote in her diary: "I never liked little girls—never knew many except my sisters." Was she then so unfortunate in her sisters? And what did the girls think of her? She had a deep bass voice before which children literally trembled. Perhaps it took a boy's courage to face her, and little girls fled.

The prejudice against boys seems widespread and supported by some uncomfortable testimony. In some scientific quarters it is accepted as a fact that the boy is a barbarian needing to be civilized. One cynic declares that the word "boisterous" should be spelled with a "y" instead of an "i" to indicate its probable derivation. The biography of a great English historian, speaking of Edward Lecky as a delicate and rather feeble boy, says "there was nothing of the wholesome young barbarian about him," the intimation being that he was not a real live boy, but what his rough comrades would contemptuously call "a sissy." Even when quiet, a boy is under suspicion. His quietness is regarded as being only a weather-breeder and portending some new mischief. In Mrs. Bacon's Biography of a Boy, Susie says appre-

hensively to her small brother, aged eight, "The way you keep quiet lately, Martin, is simply nerve-racking." Herbert Spencer, in his book on Education, ranks the boy with savages, urging in proof his facial peculiarities, his natural customs, his manners, his ignorance of civilization, and his lack of sympathy with law and order. And it is officially reported that both in England and in the United States teachers and school boards are reverting to Spencer's theory that the average boy is a savage. Educators and school inspectors publish reports like this: "In a Bayonne public school on physical examination morning thirty boys were given black marks and dismissed for the day because of dirty hands and faces; whereas only one girl had to be sent home." One boy, when told to wash his hands, said: "What's the use? They'll only get dirty again." A little girl remarked, "Boys are very wearing on everything but soap." A grandmother was picturing to her small grandson the heavenly city with gates of pearl and pavements of gold. "What! No mud to play in?" commented the scornful child. The schools publish reports like this: "In a Brooklyn spelling match held in the Academy of Music, the contestants being the champion spellers from twenty-six schools, one half boys, the winners were six girls and only two boys; while it was a twelve-year-old mite of winsome femininity who outspelled all her competitors, including thirteen boys." Side by side with our frequently poor showing in school classes is published the fact that we boys stand at the head of the criminal class. In the New Jersey State Prison at Trenton, a woman visitor twitted the keeper on having hundreds of men prisoners and only a dozen women. "But, madam, in the institution on the other side of town (the State insane asylum) it is the other way about," replied the keeper. "Yes," flashed the woman, "the men are so bad they drive the women crazy." Lewis Carroll knew an old lady who tried to moderate the pugnacity and ferocity of a male youngster by showing him the picture of a battlefield covered with dead men and horses, and describing its bloody horrors as vividly as she could. All she got out of the little ruffian was, "Tell it again. I'm going to be a soldier." The newspapers print reports like this: "At Tarrytown some small boys pelted with stones the Baptist minister's eight-year-old Dorothy, so that she died of her injuries. The man of God held his broken heart in check, blamed the tragedy on 'the thoughtless savagery of boyhood,' and prayed, 'Father, forgive them; they knew not what they did.'" The prejudice against boys intensifies in some instances into mania. A

convict serving a life sentence in Auburn prison for murdering a seven-year-old boy, confesses to having tried to kill twenty little boys in various parts of the country through sheer dislike of the species. The court that tried him was of opinion that this gentleman carried his antipathy too far.

There is an extensive boycott against boys. In the autumn of 1914, when Belgian families, fleeing before the terrors of the German invasion, were streaming into France, many French households offered to shelter and adopt a refugee child. An American reporter who witnessed this flight of the homeless writes: "I saw in my travels hundreds of these offers to take in children and give them a home. Every blessed offer was for a girl, not one for a boy. It must be that girls behave better and are more amiable, manageable, and nicer all round than boys. The war has taught me that female children stand miles higher in popular esteem than male children." In 1916 the child-placing agency of the New York State Charities Aid Association reported increasing difficulty in finding homes for homeless boys. Childless couples applying for children to adopt want little girls, and the institutions have the boys from six to ten years of age on their hands and don't know what to do with them. They have every variety of boy, Jewish, Catholic, and Christian, but few takers. The officials cannot explain why boys are not wanted, and the poor little boys themselves weep and wail at being constantly passed by. There are a few countries where little girls are not wanted. A Chinese mother in our hospital at Nanchang, who had more children than there was food for, wept because her new baby was a boy; if it had been a girl she could have made way with it. They drown girl babies in China.

The æsthetic value of boys seems not to be great. As a rule artists and poets have small use for them. The world of art prefers girls, little or big. Concerning the superior artistic value of the feminine one æsthetic authority writes: "Woman, the feminine, symbolizes the artistic character of the universe more than the masculine does. Man symbolizes power, while woman stands for beauty, grace, and charm, which are the concern and quest of art. She produces much the same effect as music, poetry, or a Greek amphora." The collection of Whistler's paintings in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art might almost be called a Gallery of Little Girls, as the following titles indicate: "The Little White Girl," "The Little Rose of Lyme Regis," "The Little Faustina," "Little Blue Bonnet," "The

Little Lady of Soho," "Little Green Cap," the famous "Gold Girl." Even the picture called "Pouting Tom" is a girl. In art, "Innocence" is always a little girl, whether the artist paints her on canvas, as Sir Joshua Reynolds did, or carves her in marble, as Alfred Drury did. When Hoffman painted his picture of the boy Jesus, twelve years old, disputing with the doctors in the temple, the great artist, failing to find in all Dresden a boy nice enough to serve as model, had to use a Dresden flower-girl for his purpose. It is her face we see in his famous painting.

What shall be said to the artists, so unfriendly or negligent toward us? Well, for one thing, say that in Raphael's most renowned painting, the Sistine Madonna, which is the glory of the Dresden gallery, the Virgin Mother holds in her arms a BOY, and at the bottom of the picture looking up are two angel boys; a picture so subduing in its spell that even peasants tiptoe softly into the chamber which contains it to do homage to its surpassing beauty.

Poets also pay small attention to boys. Take out Whittier and Bret Harte and Eugene Field and Whitcomb Riley and John Hay, and the boy has small place in American verse. A recent versifier, following the bad precedent of the classic poem about "Rats and snails and puppy dogs' tails," perpetrates this wanton and atrocious doggerel:

> In Fairy Land the little boys
> Would rather fight than eat their meals.
> They like to chase a gauze-winged fly
> And catch and beat him till he squeals.

Not only artists and poets, but the common man shows a partiality for girls. In the period when James M. Buckley and the writer were students (seven years apart) at the Pennington School, the old stage-driver, Uncle Amos Lanning, used to call out under the seminary windows the morning stage for Trenton. The bent and withered old man never bestowed any tender or complimentary epithets on us boys as he passed in front of our side of the building, but when he reached the girls' side he showed his gallantry by lifting up his cracked and quavering voice under their windows cheerily in an inimitably queer clucking, chirping cry: "Wake up your eyebrows, ye pretty birds, ye! All aboard for Trenton! Stage is ready."

The chief value of boys is not æsthetic or poetic. Their most ardent lovers would not expect Tennyson to write, "King rose of the rose-bud garden of boys," and the boys wouldn't like it if he did.

Do artists and poets dote on girls? So do the boys. To a company of boys the opinion was once submitted that a sweet little girl is the sweetest thing in the world. The boys assented eagerly. They would not be the men we take them for if they did not so assent. And certainly if the boys concur, the opinion stands, *nemine dissentiente*.

Let no admirer of boys think it necessary to rise and defend them. First and last boys get as much coddling as is good for them—especially if there is a mother in the house as, by mysterious coincidence, is apt to be the case. Don't worry about the boys. They are able to take care of themselves, and, in course of time, to take good care of the girls also, ay! and to take care of their country and save it from its enemies if need be, as they did in our war for Liberty and Union.

Few things are more refining and gratifying to a man than to find himself the object of a child's pure enthusiasm. Friendship rooted in a contrast and blooming out of the gap between age and childhood may be a fragile flower, yet not sickly but pleasant in its measure while it lasts. Lewis Carroll at the age of fifty said, "Of course there isn't much companionship possible between an old man's mind and a little child's, but what there is is sweet and wholesome, I think." And again he wrote: "Next to what conversing with an angel might be, comes, I think, the privilege of having a child's thoughts uttered to one. I have known a few children and their friendship is a blessing and a help in life." Such friendships are prophylactic against the taint of mean and evil things. In companionship with children a man may feel safeguarded, as if God had given the angels charge concerning him. Their innocence and beauty are even more purifying than was the influence of Beatrice over Dante, or Bettine's devotion to Goethe, described by George William Curtis as "serenading with tender love an old man who waves his hand and breathes down a kiss which falls like a snowflake on her face."

Nothing can more quickly gentle the heart of a strong man than the hand of a child nestling trustfully in his, or the weight of a dear little head on his shoulder. It is enough to make a coward brave and a bad man good. This is the gist of that notable story of Little Lord Fauntleroy and his grandfather, the mean wicked old earl, whom the boy's trust transforms into something better. The white souled, loving little boy doesn't know his grandfather is wicked; insists that he is noble, till the old reprobate is simply compelled to

quit his meanness and be good in order not to disappoint and shock that innocent child. In Kipling's story of the mansion haunted by dead children and dream children it is the touch of a child's hand that makes the most pathetic and hallowed moment of a story believed to be inspired by his own experience when his little girl died in New York years ago and he himself was at the same time desperately ill there. When the man in that story, seated with the blind woman by the hearth in the firelight in the great child-haunted old mansion, slid his chair back and reached behind him to tap the leather of the screen, he presently felt his relaxed hand taken and turned gently between the soft hands of an invisible child. And then a little brushing kiss fell in the center of his palm, as a gift on which his fingers were once (when his little girl was alive) expected to close. It was "the all-faithful, half-reproachful signal of a waiting child, not used to neglect even when grown-ups were busiest—a fragment of the mute code devised long ago." To him this tiny clasp and kiss were as a signal from his own lost child, giving him the familiar token of her presence, and to the reader that little brushing kiss in the hollow of his hand, is the most exquisitely tender touch in all the mysterious and moving tale. When Blanco Posnet felt the child's soft cheek against his, and the tiny fingers on his neck and behind his ears and in his hair, something inside of the rough horse thief melted, something "went soft," and he gave the young mother the horse he had stolen and on which he was fleeing for his life, so she could hurry her sick baby to the nearest doctor, while, for the sake of that little child, he gave up his only chance for escape and stayed there to be caught and hanged.

Every home becomes a Wonderland so soon as a child is born into it. F. W. Boreham, in his essay, "The Baby Among the Bombshells," says: "Half the pleasure of welcoming a new-born baby is the absolute certainty that here you have a packet of amazing surprises." A growing child in a house is pretty sure to make life one long surprise party, immensely educational. "I had no idea being a mother was so wonderful," wrote a dear young missionary Madonna, bending over her first-born, her baby boy, at the South Gate of Tientsin. The education grown-ups give to children is not so wonderful as that which they get from the children. It has been whispered about in secret places of the earth by fellow victims showing each other their bruises that youngsters often give their elders a whacking surprise. These tiny creatures, so safe to play with in some respects

—as free from guile or malice as a canary bird—are yet dangerous to experiment with in other respects. Some Scotchman said the clergy are "kittle cattle to shoe behind"; but a clergyman is a tame domestic animal, more harmless than "the necessary cat," compared with the impulsive, erratic, incalculable child, whose utterances, devices, and performances only omniscience can anticipate. Lewis Carroll's biographer says truly that adults cannot foresee or invent the sayings of children; they can only record them. A child is an embodied interrogation point, asking innumerable questions, some of them bothersome. The author of a book entitled The Religion of the Universe tells us that the most puzzling question ever addressed to him was by a little girl who asked, "Please, sir, tell me why there ever was anything at all?" Now, who feels equal to giving a lucid and convincing answer to that question? All your grown-up knowledge and wisdom routed by the perfectly natural inquiry of a thoughtful child! The whole senate and sanhedrin of scholars and sages simply throw up their hands. One inquiring infant can make theologians and philosophers look silly. The gossips of Homer's time have sent down a rumor that he died of chagrin over being "stumped" by children, some fisher lads whom he met on the seashore having given him a riddle he could not guess. As children's questions are often unanswerable or embarrassing, so their answers are liable to be peculiar. A little girl, reciting in natural history, being asked to define the difference between the human family and the animals, answered with innocent irony: "A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast." A public school boy being asked to define a gentleman, wrote rather ambiguously: "A gentleman is a man who wears a silk hat and walks on the outside of a lady." A clever little chap, being asked to define a friend, framed this admirable answer: "A friend is a fellow who knows all about you, and yet likes you." A little girl, being asked if she had a brother or sister, replied, "No'm. I'm all the children we've got." An exquisitely confused but perfectly lucid answer. Her mind was perfectly clear and not muddled as was that of a good housewife during the siege of Paris. A worthy couple had a pet dog named Bijou. They were very fond of Bijou; but one day there was nothing left to eat and poor little Bijou had to be cooked for dinner. The Bijou stew needed no salt, being seasoned by the briny tears running from their eyes into their mouths as they ate their pet. When the nourishing but tragic repast was finished, the good wife put the bones together on

a plate and said, "How Bijou would have enjoyed these!" Her bewildering mental picture of Bijou enjoying his own bones if he had only been alive to eat them is more delicious than the stew itself can possibly have been.

The pitiless and appalling candor of children sometimes makes asking them questions a hazardous experiment, and these little folks sometimes turn the tables unexpectedly on their elders. "I never told stories when I was a little girl," said a mother reprovingly to her unveracious daughter, an incipient little Sapphira. "Didn't oo, Mamma? When did oo bedin?" queried the culprit innocently. "Alice, it is bedtime. All the little chickens have gone to bed." "Yes, Mamma, and so has the old hen," answered the small lawyer, skillfully entangling the mother in her own reasoning from analogy. Tacticians of no mean order they sometimes are. A young mother playing with her three-year-old Virginia, and challenging the little mind to see what it would do, asked, "Which do you love most, Papa or Mamma?" But the wise little diplomat, determined to keep on good terms with both hemispheres of her universe, instantly faced her sudden dilemma, and, drawing upon her Sunday school instruction, successfully evaded by answering with pious adroitness, "I love Jesus," a perfectly unobjectionable reply to the fair young mother's unfair question. Score one for the tiny tactician, too wary to be caught in such a trap. As for the young mother, she had occasion to reflect on what Chesterton calls "the ancient sagacities of infancy."

"Mary, you must stop talking and get quiet. I must go down stairs," said a mother who was putting her baby to bed. "Now, I won't answer but three more questions."

"Oo won't answer but free more questions, Mamma?" asked the infant thoughtfully.

"No, I will not."

"Well, Mamma, does oo love me?" began the wily little imp, slowly and deliberately.

"Why, of course I love you, child."

"'At's one," remarked the cunning baby.

"Does oo love Papa?" continued she.

"You know I do," answered the unsuspecting mother.

"'At's two," noted the little accountant.

"Mamma, does oo love Aunt Fannie?"

"Yes, yes!" was the impatient reply.

"'At's free," said the tally keeper.

"And oo won't answer any more questions, Mamma?"

"No, I will not," said the mother decisively.

"'At's four," cried little Mischief, with an exultant laugh over the mother's discomfiture. The mother, at that moment, had cause to doubt the correctness of Aristotle's saying that the deliberative faculty in a child is immature.

The professor of philosophy and his little seven-year-old were out in the garden together, and Dorothy was running about and hiding among the lilac and currant bushes and darting out at her father with "Boo! Boo!" and running away again.

"The gobbeluns'll git you ef you don't watch out," the professor called after her.

"There isn't any such thing as gobbeluns," answered Dorothy.

"Maybe there isn't any such thing as anything, Dorothy," dreamily murmured the professor, delirious with philosophy.

"Yes, there is, Father," replied Dorothy; and her eyes hunting for a concrete argument, lit on a big yellow long-necked solid sample of reality, *"there is such a thing as a squash."* And a handy thing it was to hit a mooning swooning metaphysician over the head with to bring him to his senses and a recognition of reality. A sane rectifier of her father's mental aberration was Dorothy.

The subtle wiles of the child are such as to beguile the very elect, yea, even the Lord's anointed, and inveigle them into transgression. There is a pretty story about how a four-year-old inveigled a bishop into being a cooffender against domestic if not divine law. The bishop was a guest in the minister's house over Sunday. After breakfast and morning prayers, the bishop and the child chanced to be alone for a time in the sitting-room. Four-year-old said, "O, Bishop, wouldn't you like to see my picture book?" Of course the bishop would, and for some time he and the little girl were absorbed in the pictures. All at once she cast an apprehensive glance around, and looking up into his face said quickly under her breath, "Please, Bishop, don't tell Papa what we've been doing, 'cause he won't like it; he wouldn't let us look at this book on Sundays." Like a new Adam beguiled by a new Eve this unsuspecting bishop found himself involved in a scandal. He too had eaten the apple and had to go to church and preach that day knowing himself to be a coparcener in Sabbath breaking. This recalls the experience of an Anglican bishop with a little girl who, on hearing him preach, said: "What a lot of adjectives that man knows," hearing which the witty bishop said, "I

never use one word when five will do." Not even on the Lord's day can even a well-meaning man be safe, as was seen again on another Sunday when another child gave a minister and his wife a big drink of "the wine of astonishment." A Cincinnati seven-year-old was visiting her grandparents' home on the Eastern seaboard. After morning service the pastor's wife captured her and took her into the parsonage for dinner. At the table she announced that she intended to be a missionary. Several questions, calculated to test whether she had fully counted the cost, made her look sober and hesitant; and, after serious meditation, she said, "Maybe it will do just as well if I marry a minister." On this compromise she reflected pensively a few moments with downcast eyes, and then, looking straight at the minister, she boldly said, with the air of one who has made up her mind, "I think I'll wait for you." And this shameless avowal was made in the presence of the minister's horrified wife who sat at the other end of the table! The ruthless visitor, having done what she could to destroy the peace of that home, gayly went her remorseless way. That devastating damsel showed herself as fickle as she was ruthless by marrying years afterward another man.

One more disastrous encounter with the innocents. It was another Sunday in the afternoon. The minister was visiting his Sunday school, as was his custom, moving about from class to class and greeting teachers and scholars. Before going home to his study he pushed open the door of the infant class room, just to peep at the tots seated in rising rows and looking like a terraced garden of flowers; not to deliver an address, for his evening sermon was mulling in his mind. But the teacher insisted he should say a few words, and the obliging stupid had no more sense than to comply. So in an inane, absent-minded sort of way he showed that he had arrived at the years of indiscretion by trying to say something without saying anything. "Well, children, I wonder if you are all as good as you are good-looking? Are all of you good?" "Yes, sir!" came the reply, vociferous, prompt, and with splendid unanimity. "Well, children, I wonder if you are always good?" "Yes, sir," responded the closely federated chorus. No chance for any moral exhortation in that exemplary assembly. The baffled minister knew without looking that the amused teacher was smiling behind him at his discomfiture; but he ventured one more attempt to breach through the serried lines of blamelessness and impeccability that fronted him. "But do you always find it *easy* to be good?" he asked desperately.

The brave little prevaricators were not to be brow-beaten, and, with rising enthusiasm, they hurled their defiant "Yes, sir," in the minister's face. There they sat in shining rows—forty blooming little saints, according to their own story; and the moral instructor could have no function with such immaculate patterns of good behavior. The bluffed and beaten pastor did not help his predicament by saying in semi-idiotic way, "Well, children, I'm glad you are always good, and that you always find it easy to be good. I'm afraid I was not always good when I was little; and I'm sure I did not always find it easy to be good." And with that he bowed to the smiling and amused teacher, and beat an ignominious retreat out the door with his lines in very bad order. As he wended his way toward his study to prepare for the evening service, the brazen saintliness of those redoubtable infants seemed to him like a "superfluity of naughtiness." But the cream or the sting of this story, whichever you please to call it, is in the sequel. In the middle of that week there was necessity for some domestic discipline in one of the homes of that parish; and a good mother made her little girl stand in the corner, face to the wall. There the child stood, pouting and sullen, writhing in spirit, and suffering a kind of misery which is susceptible of being mitigated by respectable company. Presently the bad child, who probably "had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead," looked over her shoulder at her mother and said, "Um! The *minister* was bad when he was little. Um!" By this shrewd move the young culprit extricated herself from the loneliness of her disgrace and sheltered herself behind the minister's confession. The unfortunate pastor, when he learned how he had been ill used, made this mental memorandum: "Beware of infant classes. The infants are loaded. They will pose as saints and publish you as a sinner."

We hold that the dictionary is ungallant and unfair in making coquette and flirt feminine. This happens because the dictionary makers are men. Nevertheless one man's sore experience made him think for a time at least that the most heartless caprice is of the feminine gender. Into a certain home there came a new baby girl, as if to fill the vacancy left a year before by a little boy whom God had taken. Almost from her first intelligent consciousness she and the family pastor were good friends. She accepted him as a normal part of her universe as she found it on her arrival. Her understanding was that he belonged to her to do as she pleased with, and accordingly she made use of him at sundry times and in divers manners

for her own diversion and delectation. If she chose to get him down on the floor to play with her blocks and toys, she had her way as if it had been so ordained from all eternity. If she wished to pull his hair or his ears it was the same. The course of true love ran smooth until she and he were very old friends, that is, until she had reached the mature age of three. "Old," you know is a relative term. According to Lewis Carroll, it is justifiable to address a chicken just out of the shell as "Old Boy," when compared with another chicken that is only half out. This precocious infant, aged three, decided, for reasons hid in the inscrutable depths of femininity, to give that preacher-man the surprise of his life by a sudden exhibition of feminine caprice. So one day when he called and she came down stairs five minutes or more in advance of her mother, instead of running to greet him as usual, she eyed him from a distance loftily, silently, and coldly, as if to say, "Who are you?" paying no attention to his outstretched hands and his friendly "Come here, I want to tell you something." Then she turned her back upon him, strode to the window and gazed into the street, the mystified man meanwhile calling vainly, "Come here! Come here!" in his most dulcet, coaxing, and appealing tones. After a while she turned from the window, went slowly part way toward him just to raise his hopes; then stopped, and with a haughty air gave him one last scornful look, rigid, frigid, and repellent, an ultimatum of disdain, flounced out of the parlor and toddled off up the stairs without having deigned him a single word. Upstairs this ruthless little coquette, with an air of triumph, announced to her amazed and amused mother, "I boked his heart": as proud of her heartless achievement as a precociously mousing kitten might be over catching and worrying its first mouse. With almost feline cruelty she had made her victim realize with little Marjorie Fleming that "love is a papathetic thing." The whole performance of this disconcerting damsel makes one think of what an enthusiastic but unlettered gentleman, describing a sunset, rapturously called the "entire toot dissemble of it." Now out of what mysterious and unfathomable depths of femininity came this extraordinary piece of acting on the part of this incipient small woman—this device for chastening masculine self-importance and preventing him from feeling too sure of his place? In the administration of discipline, such things may have to be done sometimes. Henry Stone remarks feelingly that woman is a special dispensation of Providence to keep man's conceit from running away with him; but the mystery is how

this mite of only three summers knew the trick. The minister made a new marginal note in his text book on Human Nature, to the effect that consistency is not one of the jewels commonly worn by infant femininity on week days or outside of Sunday school; and since that shocking experience he has maintained that for ways that are mysterious and tricks that are bewildering the child feminine is peculiar. This painful and heart-rending incident shows that premature and prickly symptoms of the eternal feminine are liable to appear even in infancy, and that poor unsuspecting and defenseless man is never safe from its wiles or its whims or its weapons. An English essayist, Richard Middleton, wrote: "I have seen a girl baby six months old practicing the art of producing smiles of calculated sweetness in her cradle." A dangerous creature the infant feminine is, if at the age of six months her smiles are wiles.

It is doubtless another piece of ungallantry when the fairer part of mankind is labeled "the inquisitive sex." Nevertheless we confess to one experience with the child-feminine which shows that even the infant may be expert in the role of inquisitor as well as effective in that of ethical instructor; and may blend the functions of catechist and moral monitor to her elders. A certain man who feels an irreparable loss out of his year if he fails to see the apple orchards in bloom, went for a week to a quiet inn in the hill country of northern New Jersey in May time when the land was glorious as a bride, dressed for her wedding, to witness the miracle of spring and to revel in the beauty of the flowering trees. To go into the country in apple blossom time is finer than to "go down to Kew in lilac time," as Alfred Noyes advises the Londoners to do. Staying in the same inn was a little four-year-old, belated in her talking in consequence of scarlet fever, but her inquiring faculties not in the least retarded, as will presently appear. One day about noon the man, having returned from a walk, was standing in the hall looking out on the road through the glass door. Little four-year-old, seeing him, began conversation without waiting for formal introduction. An anxious inquirer asks whether the art of questioning is obsolete. It is not in any danger of becoming even obsolescent in Caryll's neighborhood so long as she is alive. She began: "Oo isn't goin' out adain?" "No," said the man. "Oo binned out once." "Yes." "Where did oo go when oo was out?" "Up the hill to the woods." "What oo go there for?" "To see the trees and the birds." "Did oo see any birds?" "Yes, and I saw one beautiful bright red bird." "Why didn't oo bing him to me?" "I couldn't

get at him—he was up in a tree." "Why didn't oo put salt on his tail, and tatch him?" "I hadn't any salt, and, anyway, he was out of reach." "Why didn't oo dit a ladder and do up and dit him?" "Because there was no ladder there." "Was he vewy wed?" "Yes, red all over; redder than this coat," answered the man, laying his hand on a girl's sacque that was hanging on the hat-rack in the hall. "Oo mustn't touch 'at toat." "Why not?" "'Tause it isn't oor toat. Where is oor toat?" "It's upstairs in my room." "Well, go upstairs and touch oor own toat." Thus did she enlighten the morally benighted. The minister took the reproof meekly as becomes a transgressor, realizing in a new and rather excruciating way how true it is that the Lord sometimes stills the offender by ordaining strength and truth out of the mouth of didactic babes who may prove "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." Little four-year-old, though belated in speech, was well advanced in the ethics of private property, the refinements of *meum et tuum*. The minister learned how it feels to have one's morals manicured by an austere infant. But one almost shudders to think what a detective or cross-examining lawyer or curtain lecturer that child was capable of becoming.

The child in the role of moral instructor figures also in the following incident: In a certain home filled with the faith and reverence which ought to atmosphere the momentous years of childhood when the feet of the angels are still upon the ladder going up and down above their dreams and their waking; a house concerning which a certain man, being asked by an inquisitive friend, "Why do you go there?" answered instantly, "To wash my soul off"—a reply at once unpremeditated and unimprovable; a house the children of which could no more have understood a home without religion than a duckling would know what to make of a waterless world; a home whose religion was as natural and genuine as its laughter; in such a home two little children were upstairs together at bedtime. One was something over three, and the other was half-past six. The younger was in her crib, and the older was charged with the duty of staying until sleep should settle down on that crib. The baby was not sleepy; she was full of fun and frolic, mischief and glee. The older one was serious-minded and very religious, and regarded her small sister's inconvenient wakefulness and levity as untimely, undecorous, and even sacrilegious coming as it did immediately after "Now I lay me down to sleep." In the interest of order and decorum; something must be done to solemnize

that frivolous infant's gay and festive mind. And the duty of disciplinarian was promptly undertaken with an almost ministerial sense of responsibility, with awful solemnity and startling directness. "Baby," said the little prelector on the solemnities of existence, "you know you got to die." The merry little mite, slightly sobered, winced under the sharp and sudden blow. "Everybody got to die?" she questioned timidly. "Yes, everybody," answered her relentless tormentor. "Wasn't never nennybody 'at didn't die?" continued the baby, feeling about like a wild creature in a trap for a chance to squirm out of her unpleasant predicament. Now her preaching sister was as conscientious as she was religious (a very excellent thing, by the way). She knew her Bible and she could not tell a lie. So she was obliged to admit that there was once a man named Elijah who did not die. "What did *he* do?" asked the infant. "He went up to heaven in a chariot," answered the self-appointed instructor. Instantly that glorious baby saw a way out; she kicked up her pretty pink heels and cried triumphantly, "'At's way I goin', I not goin' to die. I goin' up in chahwiot." And having disposed of that frightful bug-a-boo, that victorious baby was soon sleeping peacefully on her laurels. Now, not the thumbscrews and racks of the Roman Inquisition nor the tortures of the police third degree could extort from us the names of those two children. But one is French for My Beauty; the other is suspected of being descended from the mother of the Gracchi; and if prophetic dreams were vouchsafed to little children, one of the two might have had that night a vision of a future clergyman and the other of a future artist. And here is the wish of the baby's oldest friend: May the "chahwiot" so long ago engaged not be missing when the need for it arrives!

Lewis Carroll, though never a pastor, had a ministerial heart toward the little folks, and his friendship was of that kind. The minister sees a good deal of the children of his parish and knows them well. In a very real sense, they are *his* little ones. They are the lambs of his flock, and he their tender shepherd. He watches them grow. No one else outside the family has such happy access to them. One of the seldom mentioned rewards of life in the ministry is the friendship with little children, lasting sometimes through life, and the longer he lives the more clinging and enriching is this reward. The string of pearls for which Tiffany asks three hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a cheap and paltry decoration compared to a string of children's hearts. One pervading motive of this essay is its author's

desire to commemorate the children who have charmed and cheered him along the trail of the friendly years, some of whom, having obtained help to be patient with his perversities, continue unto this day, imitating one of the attributes of divinity by being without variableness or shadow of turning.

A child was told of a pair of golden slippers which, if she could find them, would take her to Wonderland where she might see the little girl her mother used to be. A certain white-haired man moves about in various cities among many grown men and women, some heads of families, noting how dignified and goodly to look upon they are in their maturity, but seeing all the while, as recollection looks past them, the children they used to be. He has more and lovelier memories of them than they know, and when he writes to them or of them his pen quivers to the thrill of distant music—to the sound of echoes from years long gone, echoes like those of which Tennyson sang among Killarney lakes and hills, when he sang first of bugle echoes which "die in yon rich sky, and faint on hill or field or river," and then sang, as if for us, "*Our* echoes roll from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever." To this friend of their childhood they are immortal children; and to all of them, wherever they may now be, he sends by spirit wireless this message:

I have you fast in my fortress
And I will not let you depart,
But will put you down in a dungeon
In the round tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruins
And molder in dust away.

And he asks of them that, if they do remember, they will remember him with this:

He said that the longest journey
Was all on the road to rest;
He said the children's wisdom
Was the wisest and the best.

He said there was joy in sorrow
Far more than tears in mirth,
And he knew there was God in Heaven,
Because there was love on earth.

He said, "Be faithful to God and God will be faithful to you." One

brave woman, now in middle life, does so remember, and says to the minister of her girlhood: "You said to me once when I was a girl, 'Be true to God, Hattie, and he'll never forsake you,' and I've proved it to be so. I've had a stormy life since then, and a rough road and a bitter cup; but I've never let go of God's hand once. And he's been my one friend and helper." To these children and to his other friends the writer of this essay says, "The company I have kept has kept me." In 1853 a Maryland minister, after making his parting pastoral call at a house which was full of lovely children, wrote in his diary, "What would I think of myself, if these little girls should ever have cause to cease loving me?" To remain worthy of such friends is a laudable and lifting ambition. A helpful prayer for any man to offer is this:

Dear God, I pray that I may be
The man they think me—nothing less.
Oh, help me be, until life ends,
The man they think me—these my friends.

THE ARENA

RANSOM TO SATAN AND OTHER MATTERS

It will be remembered by those who read the Methodist Review for January that I not only did not criticize the brethren who put in W. N. Clarke and took out Curtis in the Course of Study, but highly praised the former as mediating a remnant of Christianity to those who, offended by the mechanical ideas of the old orthodoxy, have not the patience to ask, What is the eternal truth in the faith of our fathers? and throw overboard historic Christianity. On account of lack of space the editor had to omit the last sentence or two of the paper, as follows: "I think it is a capital idea to give our young ministers a taste of other theologies, and a mastery of Hodge, A. H. Strong, Shedd, or others (even a Roman Catholic like Scheeben), would be of incalculable value. Hodge's three volumes are a theological education, and (I might add here) Pope's three are a noble second. But let these be *in addition to* our own Raymond, Terry, Curtis. And especially would not a course in the theological ideas historically at the root of Methodism be a good thing,—a little book of a dozen or two of the doctrinal sermons of Wesley?"

As theological graduates are excused from the course of study, it was simply my aim to show the men who must read the course that, now that Clarke has taken the place of Curtis, they are to remember that they are not only reading a very liberal Baptist instead of an evangelical Methodist (though by no means hide-bound in his orthodoxy, but with a vital and modern message in every syllable of it), but they are reading one who is

out of accord with four or five distinguishing features both of historic Methodism and of historic Christianity. My purpose was to make a statement in historical, rather than in systematic, theology. That W. N. Clarke is thus out of accord does not mean that our neophytes should not read him, or even that they should not be compelled to read him, but only that they should read him with knowledge, or (if I had my way) in connection with such books as Curtis's Theology, or Lidgett's Atonement, or Hough's Theology of a Preacher, or his Essays. We Methodists are not Roman Catholics, and have no index of Forbidden Books. I read with delight many Unitarians even of the extreme left, some of whom are my personal friends. But that is no reason why I should surrender my convictions to them, nor allow their excessive "breadth" to tone down my Christianity. But all truth is God's truth, and no truth-lover lives long before he garners much from fields far from his own theological fences, fields where many a noble and beautiful spirit has had free course and been glorified.

It is sometimes said that Methodists have no doctrine of atonement. Speaking generally, from Wesley to Miley, the doctrine was a real objective atonement paid by Christ to the righteous God for the sins of the world. Miley was the first to bring in an essential modification. Harking back to the Grotian and late New England governmental demand, he made in 1879 the necessity of atonement to be the exigences of God as ruler of the universe. But even so the atonement when made was a real one, an actual propitiation. The next departure was that of Bowne in his little book on Atonement (1900), who came out with the Unitarian and Universalist theory of moral influence. I have never had occasion to study Bowne's theological writings, and so speak under correction, but I understand that in this pamphlet he did not deny the truth in other theories, but affirming any truth there might be in those theories went forward to enlarge on the transcendent influence of Christ's life and death. In Bowne's trial in 1904 under the charges of the Rev. George A. Cooke, he was defended by the eminent conservative Dr. Buckley, and made clear his orthodoxy by affirming his allegiance to Wesley's Sermons and Notes and the Articles of Religion, which were taken as the standards at the trial. This was long before the publication of his *Studies in Christianity* (1909), which I am told is a much more aggressive departure from historic Christianity than Clarke. But Bowne, though an eminent philosopher, was a poor theologian, and nothing shows that more than his trying to domicile in Methodism the shallow view just mentioned, which is as false to the New Testament as it is to history and Christian experience.

As to the frequent misrepresentation that the Church taught for a thousand years ransom to Satan as her special theory of atonement, that is a contemptible historical chestnut which our neophytes will have to swallow with much other false stuff. If Clarke had been a Methodist he would have read the article by Professor Sheldon in this REVIEW for July, 1878 (pp. 504-24), "Atonement of the Early Church No Price Paid to Satan," as well of course as his History of Doctrine, and he would have been better informed. (By the way, why do we allow our Canadian

brethren to be so far ahead of us in requiring their young ministers to read the Greek Testament, Sheldon's History of Doctrine and other great books?) Or if he had seen the late Professor Egbert C. Smyth's pamphlet, *Ransom to Satan*. Boston, 1900, he would also have been corrected. Professor Stevens's specialty was New Testament theology and not history, and if he had asked his colleague, Professor George P. Fisher, to give him the history of the ransom to Satan theory he also would not have misled his readers. It is not true that the "first definite theory" was this. Perhaps the first theory was that the death of Christ was a ransom (Mark 10. 45)—to whom it was not necessary to say, as that would be supplied by the Jewish consciousness (cf. Isa. 53. 4, 10). It was not till about 230 that the ransom to Satan idea came out in the fertile mind of the theological genius Origen, and then not as his "definite theory," but as only one element in the multiform and many colored lights in which he regarded the atonement. I think there was only one other Greek father who held with him in this, and that was his interesting disciple, Gregory of Nyssa. Even all the generalizations of the eminent "liberal" Harnack you cannot accept without verification. "We find it [this theory] in [the Western theologians] Ambrose, Augustine, Leo I and worst in Gregory I" (Hist. Dogma, iii. 307). But when you turn up the references an essential part of the theory—a ransom actually paid by Christ to Satan—is too apt to elude you. This is true of Augustine, Leo I and even Gregory I, and I have not tried Ambrose. Of course these and other men believed that Satan was deceived and overcome by Christ, and all the time it was held that Christ came to overturn his kingdom, and so his work had important aspects toward the kingdom of evil, but that Christian theologians generally for a thousand years held that *the* significance of the atonement was a ransom paid to Satan is an oft-asserted fiction and a slander on the Church and her teachers. Like most historical legends it dies hard.

That my dear friend the late Bishop Goodsell, one of the most wide-viewing and truly catholic spirits as well as charming writers God ever gave our Church, made the casual remark on the train in praise of one of the most fascinating books in theology ever written, I can readily believe. That is all the more reason why our untrained young ministers, when they come to read a book so engaging, should know exactly where it betrays "to the spirit of our time" our historic Methodist testimony, and in the January number of this Review they can learn that, impartially and truthfully, though very briefly presented.

John Alfred Faulkner.

Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

PREACHING IN THE OPEN AIR

In his admirable book The Church and the Social Problem, Professor Plantz states it as his conviction that the Christian Church of the twentieth century faces a crisis of the utmost importance, and that it can meet the needs of the age only by adapting its teaching and methods of work to the peculiar conditions of the times.

Dr. Goodenough, in a past issue of the METHODIST REVIEW, discussing the church and the new need, makes this significant statement: "The church has many weaknesses and some faults. . . . The church may be a divine instrument but it is a human organization. Anything human has its limitations, and it is easily capable of error. One is not prepared to admit that the church of our day is a failure, though confessing that it is not a brilliant success."

No intelligent observer would quarrel with these statements of opinion. One need only glance over the titles of recently published religious work to realize that we are face to face with a problem which calls for immediate solution. The church is at last awake, and the remedies suggested are naturally numerous. The causes being of a multiple character they must be so.

Some would suggest wider church publicity, others the socializing of the church, others again the organizing of the men of the church into a distinct organization, and again some put their faith in a constituency survey.

While all these suggestions are excellent, and will, without doubt, prove strong factors in meeting successfully the present situation, it has often occurred to the writer that we are largely neglecting a method which has been tried and tested in different centuries, in different countries, and under different circumstances, and has always been a definite success: open-air preaching.

Open-air preaching certainly has the divine sanction, for that was the method used in the first centuries of the Christian era. We cannot forget that the old Hebrew prophets, the brave and heroic men who declared the whole truth of God as it had been given to them, with a total disregard of any serious consequences which might ensue, were open-air preachers.

Was not John the Baptist an open-air preacher as well? He compelled success by his methods and message: even the prejudiced Jews expressed a high regard for him and paid tribute to his spiritual power. Neither can we forget that the preaching of Jesus was largely rendered in the open air. How many allusions do we find in the New Testament testifying to that fact? Did he not address the multitudes in the market places, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, at the foot of the mountains, and in the wilderness? Did not the apostles do the same? and the wonderful success of the Saviour was repeated in their lives. Some of the most successful preaching the world has ever known has been rendered in the open air.

We Methodists, in particular, ought to be partial to this kind of preaching, for was it not preaching in the open air which gave rise to the great spiritual movement now denominated Methodism? When Whitefield and the Wesley brothers revolted against the policies of their church they soon found the doors of the church everywhere were closed against them; the opportunity for religious work for several months had been steadily narrowing. "It seemed," says Fitchett, "as if England had no place for them and could offer them no career." Then Whitefield, with an unquenchable passion for preaching, cast aside conventional usage and decided to preach in the open air. The result of this experiment is worth noting.

His first audience, we are told, numbered 200; the second 3,000; the third 5,000; until the preacher had audiences actually numbering 20,000 people.

When the time came for Whitefield to sail for Georgia, anxious that the wonderful work should go on, he sent a request to John Wesley to come to Bristol to take up the work. It is a well-known fact that Wesley, like all the clergy of his time, was strongly biased against this form of preaching. When he decided to go to Bristol he looked upon it as a summons to the grave! "I submitted," he says, "to be more vile," and standing on a little grassy mound he preached his first open-air sermon to a great crowd of people.

Charles Wesley had the same reluctance, but yielded to the persuasions of Whitefield. "If I do this," he wrote, "I shall break down the breach and become desperate." His success was amazing, like that of his brother John and Whitefield. Thus the work went on, gathering impetus and strength, drawing new helpers, until Methodism was firmly established on the soil of England. The beginning of Methodism in America was brought about in the same way, as witness the life of Asbury, Embury, and others of the pioneer preachers of Methodism.

This question the writer would ask: Are we utilizing this method of reaching the people as much as we might? We hear constantly of complaints, from all parts of the country, of empty pews and thin congregations. Why not carry the Good Tidings to them, and by the force of our message and the earnestness of the messenger, compel them to come in? While we offer increased facilities for social fellowship and make surveys in order to find the people and learn their religious standing, we shall miss a great opportunity if we fail to carry the gospel to those who pass along the highways, throng our streets, but come not to the church. The shepherd, Jesus says, goes after the lost sheep, and searches until he finds it. The question of its location is of relative importance only; the vital consideration is the finding and the saving of the lost sheep.

Turin, N. Y. EVAN EVANS.

MY FIRST TEXTS

CONCERN is sometimes expressed as to whether the young men of to-day are preaching the same gospel that their fathers did. A slight help, perhaps, in testing the matter would be to compare the texts used now with those used in other days. As a trifling contribution to such comparison the writer submits the texts and topics of his first twelve sermons, all of them prepared and preached while he was a student or teacher at Middletown, Conn., and Pennington, N. J., holding simply a local preacher's license, between the years 1863 and 1867. In both of these places he had the delightful and stimulating companionship of the "Boy" whose sermons in the last number of the METHODIST REVIEW (read with great pleasure) have stirred him up, as was intended, to these "reminiscent recollections."

The list is as follows: Persecution—"All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." 2 Tim. 3. 12. Pilgrims and Strangers—

"These all confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Heb. 11. 13. Faith—"According to your faith be it unto you." Matt. 9. 29. Knowledge of God—"This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." John 17. 3. Sold for Nought—"For thus saith the Lord, Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money." Isa. 52. 3. Easy Yoke—"For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Matt. 11. 30. Works—"Ye see, then, how that by works a man is justified and not by faith only." James 2. 24. Praise—"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High." Psa. 92. 1. Who Will Be Lost?—"Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Isa. 33. 14. Christ Our Life—"When Christ who is our life shall appear." Col. 3. 4. Morality—"If thine eye be evil thy whole body shall be full of darkness." Matt. 6. 23. The Presence of God—"I have set the Lord always before me, because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved." Psa. 16. 8.

A few remarks on the above may be in order. These themes do not smack of the school room or the study. They come pretty close to the daily life of the common people and throb with a strong desire to do good to such. They do not undertake over-ambitious subjects concerning which a youth could have nothing important to say. They are not theological or scholastic, but practical. They speak out of experience and to experience, one third of them, indeed, dealing with the fullness of the great salvation—the value of the constant presence of God, the duty and beauty of continual praise, the mighty power of a living faith, and the necessity of straightforward, uncompromising conduct.

This latter—a sort of keynote of the entire ministry which was then beginning and has gone on for fifty-four years—was embodied in the very first text. Did ever any other youth of nineteen, I wonder, feel called to begin in just that way. I do not remember to have ever heard or read, before or since, any other sermon with that precise text, although doubtless such have been preached. Its selection seems to show that I did not intend to follow in the beaten track, that I had some ideas of my own that I considered it important should have utterance, and that independence of the world and close walking with God, even at cost, was to be largely my line through life.

Distinctly noticeable in these twelve texts is a rather remarkable balance in the parts of the Bible used—four from the Gospels, four from the Epistles, and four from the Old Testament. Subsequent years showed a much smaller proportion from the Old Testament. Out of 430 texts 302 were from the New Testament, 131 from the Gospels, and 146 from the Epistles.

Noteworthy also is the fact that of the twelve sermons three were exclusively to the unconverted (sinners, no doubt, I called them) and there were parts, near the close, of about all the others when an appeal was made to this small but important section of the congregation. Such is not so much the custom now, I judge. These sermons were all preached Sunday morning to small audiences, for the most part, although a few

were given at camp meetings and in large churches. One of the sermons was on Christ exclusively, and three others were from his words.

These were all fresh, earnest, thoughtful presentations of fundamental truth, prepared and delivered with a very deep sense of responsibility. The writer reviews them after this long period with considerable satisfaction and much praise to God. He never can be thankful enough that he chose the ministry, or rather that God chose him for this high calling, and that he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision whose glow has never faded.

JAMES MUDGE.

Malden, Mass.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE LATEST IN ARCHÆOLOGY

THE inactivity, or indeed total cessation of excavations in Bible lands may be mentioned as one of the minor evils of the carnage now raging. The war explains why so little that is really new has been reported of late from the various fields of archæology in any of the American or European periodicals and newspapers. No doubt, however, the great conflict once over, peace restored, and the Turk shorn of his power, the interest in Biblical archæology will be greater than ever and important work will be carried on in Asia Minor, Palestine, and Syria as well as in the Nile, Euphrates and Tigris valleys. Great archæological discoveries have generally followed great wars.

Though explorations have temporarily ceased in these far-off lands, the study of biblical archæology has not diminished. This lull in excavations will afford scholars time to familiarize themselves with the discoveries already made; for it is a well-known fact that our great museums still possess much material which has not been carefully studied, much less understood.

Much has been written in late years upon these subjects, but among all we have seen in English, French, or German, we know nothing as complete and up-to-date as a volume of nearly 500 pages, entitled Archæology and the Bible, by Prof. George A. Barton, Bryn Mawr College.

The book is divided into three parts: the first discusses briefly and illuminatingly explorations in many lands, the second furnishes a translation of the documents and inscriptions discovered, while the third part affords the eye a good representation of the objects brought to light. In short nothing could be much more complete or calculated to acquaint the reader with the latest discoveries in Bible lands.

The volume is published by the American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, and while technical enough in style and material to satisfy the scholar and the critic, it is nevertheless sufficiently clear to interest any reader of ordinary intelligence. It is just such a book as should be in the library of every Bible student. The author has succeeded well in

his purpose, for his aim has been to present "an outline of the history of the exploration and of the countries sufficient to enable him [the reader] to place each item in its proper perspective." The fact that this beautiful volume is published under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union is a sufficient guarantee that the chief object of such a publication is the dissemination of facts and helps among those of our pastors and Sunday school teachers desirous of keeping up with the times and to become familiar with the most important discoveries in Bible lands.

Naturally, in a field as rich in material as archæology, Professor Barton had to confine himself to discoveries directly connected with Bible study; for the task assigned him was to discuss and illustrate in as concise and simple a style as possible such discoveries as will facilitate the study of the Book. It is but natural, therefore, that more than 600 passages in the Old Testament and Apocrypha, and more than 100 in the New Testament are referred to as finding parallels, more or less direct, in the inscriptions.

The texts, for the greater part, are translated by Professor Barton, the rest are the translations of distinguished scholars. He is never dogmatic. When there is more than one interpretation, he presents the different views, and gives the reader the opportunity to decide for himself. There is no room for dogmatism in archæology, for no one knows what a day may bring forth in this branch of learning. The "settled results" of criticism have been so often unsettled by archæology, hence "the necessity of a deeper faith, confident in the ultimate triumph of truth, patiently awaiting further light."

On comparing the inscriptions, one sees immediately the superiority of the Hebrew Scriptures over the so-called parallels brought to light by the archæologist from the mounds and temples of Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt. Let us quote from Professor Barton. He says: "Babylonians and Egyptians pour out their hearts in psalms with something of the same fervor and pathos as the Hebrews, but no such vital conception of God and his oneness gives shape to their faith, and brings the longed-for strength to their spirit. Egyptian sages developed a social conscience, comparable in many respects with that of the Hebrew prophets, but they lack the vital touch of religious devotion which took the conceptions of the prophets out of the realm of individual speculation and made them the working ethics of a whole people." How true, then, are the words of the apostle: "Men spoke from God, being moved by the Holy Spirit" (2 Pet. 1: 21).

Considerable space is given to Egyptian discoveries, a long chapter to those of Babylonia, and another to the Hittites; but nearly three times the attention is given to Palestine as to those three. When, however, it comes to texts and inscriptions the proportion is more than reversed, notwithstanding the great amount of money and time expended on Palestinian excavations. The results, as far as the discovery of written records are concerned, have been exceedingly meager. Egypt, as is well known, has yielded an abundant harvest. This is partially due to its climate. Babylonia and Assyria have likewise furnished numberless inscriptions. Hittite monuments, scattered over much territory, have

likewise been very numerous. But though the number of Hittite inscriptions is very large, the script and language of these people are practically unknown, notwithstanding the attempts of Sayce, Jensen, Winckler, Delitzsch, and others to decipher them. Several have advanced theories and proposed solutions, but up to the present, all to little avail. Just before the war broke out two German savants made great promises. Will they be fulfilled?

That portion of the book relating to explorations in Palestine is very full and will be of the greatest interest. Professor Barton seems to be at his best here. He is thoroughly acquainted with excavations in the Holy Land from the days of Robinson and Dr. Eli Smith down to 1914. The former was in some sense the father of Palestinian exploration. He was greatly aided by Dr. Smith, his former pupil, who had spent many years as missionary in Palestine. Their familiarity with Arabic was of great value to them, for it enabled them to identify many biblical sites. Lieutenant Lynch, of the United States Navy, and Dr. Anderson, a geologist, made a thorough study of the Dead Sea and its immediate surroundings in 1848. They were the first to make known that this body of water was 1,300 feet lower than the Mediterranean. Other Americans who have contributed more or less to the study of Palestine were Paine, who identified Mount Pisgah; Henry Clay Trumbull, who rediscovered the site of Kadesh-barnea—though disputed by some—and Dr. Selah Merrill, once consul at Jerusalem. He paid special attention to the country beyond Jordan, and made a careful study of the walls of Jerusalem. Nor should we omit the name of Dr. Thompson. Thus we see that Americans have always taken a keen interest in the Land and the Book.

But no people know Palestine better or as well, as the British. They know every mile of it from Dan to Beersheba, and beyond, in every direction. Several distinguished officers of the British army, among them General Charles Warren, the late Lord Kitchener, General Gordon, and others, spent years of study in the Holy Land. These made a complete survey of the country; so it may be safely said that Britain knows Palestine better than Turkey does. Among excavators stand most prominently the names of Bliss, of American parents; Petrie, Mackenzie, and Macalister. These, under the direction of the Palestine Exploration Fund, made important discoveries at Azekah, Gezer, Gath, Jerusalem, Lachish, and elsewhere.

The German Palestine Society, directed by Professor Guthe and Dr. Schumacher, have explored many places east of the Jordan and also at Megiddo. Other Germans have labored in Edom, especially in Petra. Professor Sellin of Vienna made valuable discoveries at Taanach and Jericho. Four tablets similar to those of Tell-elAmarna were dug up by him at the first mentioned place. Père Vincent and other members of the École Biblique at Jerusalem have aided too in many ways, and so has the American school of the same city. Nor should we forget to mention the excavations at Samaria by Harvard University, financed by Jacob Schiff of New York.

The labors of the above named persons and societies have contributed

much to a better understanding of the story of Palestine from gray antiquity to our days—from the early stone age when paleolithic man had no abode save the natural caves and holes in the limestone hills of the country. The so-called neolithic dwellers of Palestine left behind them many monuments in rude stones, such as menhirs, cromlechs, and dolmens. They dwelt not only in natural caves, but also in ones cut out of the soft limestone rocks. Such an artificial cave was discovered and examined by Macalister at Gezer. This was used as a temple, a crematory, and a place for burying the dead. The people who occupied these artificial caves were non-Semitic, probably the same as or nearly related to the Horites of the Pentateuch. According to Professor Macalister they dwelt in several portions of Palestine from B. C. 3000-2500, when they were subdued by Semitic tribes, known as the Amorites, who came from Babylonia and who, some centuries later, were joined by other Semites.

It is interesting to know that Babylonian inscriptions have names very similar to those of the Hebrew Scriptures, such as Abarama (Abraham), Joseph-el and Jacob-el. It is but natural that Babylonian and Hebrew names should show a resemblance, since both languages are akin. Of course, no one will try to identify those who bore these names with the Hebrew partiarchs, but they clearly prove the relationship between the Semites of Palestine and Babylonia.

Nothing could be more natural than that a world-power like Egypt should want to extend its dominion northward to the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris. The easiest way to do so was through Palestine, the great battlefield of the nations. We have records of Egyptian traders there as early as B. C. 2000. Sesostris III captured parts of Palestine as early as the middle of the nineteenth century B. C. In short, all the excavations in the Holy Land bear more or less testimony to the influence of Egypt in Palestine for many centuries.

It was early in the nineteenth century B. C. that the Canaanites emigrated to Babylonia, where they held sway for six hundred years, and extended their power westward and south as far as Egypt. Then there came a period of one hundred years, when Egypt, in its turn, subdued Palestine. This is known to us from the long list of names of places inscribed by Thothmes III on the walls of the temple of Amon—a large number of which are mentioned in the Old Testament.

The next we hear of Palestine is in the Tell-el Amarna Tablets, a century after the death of Thothmes; in these we find mentioned quite a number of names familiar to readers of the Old Testament, for example, Gath, Gaza, Jerusalem, Joppa, etc. This was when Egyptian influence commenced to wane, and when, notwithstanding the opposition of Seti I and others, both the Hittites and the Habiri (Hebrews) made inroads into much of the territory previously held by the rulers of Egypt. It was a little later that a "people from over the sea" (the Philistines) appeared. According to Amos (9. 7) these came from Caphtor, that is, either Crete or Asia Minor. Egypt fought these too, but only with partial success. In fact, Egypt, after the death of Ramses III, lost its grip completely over Palestine.

This brings us to the conquest of the Land of Promise by the Hebrews,

which is very fully described in the Hexateuch, and needs no repetition here. One fact, however, should be mentioned: Notwithstanding the excavations made in Palestine and other lands, nothing has yet been brought to light which in any way contradicts Holy Writ. On the other hand, many a passage has been made the more clear and intelligible to Bible students by the archæologist. This is especially true of burial rites and customs. Caves were used for many purposes; abodes of the living, resting places of the dead, also for sanctuaries and dwelling places of deity. There were also in places rock altars over these caves, from which the blood of the victims offered dripped into the sanctuary below. That children, perhaps the first born, were offered as sacrifice, is also clear. These were either burnt or placed alive in jars. Connected with these sanctuaries were pillars and menhirs. Under the latter have been found the bones of human beings, who had either been offered in sacrifice or had died a natural death. Barton says: "The gruesome discoveries of this high place [Gezer] have made very real their horrible practices and the inhuman fate to which Isaac and other Hebrew children were delivered."

There is a perennial interest in the words of Jesus Christ. This accounts for the ceaseless study of the Gospels and Epistles. But in spite of the vast expenditure of time and money, there have been, as far as the New Testament is concerned, especially in Palestine, fewer results than could have been expected. Egypt, on the other hand, has been a more fertile field, but even that country has done far more for classical than for biblical archæology.

Grenfell and Hunt discovered among other things some so-called sayings of Jesus at Oxyrhyncus in 1897 and 1904. These were on two papyrus leaves, one having seven and the other five "sayings." Of these twelve passages, less than one half find complete parallels in the canonical Gospels, which proves that they were independent of the evangelists. The damaged condition of these leaves renders it impossible to discover the exact meaning of some verses, hence the obscurity. Take for instance the following: "Jesus saith, whenever there are two they are not without God, and if one is alone anywhere, I say I am with him. Raise the stone, there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there I am." No satisfactory explanation has been given of the expressions, "raise the stone" and "cleave the wood."

These leaves are evidently portions of larger collections, the balance of which unfortunately have not yet been unearthed. No doubt, those Christians who could afford it had such collections for private use, and that great numbers were found in the early church. It is possible that Saint Luke had reference to such texts when he wrote: "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to draw up a narrative concerning those matters which have been fulfilled amongst us," etc. As in our day, so in the early church, godly men and women wanted some record of the story of our blessed Lord.

Egypt has also thrown light upon some other passages of the New Testament. For a long time some scholars had much to say about the inaccuracy of Luke in his historical references, as for instance, his state-

ment regarding the enrollment when Quirinius was governor of Syria (Luke 2. 1ff). These learned men assured us that such enrollments were unknown to Roman history. But that such enrollments, for taxation purposes, were in vogue for at least two centuries is sufficiently attested. Thus Saint Luke's "blunders" turn out to be real facts. There is every reason to believe that the system was inaugurated by Augustus and that they took place once every fourteen years. Several papyri referring to such tax lists have been discovered: one of the time of Nero, another of Tiberius, another of the seventh year of the Emperor Trajan. Barton reproduces the following from Greek papyri in the British Museum:

"Gaius Vibius, chief prefect of Egypt. Because of the approaching census it is necessary that all those residing from any cause away from their nomes should at once prepare to return to their own governments in order that they may complete the family administration of the enrollment, and that the tilled lands may retain those belonging to them."

In Luke's reference to a disturbance at Thessalonica (Acts 17. 6) he employs the Greek word translated "politarchs," that is, rulers. Our learned friends labeled this too as an inaccuracy. Archæology comes again to his rescue, and there are no fewer than nineteen inscriptions where the term politarch is used, once, on an arch in Thessalonica.

Paul mentions an "altar to an unknown god" in Acts 17. 23. Objections were made to this too, but now it turns out that more than one profane writer confirms the accuracy of Luke's report, and indeed, an inscription was found at Pergamos, which reads, "to unknown gods."

"The grass withereth and the flower falleth; but the word of the Lord abideth forever."

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

ALBERT EICHHORN AND THE HISTORY-OF-RELIGION SCHOOL

The recognized head of this influential school of theologians is Ernst Troeltsch, whose significance we sought to indicate in our notice in the issue for September-October, 1914. But Troeltsch is not the founder of the school. It is doubtful whether it has had a founder. Some insist that Lagarde, the great Orientalist, the contemporary of Ritschl at Göttingen, must be regarded, if not as the founder of the school, at least as the inspirer of the movement. Of late, however, it has become apparent that representative members of the history-of-religion group would have the honor of really founding the school ascribed to another—to Albert Eichhorn. This attitude finds interesting expression in a recent brochure by Gressmann, professor extraordinary of Old Testament theology in the University of Berlin: "Albert Eichhorn und die religionsgeschichtliche Schule." It is not a biographical sketch of a deceased theologian, for Eichhorn still lives. Inasmuch, however, as ill health had compelled him to lay down his academic activity, it was deemed eminently fitting that some grateful pupil should publish an appreciation of his work.

Life had brought to Eichhorn extremely little public honor or success. His entrance upon the academic career was, however, not inauspicious. After a period of pastoral service in the province of Hanover he was admitted to lecture on church history at Halle, in 1886, at the age of thirty. His dissertation was well received (it was on the testimonies of Athanasius respecting the ascetic life), and is still recognized as a significant study. A year later an exceptionally able piece of critical interpretation came from his pen: "Die Rechtfertigungslehre der Apologie" (in the Theologische Studien und Kritiken). This article has an added historical interest because of the fact that it was called forth by a study of the same theme by Loofs, published in the same review in 1884. By general consent Eichhorn's interpretation was the clearer and more consistent. Loofs himself very frankly accepted the correction at several points, merely hinting that in his "youthful production" such faults were in a measure excusable. It was in this year (1887) that Loofs was transferred from Leipzig to Halle in the rank of professor extraordinary. The next year the death of the venerable Jacobi left the ordinary professorship of church history at Halle to be filled. Among the many aspirants for the place Halle itself naturally furnished two of the most likely in the persons of Eichhorn and Loofs. At the time Loofs was but thirty, Eichhorn thirty-two. The younger man, however, had the advantage of thrice as many semesters of experience in teaching as the older could boast; besides, he had written more, and had earned a reputation of prodigious learning for his years. It was therefore only natural that the choice should fall upon Loofs, whose later career has so abundantly justified the hopes of his early admirers. Nevertheless some critics will insist that in Eichhorn's very scant literary product there is a certain touch of originality that even so eminent a scholar as Loofs has never quite attained to. When Loofs was made full professor, Eichhorn was made professor extraordinary; and no further preferment ever came to him. His disappointment in the matter of the full professorship did not discourage him; he continued his work with vigor and good cheer. Within a year or two, however, a nervous disorder came upon him, from which he never obtained full relief. Thus handicapped he continued to labor at Halle until 1901, when at his own request he was transferred with the same rank to the far less frequented faculty at Kiel. Here he remained until his final retirement some three years ago. He was never married.

How so uneventful a life as Eichhorn's could prove so influential is a question well worth while. The attendants upon his lectures were few; the lectures themselves had sometimes to be suspended for a time. He wrote almost nothing in the space of thirty years—aside from a very few notices in periodicals only, one brief but elegant discussion in 1898: Das Abendmahl im Neuen Testament (The Lord's Supper in the New Testament). But Eichhorn delighted in the society of congenial spirits. He had not the social talent that makes its possessor the center and life of a promiscuous company, but the rare gift of intellectual sympathy and stimulating suggestiveness in private conversation. Though a very keen critic, he was eminently considerate and human. It is highly significant

that a very considerable number of the most noted theologians of the day have given striking public testimony to their debt to Eichhorn. Gunkel dedicated to him his "Schöpfung und Chaos"; Wrede declared he had "learned more concerning the aim and method of historical study through conversations with Eichhorn than from any other source"; Bousset and Heitmüller acknowledge very large obligations; and Gressmann—doubtless he is speaking for many besides himself—formally celebrates him as the founder of the school. Even a "positive" theologian like Mirbt, now of Göttingen, regards him as a really notable thinker, especially as a remarkable critic. "When he fairly looks into a book he immediately detects its shortcomings—immediately."

Eichhorn is by birth a Hannoverian. He studied chiefly at Göttingen, but for briefer periods also in other universities, among them Erlangen, where he heard Hofmann. At Göttingen his most noteworthy teachers were Reuter, Ritschl, and the Orientalist Lagarde. It was the last who seemed to influence his development most; yet in spite of them all he maintained a rare independence of mind. When later he was settled in Halle his acquaintance with a congenial group of younger theologians brought him back from time to time to Göttingen. It is precisely in the university there that the movement culminating in the history-of-religion school took shape. There Gunkel studied, at first holding to Ritschl, then turning to Lagarde, and there for a while he was privatdocent. At about the time of Gunkel's transfer to Halle (1889) or shortly thereafter there were associated in Göttingen in the capacity of privatdocent such men as Troeltsch, Bousset, Wrede, and (as professor extraordinary) Johannes Weiss—all of them later exponents of the theological method of the history-of-religion school. After the departure of Weiss, Troeltsch and Wrede came Heitmüller. Now this is precisely the list—along with Eichhorn and Gunkel—of the earlier exponents of the new school. Others, such as Küchler and Gressmann (pupils of Gunkel) and Süskind and Lempp (pupils of Troeltsch, both of them early victims of the present war), have been won since.

Our opposition to this school has found repeated expression in these pages. Yet one must recognize the fact that the movement has been fortunate in the persons of several of its leaders. Intellectually and in literary skill many of them hold a high rank among university men. But we should not fail to recognize the strength that has come to the movement through certain personal—one may say moral—qualities in Eichhorn and Troeltsch. In all their discussions one must realize that they are not only eminently honest thinkers, but that they hold it to be an inviolable duty really to understand their opponents.

It is not possible to gather a full statement of the principles and method of the history-of-religion school from Eichhorn's few and brief publications. These are to be sought first of all in the writings of Troeltsch, then also in those of Gunkel and Bousset, and finally in the pamphlet which called forth the present sketch.

One of the best critiques of "the history-of-religion method" is from the pen of Hunzinger (in Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen, 1908). Hun-

zinger cordially recognizes certain meritorious features of the method. The new school is quite right in its insistence that religion itself, not the accidents of the literary expression of religion, is the essential object of interest for the theologian. It is right again in pointing out, more fully and clearly than had been done before, the many points of contact between the religion of the Bible and that of "the nation." On the other hand the history-of-religion school operates with certain dogmatic presuppositions, which assure the intended result in advance. These presuppositions are: immanence (in the sense of the antithesis of supernaturalism), evolution, and relativism. No miracle, no supernatural revelation; evolutionism accepted "in full earnest"; Christianity regarded consistently as a "relative" phenomenon in history, the result of an evolutionary process and ever itself subject to evolutionary forces in perpetual interaction with all other religious and intellectual forces of human history. That there is no harm in pointing out the actual relations of Christianity to all extra-Biblical religion and philosophy need not be stated. The *pure method* can be applied without conflict with positive faith, as may be witnessed by such "positive" scholars as Alfred Jeremias, Ernst Sellin, and Heinrici. But a consistent theory of an "immanent religion" as opposed to the thought of a free, personal self-revelation of God is a virtual denial of the peculiar claims of Christianity.

It would be deplorable in the extreme if churchly, "positive" Christians should resist the study of the genetic relations of the Biblical with the non-Biblical religions. The method promises well enough; the harm or blessing depends upon the attitude of the inquirer to the inner personal realities of Christianity. Each scientific advance in the method of Biblical study has at first caused alarm; yet in the good providence of God each movement has proved a means of blessing. It was so in the case of the negation of positive Christianity by Strauss and "the first life-of-Jesus movement"; it was so in the case of the (rather less radical) criticism of Baur; it has not turned out otherwise in the case of the criticism of the school of Wellhausen; and we may confidently expect a blessing from the newest criticism. Yet we should not fondly fancy that this criticism will be simply "routed"—that the old historical judgments will "regain the field." On the contrary, we may expect from the application of the history-of-religion method to the study of the religion of the Old and New Testaments not only a great widening of the horizon of our knowledge but also many important corrections of our former judgments. But we may be sure that all this will in the end but serve to magnify the glory of the personal revelation of God in his Son Jesus Christ.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The New Life. By SAMUEL MCCOMB, D.D. 16mo, pp. 84. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, 50 cents net.

THE sub-title of this small book is "The Secret of Happiness and Power." Its short chapters have these topic-titles: The Need of a New Life, Should a Man Worry About His Sins? The Real Meaning of Sin, The Need of Conversion, Sudden versus Gradual Conversion, The Regeneration of Character, The Power of the New Life, The Christ Ideal, The Sociological Value of the New Life, The New Life Atoning and Optimistic. The book opens with this sentence from Coleridge, "Christianity is not a theory nor a speculation, but a Life." The author goes on as follows: "What is the deepest need of the modern man? What is the only cure that really cures, the only remedy that can compass his ills by leading him back from the circumference of experience, where he is spending his substance for that which satisfieth not, to the center where spiritual values are enthroned and he knows himself to be at rest? The answer is—a new life, a life fuller, richer, more abundant, sweeping before it ancient hindrances, releasing imprisoned possibilities, and flooding the consciousness with unsuspected power and undreamed-of joy. Nothing less than this will suffice. Much precious time, given us for the realization of our vocation, is spent in finding out that apart from a new life discontent and despair must be our lot. What do we mean by the new life? We mean the life which ceases to concentrate itself on a part and which broadens out until it takes in the whole. Or, to put it in religious language, the life which begins in a new attitude to God, harmony with his will, trust in and love to him, leading to an enthusiastic cooperation with him in the redemption of the world. When a man has entered on this new life, and the habitual center of his personal energy is the desire so to live that Christ would approve his life, the thought of a sudden or gradual realization of this experience is entirely indifferent. Emotion, or the lack of it, psycho-physical states, however abnormal, are absolutely of no significance. The only adequate test of the life is ethical in character. To what has the experience led? What does it mean for the individual and for the world?" "When he came to himself" would be a fit text for the chapter on The Regeneration of Character, part of which is as follows: "There is something in the soul which the past has been incompetent to express—something over and above the dull monotony of sin. The old mystics called it 'the seed of Christ,' the theologian names it 'the image of God,' the psychologist interprets it as the 'ideal self.' Let the man return to this his real nature, sloughing off all that has overlaid it; and thus a new law comes into operation, modifying the action of the old; in Paul's mystical phrase, 'the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus.' And now the old law of continuity which worked against him begins to work for him. It has come over to his side. If every effect has a cause, it is

also true that every cause has an effect, and a new cause has now begun to operate. Henceforth, sowing not to the flesh, but to the spirit, he will reap a more abundant life. 'New habits can be launched,' says James, 'on condition of there being new stimuli and new excitements. Now life abounds in these and sometimes there are such critical and revolutionary experiences that they change a man's whole scale of values and system of ideas. With such cases, the old order of his habits will be ruptured; and, if the new motives are lasting, new habits will be formed, and build up in him a new or regenerate nature.' It is not that goodness creates life; it is that goodness is life. Now it does not matter whether the return to the real self is made in a moment or in the passage of years; the essential point is that it can be made. Moreover, the 'sudden' conversion is not so sudden as it seems. It will be found that, in every case, it has been led up to subconsciously for years, perhaps, and the change simply marked the point where the forces which had been struggling in the subconscious realm cease their conflict because the ideal man has captured the entire field of consciousness. Neither Paul nor Augustine leaped into the new life from the platform of atheistic unbelief; both were men of profound religious feeling, though in Paul the ethical element was more strongly marked than in Augustine. Paul tells us his soul, before that consecrated hour on the way to Damascus, was like the world before God said, 'Let there be light'; then suddenly a glory that never was on sea nor land shone into his heart, the darkness vanished, and instead of chaos there came a sweet and ordered humanity. Yet this spiritual transformation implied a preceding unconscious preparation. Paul's passion for righteousness, his determination to dig down to the foundation of the spiritual life, his enthusiasm for the right, and quite possibly the impression made upon him subconsciously by the voice and figure of Jesus, whom he may have heard on the streets of Jerusalem—all these forces were leading him to his momentous decision. Augustine was converted by a verse in the New Testament. Why? Because that verse appealed to something within his soul, to a system of thoughts and feelings, hopes and desires, that had been slowly organizing there and now awaited the fit word to arm them with all-conquering energy. The same fact can be observed to-day when an urgent appeal finds quick response in the heart of the hearer; the message awakens a knowledge of good long dormant, secret memories and associations of childhood submerged, it may be, under years of carelessness and folly, but now meeting the appointed hour of resurrection. On the other hand, those who enter the new life through a long, gradual development of the life of righteousness experience certain critical moments where a decision for the good stamps the character with spiritual qualities more swiftly than before. Whether a man experiences a sudden or a slow conversion depends on his temperament and psychological quality. Those in whom the emotional and the suggestible predominate, and who possess a rich subconscious self, will enter into peace in a moment through relaxation and self-surrender, while those who are reflective and volitional by nature need, perhaps, years of striving and of habit-forming before they win the secret of unity and blessedness. The

distinction between 'once-born' Christians, which James borrows from Francis Newman and which has been too readily accepted by students of religion, is true so far as it indicates the difference in the form of conversion, but no farther. As Augustine says, 'We are not born Christians, but we become Christians.' In other words, Christian grace is not a development of the natural man. It marks the appearance of something new, and this new element may from earliest childhood be wrought into the texture of the unconscious life. Where the environment is favorable, uplifting and spiritualizing influences may steal into the soul and build it up in beauty and harmony. It argues a serious misunderstanding to suppose that men like Origen, Zinzendorf, Dean Stanley, Horace Bushnell, and Phillips Brooks never felt a renewing grace of heaven. It will be found that in the lives of these men, and of others like them, there are periods in which the process of growth is condensed, as it were, and a more complete unification of the inner life is experienced. If ever there was a man who did not need conversion in the popular sense, surely it was John Ruskin, the finest flower of nineteenth-century culture, yet he it is who writes as follows: 'One day last week I began thinking over my past life, and what fruit I have had, and the joy of it which had passed away, and of the hard work of it, and I felt nothing but discomfort, for I saw that I had been always working for myself in one way or another. Then I thought of my investigations of the Bible, and found no comfort in that, either. This was about two o'clock in the morning. So I considered that I had now neither pleasure in looking to my past life nor any hope, such as would be my comfort on a sick-bed, of a future one, and I made up my mind that this would never do. So, after thinking, I resolved that at any rate I would act as if the Bible were true—that if it were not I would be, at all events, no worse off than I was before; that I should believe in Christ and take him for my Master in whatever I did; that to disbelieve the Bible was quite as difficult as to believe it; and when I had done this I fell asleep. When I rose in the morning, though I was still unwell, I felt a peace and spirit in me that I had never known before.' It is this type of conversion, the course of which, though broken by moments of solemn consecration or resolve, is, on the whole, gradual, that requires special emphasis to-day. It makes a convincing appeal to the vast majority of educated persons, to whom the violent upheavals and convulsive agonies of the spontaneous type contain something repellent. These persons have cherished moral ideas; they believe in loyalty, in honor, in honest dealing with their fellows, and they are not, for the most part, without a measure of faith in a power, personal or impersonal, that governs the world. Hence, if the new life is ever to become theirs, it will not be by a sudden overthrow of their usual ways of thinking and acting, but by a gradual appropriation of new motives which can enter into vital union with the moral and intellectual habits already existing. The precise point at which the ethical passes over into the distinctively spiritual is hidden from the utmost scrutiny, as indeed are all vital beginnings. The transition is gradual and need not be marked by any mental struggle or frenzied agony of soul. 'When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I felt as a

child, I thought as a child; now that I am become a man I have put away childish things.' Now in this passage from childhood to manhood, the most significant that can be experienced on this earth, there is no convulsion, no abrupt wrench; on the contrary, all is slow, each stage gradually melting into the next, like the great organic processes of nature. Why, then, cannot a man break with his spiritual past after the same fashion? What is there to prevent him from calmly and quietly reaching out after that for which his nature craves, without which, indeed, it remains a fragment, an incomplete and, therefore, unfulfilled phenomenon? From this point of view the new life offers itself as the creation and interpretation of the higher elements in human nature. This truth is obscured very often by an irrational insistence on belief in abstruse theological doctrine as a necessary qualification for entrance into the higher experiences of the spirit." Concerning the New Man living the New Life the author says: "The new man, face to face with unaccustomed tasks and ever-multiplying duties, does not stand alone. He is dimly conscious that around him are mysterious forces which mean him well, and these forces are made available by prayer. Prayer is not peculiar to the new life; it is a human and universal phenomenon; it is an act or a state of man as man. Prayer, however, is more than an instinct which reveals itself only in critical moments of need or alarm; it is the sustaining principle of the new life; it is the channel through which power comes to refresh the springs of moral action. Or, to change the figure, it is the act by which we switch ourselves on to the central dynamo of the universe. Without it the new life would collapse and the man would sink back into the old naturalism. The new man does not need to be told to pray, no more than he needs to be told to eat or to take exercise or to do any of the things needful for his physical well-being. Formerly, indeed, prayer was a bore and a burden, or a remnant of traditional respectability, an empty form, a mechanical gesture that meant nothing; *now* it is the loving intercourse of friend with friend, the source of comfort, strength, and peace; the power that invigorates the will, calms and steadies the mind, lifts the whole personality into the region of hope and inspiration and high adventure. To-day we no longer dispute about the efficacy of prayer; that stage of the controversy is past. No serious thinker doubts that prayer effects changes which otherwise would not have taken place. In two directions especially the new man will experience the value of prayer. On the one hand he will learn that prayer is a dynamic; it moves the will. It was said of a distinguished man of letters that the moment anything assumed the shape of a duty he felt himself constitutionally incapable of discharging it. And certainly for all of us, though for some more than others, a reinforcement of our native energies is a necessity. Now it is prayer that arms the will to beat down temptation, or to concentrate its forces on the accomplishment of some forbidding task. This statement is supported by abundant testimony. Here is one which I quote from a private letter written by a New England physician to his nephew. He says: 'I stand here in my front yard and talk with God, when I feel like it, or when I am on the road anywhere, silently or audibly. He is just

over back of a leaning pine you may remember to have seen directly across the road from our door. I can't see him, but I can feel his presence just as I feel yours, or your Dad's, or dear Tante May's presence, or my mother's presence; and the thought and feeling I have of God or of my mother or of Tante May or of your beautiful mother, Sophie Zela, is one of peace and grace and faith, of beauty, of love and of confidence. . . . Cultivate the habit of prayer. Pray to the Great Spirit every time you start out to do anything that you know will test your powers. Pray at any time and everywhere. I say to the Great Spirit, for that is the name I love best for God, whenever I feel I am up against it and weakening, or likely to prove not my best self in some trying situation: "Help me out, Great Spirit, will you? I am a poor fellow; I have not cultivated my gifts as I should have done; I lack strength of character in many ways. *Help me out, dear Great Spirit.*" And just in proportion as I am in earnest and *have faith*, my prayer is answered—sometimes not at all and sometimes so fully that I feel a flood of light and beauty, of love and devotion, pouring in upon me.' *Other things being equal, the praying man is more efficient physically, mentally, spiritually, than the non-praying man.* And this argument, perhaps, will in these days, when efficiency would appear to be the one thing needful, commend this spiritual grace to those who might remain cold to more transcendental considerations. But we need not only to do the divine will, we need to know what that will is. It is only in the silence that we can hear the divine Voice and distinguish it from the voices of our own weaker self and of the world without. Prayer is thus a school of spiritual education in which the new man advances from day to day in the knowledge of the best things of life. Inherited prejudices die out, new and higher aims are revealed, larger ideals for self and for the world are gradually formed, and thus is won a sane and enlightened conscience, the only safe guide through the rocks and shoals of the voyage of life." We close this notice with extracts from the chapter on The Power of the New Life: "When a man becomes conscious that he has entered on the new life he realizes a new world. This sense of newness is especially intense in those who have made a dramatic and abrupt breach with the past. Life is now organized around a new center, and even the external world seems clad with a super-earthly beauty. The most commonplace things and persons now bear gracious messages to the soul. John Masefield's hero in his poem 'The Everlasting Mercy' passes at a bound from the shame and degradation of a drunkard and a thief to a complete spiritual emancipation, and it is then that he feels as though scales had fallen from his eyes.

> Oh glory of the lighted mind!
> How dead I'd been, how drunk, how blind,
> The station brook, to my new eyes,
> Was babbling out of Paradise,
> The waters rushing from the rain
> Were singing, "Christ is risen again."
> I thought all earthly creatures shared
> The rapture and the joy I felt.

> The narrow station-wall's brick ledge,
> The wild hop withering on the ledge,
> The lights in huntsman's upper story
> Were parts of an eternal glory
> Where God's eternal Garden flowers—
> I stood in bliss in this for hours.

The psychologist explains this sense of newness by the theory that the psychic turmoil experienced in conversion has a corresponding physiological commotion involving a new distribution of the nervous energy. This may partly explain the results of a conversion crisis, but the fact is that the new view of nature and man comes to some whose change has involved little or no psychic tension. The man who quickly, in some moment of reflection, makes up his mind that henceforth God's will is to be his will, that he is done with self pleasing and is now committed irrevocably to the attainment of personal righteousness, also feels that for him the world is a new place. The trees and flowers, the living creatures that fill the woodland with their joy, all speak to him some word of God. The world is new because the man himself is new; a life which seems to him quite apart from his preceding life rises within him; the heart is lighter; the senses are keener; the intellectual powers awake to new energy; it is as though the psychic organism had been bathed in some cleansing and renewing tide. The disquietude and the discontent of the past have vanished as by magic. In their places new emotions, new desires, new ambitions rise spontaneously. 'Old things have passed away; all things have become new.' Along with this sense of renovation arises, as an unvarying accompaniment, a sense of power; the whole area of consciousness is flooded with a feeling of potency and an energy that stands ready for any task. The new man understands Paul when he says, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' The great difference between one man and another as an efficient factor in the world's life depends on the possession of reserve power. The man who is not in contact with any source of energy greater than himself is often afraid, and this fear causes him to shrink before a critical test. He is 'a self-inhibited man.' But the man the psychical depths of whose nature are undergirded by a boundless spiritual force, at once is conscious that the energy which had been dammed up is now set free and is ready to be transformed into work. The psychic functions are harmonized and invigorated. He taps new reservoirs of power; he goes from strength to strength; he achieves a unified, a consecrated personality. Old ideas of God—the soul, sin, goodness, human life—are invested with a new 'feeling-tone'; they are clothed as with a freshness and force of a revelation from some super-earthly sphere. The emotions, now deeply stirred, reinforce the will, which in turn sweeps away ancient hindrances and sets about the work of spiritual reconstruction. Thus a new character is generated, the man is possessed with an enthusiasm for personal righteousness. 'No heart is pure that is not passionate; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic.'" Theodore Roosevelt once said, "Only a truculent righteousness can survive and conquer." "It is, therefore, in the transformation of

the feelings that one of the great sources of ethical power is to be found. For now old habits loose their grip on the mind, and new habits are acquired. There are some whose intellects are won to the service of the Ideal, but whose hearts remain untouched. This was the case for a time with the famous Scottish divine Thomas Chalmers. Such persons live, it may be for years, in a state of unstable equilibrium, but sooner or later the divided self is fused into unity. The man is no longer an echo of other men's thoughts, but speaks out of the depths of a vital experience. His words thrill with life and produce conviction, for now the soul speaks to the soul, 'deeps are calling unto deeps.' It is to be remembered, however, that if the original impulses die out before the new system of ideas and motives has been thoroughly organized and expressed in forms of new ways of thinking and acting, there is danger of a relapse. But when, through prayer and meditation and deliberate resolve, and holding the ideal persistently before the eye of imagination, the new-born desires are kept alive until the foundations of the spiritual structure have been laid, the chances of a relapse are small, and with a passage of time grow smaller. The very fear of backsliding, which some experience at the beginning of the new life, is an unconscious reflex of defense against it. One of the saddest illusions to which men are prone is the notion that some high emotion, some mystic experience, can take the place of moral achievement. It is a famous saying of Immanuel Kant that 'there is nothing absolutely good except a good will'; but a good will is not something ready-made, it is the result of long-continued efforts crystallizing in spiritual habits. Hence, the new man, if he is wise, will seek help in the creation of specific forms of conduct. He will listen to the psychologist as he discourses on the rules by which one acquires a habit; he will study the biographies of good men; he will take advice from those who have been longer on the upward path than himself, and in whom he sees some reflection of the Ideal; he will remember that our real life is our thought life and, therefore, he will fill the mind with thoughts which build up, strengthen, and unify; he will learn in due time that the greatest forces are not ideas, but personalities. 'Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot behold them; they pass athwart us in thin vapor and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh . . . then their presence is a power; they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn with them with a gentle compulsion as flame is drawn to flame.'"

Faith and Immortality. A Study of the Christian Doctrine of the Life to Come. By E. Griffith-Jones, B.A., D.D., Principal of the Yorkshire United Independent College, Bradford, England. 12mo, pp. xviii+338. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.75 net.

The Undiscovered Country. Studies in the Christian Doctrine of an Intermediate State between Death and the Consummation of the World. By George W. Osmun, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 339. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

The Belief in God and Immortality. A Psychological, Anthropological and Statistical Survey. By James H. Leuba, Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy in Bryn Mawr College. 12mo, pp. xvii+340. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. Price, cloth, $2 net.

There are strange reverses in thought and life which show that the scientist is often mistaken when he undertakes the role of a prophet. The winds of God cannot be controlled by any person, but their comings and goings can be interpreted only by the seer of the spiritual life. A few years ago the psychologists gravely announced that the day of revivals was over. Their report had hardly been published before the Welsh revival broke out and upturned all their labored conclusions. Statements have appeared in recent publications that the beliefs in God and immortality are no longer held in any vital fashion and that for the moral and spiritual practices of life such beliefs are both unnecessary and even superfluous. But it has been roundly contradicted by the men in the trenches who are writing home that in this hour of tremendous crisis there has come to them with indescribable vividness a sense of the reality of God and an assurance of immortality. This mass of first-hand testimony emphatically discounts the learned negations of psychologists of the type of Dr. Leuba. The present volume has the same fatal flaws of his previous book on A Psychological Study of Religion, which was noticed in the Methodist Review for March, 1913. The underlying difficulty is that he does not accept the theistic position so convincingly set forth by many writers down to the latest on "Theism and Humanism," by Arthur J. Balfour. The first part of Dr. Leuba's volume deals with primitive and pre-Christian beliefs concerning God and immortality. He also discusses the metaphysical and moral arguments of modern times but challenges their conclusiveness as being "admittedly inadequate." He also adds "that the ground of that belief when it is based on 'inner experience' is really the naïve conviction that human life at its best is too precious to end with death, and that survival is demanded for the gratification of ideal desires." Chapter VI. has to do with the contributions of psychical research and should be read with care in view of the recent publication of Raymond, by Sir Oliver Lodge. This volume purports to contain communications from his son who fell near Ypres. The words of Professor William James are worth recalling on this subject: "For twenty-five years I have been in touch with the literature of psychical research and I have been acquainted with numerous researchers. . . . Yet I am theoretically no further than I was

at the beginning." The second part of Leuba's volume reports the results of a series of investigations. We are surprised that so much reliance has been placed on those who negate faith in God and immortality while hardly any reference is made to those who affirm such faith. The scientific method accepts all the facts, but in this investigation some of the most important witnesses are excluded. The questionnaire has very obvious limitations, all of which appear in this volume. Even those who have the required mental discipline are not always able to set down clearly and without prejudice the factors of their religious experience. Most men believe much more than they *think* they do; others are obstinately reticent as to their inner life, and this is especially true of young men, from whom Leuba received many replies. The questions which were submitted were also of a kind that required a mature understanding of philosophy and psychology and which permitted of even contradictory answers. One important conclusion from these inquiries is, however, worth emphasizing: "The students' statistics show that young people enter college possessed of the beliefs still accepted, more or less perfunctorily, in the average home of the land, and that as their horizon widens, a large percentage of them abandon the cardinal Christian beliefs." All the greater then is the need for the church to face more seriously the question of religious education, both in the local churches and in the educational institutions. We cannot accept Leuba's gloomy outlook for Christianity and must certainly reject his idea, which savors so much of the spirit of the ancient Sadducees, that "many of the most distinguished moralists condemn the belief in personal immortality as ethically wrong. But much can be and is made of it among benighted Christian populations." The most notable weakness in this entire discussion is the failure to reckon with the revelation of Jesus Christ, "who abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." The confident appeal to the New Testament is made by Dr. Osmun in his scholarly exposition of the future life, with special reference to the intermediate state. Although at times he relies too much on the argument from proof-texts, he has a correct historical and religious perspective of Scripture teaching and his conclusions are consistent. It was inevitable that the controversial element should appear in criticizing contrary views. There is also an *ex cathedra* mannerism that hardly becomes any discussion on the future life, which should be marked not by dogmatism but by the liberty of the Spirit. The author draws special attention to his bibliography in which we noticed the omission of some important contributions like "Factors of Faith in Immortality," by Denney; "The Eschatology of the Gospels," by Dobschütz; "The Assurance of Immortality," by Fosdick, and "The Christian Hope," by Brown. But these strictures should not lead us to overlook the fact that the volume is a constructive presentation. It is an attempt to answer such questions as the state of the departed after death, a second probation, purgatory, prayers for the dead, the second coming of Christ, the final judgment. "The intermediate state seems to be, not so much a kingdom of works and deeds, as one of deep, spiritual life. So the blessed of the transition world are not to be thought of as engaging in those higher

activities which belong to the glorified in the final state. They stand not yet before the throne, but beneath it, where they 'rest for a little time.' They have entered the royal palace of their King, but 'rest in peace,' in refreshment, and the ravishing delights of paradise, the King's gardens." He is careful to point out that the Universalist conception is fraught with moral dangers and that the life here is the deciding factor in judgment. The ruling principle that will operate is well stated: "It cannot be too strongly emphasized that those who demand probation in another life overlook this crucial fact—that to the unfailing discernment of God, even the slightest motion of the will for or against the light, even the faintest flicker of a light which burns so low as to be well-nigh imperceptible, may constitute a fair ground for decisive judgment. What counts in the final analysis is not assent to what was never known, but intent, the readiness of a willing heart, the moral meaning of the whole man, toward such inner illumination as may be had." This is very much the attitude of the book by Principal Griffith-Jones, which is in many respects the best discussion of the subject. The note of tenderness and sympathy is partially explained by the fact that it was written in view of the tragedies and losses of the war, and to give a large setting to the truth of the future life that will appeal to the intelligence and heart of believing men and women. He recognizes, as did Leuba, that belief in immortality had practically been discredited by Christian people during the last thirty or forty years. At the present time the subject is in a state of confusion, if not of chaos. Readers of this volume will find it to be a very satisfying interpretation, in the light of history, philosophy, science and religion. How unlike the skeptical attitude of Leuba is the stimulating chapter on "Jesus and the Future Life." He states that "in Jesus the chasm between God and man has closed up; in our search for God we have at last arrived; there is no *beyond* to torment our tired and aching souls; no sense of a distance still to be traversed, of a separating river yet to be crossed." Again, "the doctrine regulative of our Lord's teaching concerning the 'last things' is found as in the Old Testament, in the revelation of God in his redeeming activity. He based his teaching of a future existence not on the nature of man but on the character of God as the Holy Father." The fateful significance of the present life is enforced in several places. If we acknowledge that our life on earth is a probationary segment of our total existence, whose ultimate meaning is found in the life to come, some perplexities of experience can be removed. "The hope of immortality dignifies the lesser temporary ends of life on earth. . . . The Christian doctrine of sin finds its justification in the eternal issues of life. . . . The 'otherworldliness' of the Christian conception of life is justified." The Christian doctrine of judgment is demanded by the character of God and by the nature of man. In his offer of a constructive view Dr. Griffith-Jones holds that from the Godward side there cannot be any bar to a possibility of betterment in the future life. But he does not dogmatize nor favor the theory of universalism which cuts the nerve of the moral appeal and of the freedom of the human will. "An intermediate state of probation and education for all unripe and undeveloped souls seems to us a necessary

corollary of that gospel which reveals his boundless love for men and his universal Saviourhood on their behalf." This is an inference without clear warrant in the letter of the Scriptures.

The Whole Armour of God. By JOHN HENRY JOWETT, M.A., D.D. 12mo, pp. 265. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

The Grand Adventure. And Other Sermons. By ROBERT LAW, D.D., Knox College, Toronto. 12mo, pp. ix+219. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

The Evangel of the Strait Gate. By the Rev. W. M. CLOW, D.D., Professor of Christian Ethics and Practical Training United Free Church College, Glasgow. 12mo, pp. xv+306. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.35 net.

A NEW note has been sounding in the pulpits of Christendom and it emphasizes the truth of Christian obligation with compelling persuasiveness. The appeal is to the redeemed conscience to recover lost ground in consequence of the failure of the church adequately to exercise spiritual leadership in all departments of life. We have selected these three volumes as best representing the new type of preaching. Dr. Jowett stands in the front rank of preachers whose sense of scriptural truth has led them to confine attention almost exclusively to evangelical themes. In his Yale lectures, Dr. Jowett declared that "it is possible for the sociologist to impair the evangelist in the preacher, and that a man can lose his power to unveil and display the 'unsearchable riches of Christ.'" His sermons thus have to do more particularly with the individual, and there is very little reference to the social distemper of the times. The greater part of his latest volume is an exposition of the militant passage in Ephesians 6. 13-19. It was natural that the imagery of war should appeal to him and very appropriate applications are made to the spiritual warfare. These sermonic meditations are full of the marrow of the gospel of grace and are well suited for the quiet hour and to strengthen the devotional frame of mind. Each sermon is introduced by a prayer which leads one directly to the mercy-seat. "Religion can be conventional, having no inner sanction of fine awe and godly fear. We can get religion while all the time religion has not got us. It can be just a light performance, a social convention and not a solemn travail in which the soul is doing great business in deep waters in communion with the eternal God. . . . We have religious professions without spiritual possessions. We have religious conventionality without devotional reality. We have the show without the life. We have the skin of religion without its sacrificial heart. We have the crucifix without the Saviour. We have the altar but not the open heaven." This quotation from the sermon on "The Coming Golden Age," Isaiah 2. 3, 4, illustrates the burden of Dr. Jowett's preaching. Another passage bears on the necessity for the cultivation of the inner life: "We are prone to

live in the incidents of life rather than in its essentials, in environment rather than in character, in possessions rather than in dispositions, in the body rather than in the soul." He has a remarkable facility in the use of illustrations from biography notably the Puritans, but the activities in Flanders also serve his purpose. By the side of these timely messages for these days of unrest, we place the volume by Professor Law, who is one of the leading preachers of Canada. He is best known to students by his scholarly Kerr lectures on the epistles of John entitled "The Tests of Life." The morning splendor of the spirit of love which he there expounded with such penetrating insight is interpreted in his sermons with a wealth of heroic appeal. They cannot fail to put heart and bring cheer and give comfort to many a reader. The fact that the volume is dedicated to his three soldier sons suggests whither his thoughts turn and show how well qualified he is to proclaim the brave and buoyant gospel of Christ. These sermons deal with the ultimate problems of life with the ring of conviction and the note of conquest. It is not surprising that they were listened to by large and enthusiastic audiences. "A few days ago I had read to me part of a letter from a German lady whose brother fell in one of the early engagements of the war: 'Our brother has died for his country,' the writer said. 'Life has suddenly become very simple and very great.' That phrase has clung to me—'Life has suddenly become very simple and very great.' Simple, yes, for the soldier and for those he leaves behind just one straightforward thing to do, to go all the way with duty, to pay the full price, lay all upon the altar. Very simple, and also how great! The heroic life is always simple and always great, because it is not lost in a maze of things that are of only artificial importance, but is face to face with the supreme things—God, Duty, Life, Death. Many a man in the field to-day and many a woman left at home, who had been fooling life away on the trumpery little things, have suddenly found it become very simple and very great. And all of us, I think, have felt a little of this. Our hearts have been purified by the fire of a great emotion, an intense feeling of devotion to our country and its righteous cause, of readiness to make whatever sacrifices may be demanded of us, to place our talents, our means, our lives if needed, at the service of the supreme duty of the hour. We have felt an expansion, an elevation, an emancipation of soul. We have been in some measure liberated from the bondage of the petty and unreal. Our personal anxieties and claims and grievances are forgotten or recede into the background." This is preaching, for it grips the heart and sways the life in the direction of what is pure, noble, and serviceable. The sermon on "The Fall of the Sparrow" emphasizes the bigness of little things and makes clear the truth of Providence in quite an original way. "Little things are great, often greater in their consequences than those of larger bulk. A little wheel, if it fall out of gear, will disable a vast and intricate mechanism. A little seed may alter the botany and agriculture of a continent. A dislodged stone in your path may seem a thing too trivial for notice; yet that stone may cause a fall, and the fall a fractured limb, and I have known the whole course of a man's life altered by a fracture so caused.

> Say not 'a small event!' Why 'small'?
> Costs it more pain than this, ye call
> A 'great event,' should come to pass
> Than that? Untwine me from the mass
> Of deeds which make up life, one deed
> Power shall fall short in or exceed.

It is only little minds that can slight little things as trifles." There are seventeen sermons which deal with life on the high levels of daring rectitude and heroic honor, and they are all worth reading. The volume by Clow is, however, the finest of the three. It has all the excellences of Jowett and Law, plus many other things. When the subject of evangelism is so much to the front, and rightly so, the preacher who must be his own evangelist will find in these sermons what will feed his own soul and furnish him with the illumination and stimulus to minister to his people. Professor Clow has made a unique place for himself by his volumes, The Cross in Christian Experience, which is quite a classic; The Day of the Cross, and The Secret of the Lord. All the superfine features of high grade preaching which characterized those volumes are also seen in his latest production. His book on Christ in the Social Order shows how he has thoroughly mastered the current problems of life and knows where to lay the emphasis for their effectual solutions. The note of persuasive urgency is needed in the preaching of to-day. What that means is illustrated in these penetrating appeals to both sinner and saint, and he must be a hardened soul who can turn aside from the cumulative effect of these searching utterances. This preacher makes use of every field of literature and science for illustrative material. Some of the sermons are doctrinal, without a dull sentence. Others are evangelistic, with the passion for souls. Others again are evangelical, with the glow and gladness of redemption. There are twenty-six sermons which bear repeated readings. Here is a quotation from "The Marks of the Penitent": "Why is a true repentance so rare? Because it is one of the most difficult things in the world. For a man to stand and confess that he has gone astray, that he has done an evil deed which has been hidden from men's eyes, that he has been keeping God out of his life, is the most costly and the most humiliating thing a man can do. It is difficult for a youth to repent and to acknowledge the heedless word and willful deed. It is still more difficult for a man of middle life to repent, when the first sensitive impulses have lost their power, and worldliness has become a habit of the mind. For an old man, when a man's pride has become high and stubborn, to confess that he has mutinied against God's will, and cherished secret thoughts of iniquity, is the most difficult reach and throw of the human will. That is why the old so seldom repent. That is why the young should seize every tender moment, and beware of hardening the holy delicacy of a religious impression. That is why Jesus uttered his mystic sentence about the joy of heaven." The preacher who thus analyzes influences and motives also knows how to bring the soul face to face with the Redeemer. The sermon on "The Full Surrender" shows how true consecration makes room every day for some special service of God. One of the illustrations is worth

quoting: "When Dr. Moulton, one of the most distinguished scholars of his time, was head master of the Leys School at Cambridge, he found that his responsible duties often occupied sixteen hours of the day. He saw no way of lessening his toil, but he found its routine exhausting to his spirit. It was borne in upon him that, apart from the consecration required for his daily work, he might fill his hand with some special service for God. He took upon himself the conduct of the early morning worship with the boys of the school. Year by year this toilworn man gave the half hour he could so hardly spare to this morning exercise. He set it on record that that hour, consecrated in a special surrender, redeemed a dusty life from its temptation to formality, and led him, day by day, into the secret of the Lord." "A Song of the Upper Room" is a sermon on the familiar hymn, "Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts," and shows how splendidly the great hymns can be used for pulpit purposes.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Way of the King's Palace. By E. H. Sneath, and George Hodges, and H. H. Tweedy. 12mo, pp. 283. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. Price, cloth, 75 cents net.

This is one of the eight volumes of "The King's Highway Series" of valuable selections from great moral literature. The series takes its title from Proverbs 16. 17: "The highway of the upright is to depart from evil: he that keepeth his way preserveth his soul." The titles of the other seven volumes are The Way of the Gate, The Way of the Green Pastures, The Way of the Rivers, The Way of the Hills, The Way of the Mountains, The Way of the Stars, The Way of the King's Gardens. The aim of the Series is Christian nurture, to establish children and youth in right ideals of character and right habits of will and right forms of conduct. This book—The Way of the King's Palace—is designed especially for boys and girls of about fourteen or fifteen years of age. There is a decided tendency to hero worship during these years. Hence, examples of noble characters become very effective, so that biography should play a conspicuous part in the moral and religious education of boys and girls at this period. It is also a time of marked sex development, of social unfolding, of the development of the "gang" or group spirit, and of the altruistic impulses, so that it is of vital importance that examples of noble living be brought before them to help establish their ideals and to help mold their character and conduct. The Way of the King's Palace contains brief biographies of many of the noblest examples of men and women in all walks of life. These cannot fail to prove to be an inspiration to right living at this important and impressionable period. The lives of true warriors, patriots, statesmen, merchants, inventors, scientists, authors, artists, missionaries, and philanthropists—heroes and heroines of the noblest type—are presented for study and emulation. These characters reflect the highest bodily, intellectual, social, economic, æsthetic, and religious virtues. The virtues are not pre-

sented as abstract principles or ideas, but are clothed with life. They live and move and have their being in human lives, and thus arrest the attention of the idealizing and active youth. The stories of these living characters are supplemented also by noble examples in fiction in both prose and poetry. Lessons of warning are also placed before the pupil, for such warning is necessary in our efforts to establish boys and girls in Christian character. In The Way of the King's Palace may be found an elaborate study of the life and character of the great apostle Paul. The following scheme of virtues and vices belonging peculiarly to boys and girls of this period is dealt with in this volume:

Virtues	*Vices*
THE BODILY LIFE	
Temperance	Intemperance
Chastity	Smoking
	Impurity
THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE	
Love of Truth and knowledge	Prejudice
Wisdom—Right Use of Knowledge	Foolishness—Wrong Use of Knowledge
THE SOCIAL LIFE—THE FAMILY	
Gratitude	Ingratitude
Loyalty	Disloyalty
THE SOCIAL LIFE—SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY	
Benevolence	Selfishness
Public Spirit	Indifference to Public Welfare
Heroism	Cowardice
Virtues	*Vices*
THE ECONOMIC LIFE	
Industry	Indolence
Order	Lack of Order
Ambition	Lack of Ambition
Patience	Impatience
Perseverance	Instability
Economy	Wastefulness
Prudence	Imprudence
Honesty	Dishonesty
Courage and Self-reliance	Lack of Courage and Self-reliance
THE POLITICAL LIFE	
Obedience to Law	Disobedience to Law
Political Honesty	Political Dishonesty
Love of Liberty	Subserviency
Political Courage	Political Cowardice
Love of Peace	Love of Strife
Political Interest and Zeal	Political Indifference—Shirking Political Duties

THE ÆSTHETIC LIFE	
Love of Beauty in	Indifference to Beauty in
Nature	Nature
Art	Art
Conduct	Conduct
Character	Character
THE RELIGIOUS LIFE	
Faith	Unbelief
Love	Lack of Love
Reverence	Irreverence
Humility	Pride
Gratitude	Ingratitude
Prayer	
Praise	

The only way to give our readers a true idea of the character of this book of choice selections is by samples, in the same way as a salesman secures orders for his goods. This is from Charles Kingsley: "Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know." Also this:

> "Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
> And so make life, death, and that vast forever
> One grand, sweet song."

This from Carlyle: "It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. This dim longing for what is noble and true, the still small voice which calls to one imperatively in moments of temptation, is the safeguard which, if hearkened to, not only protects one in severe trials of manliness and womanliness, but also incites to the formation of a fine character, without which all acquisitions, all graces and accomplishments, all talents and all learning, are but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." This from Thoreau: "Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavor?" We have a sample of Henry W. Grady's eloquence from his famous address on a true home: "A few days later I visited a country home—a modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest; barns and cribs well filled and the old smokehouse odorous with treasure; the fragrance of pink and hollyhock mingling with the aroma of garden and orchard, and resonant with the hum of bees and poultry's busy clucking; inside the house, thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness—the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock that had held its steadfast pace amid the frolic of weddings, that had welcomed in steady measure the new-born babes and kept company with the watchers of the sick bed, and had ticked

the solemn requiem of the dead; and the well-worn Bible that, thumbed by fingers long since stilled, and blurred with tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple annals of the family and the heart and conscience of the home. Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's collar; with no mortgage on his roof and no lien on his ripening harvest; pitching his crops in his own wisdom and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house, the old man's hands rested on the young man's shoulder, touching it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment and laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father. As they drew near the door, the old mother appeared, the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home. Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or, weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest. And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies; the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry; the restless bird called from the neighboring wood; and the father, a simple man of God, gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith and then went down in prayer, the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress, and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home! And as I gazed, the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. And I said, 'Surely here—here in the homes of the people—is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength; here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility.' The homes of the people—let us keep them pure and independent, and all will be well with the Republic. Here is the lesson our foes may learn—here is work the humblest and weakest hands may do. Let us in simple thrift and economy make our homes independent. Let us in frugal industry make them self-sustaining. In sacrifice and denial let us keep them free from debt and obligation. Let us make them homes of refinement in which we shall teach our daughters that modesty and patience and gentleness are the charms of woman. Let us make them temples of liberty, and teach our sons that an honest conscience is every man's first political law; that his sovereignty rests beneath his hat, and that no splendor can rob him and no force justify the surrender of the simplest right of a free and independent citizen. And above all, let us honor God in our homes—anchor them close in his love; build his altars above our hearthstones, uphold them in the set and simple faith of our fathers, and crown them with the Bible—that book of books in which all the ways of life are made straight and the mystery of death is made plain. Let us remember that the home is the source of our national life.

Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the home. Back of the President and above him stands the citizen. What the home is, this, and nothing else, will the Capitol be. What the citizen wills, this, and nothing else, will the President be." Thank Heaven, there are homes like this; we know one on the Warwick hills of Orange County, New York. Such homes are the salvation of the nation. This is followed by dear Maltbie Babcock's verses on "The School of Life":

Lord, let me make this rule
To think of life as school,
And try my best
To stand each test,
And do my work,
And nothing shirk.

Should some one else outshine
This dullard head of mine,
Should I be sad?
I will be glad.
To do my best
Is Thy behest.

Some day the bell will sound,
Some day my heart will bound,
As with a shout
That school is out,
And lessons done,
I homeward run.

The character and work of Thomas Arnold, the great headmaster of Rugby School, is told. His motto, constantly before his scholars, was that of Rousseau, "Let him first be a man," for a true man was the aim and end of education. The school at Rugby was established by wealthy parents, that they might have an institution where their sons could be thoroughly educated. The average attendance was nearly four hundred when Mr. Arnold was called to the mastership. Among four hundred boys there were many irrepressible ones, who could be held only by bit and bridle. He began his labors at Rugby with many misgivings, and yet with strong hope; for he understood himself, and he understood boys about as well. On the very first day of school at Rugby he inaugurated his moral system. He told the pupils that the great thing for them to learn was *how to live well*. "Here we shall expect, first, moral principle; second, gentlemanly conduct; and third, intellectual ability." On this basis the school was run throughout his administration, and it wrought a decided change. There were many young men who had all the money they wanted to spend, and the result of this was the same as it is everywhere—idleness, disorder, rowdyism, and drunkenness. There was much of these vices among the pupils, and the new master was determined to eradicate them. He had specially reserved the right to expel pupils whenever he thought it was necessary, and he did not hesitate for a moment to apply the remedy. At first some parents rose up in opposition, for they did not wish to have their sons disgraced by expulsion. But Mr. Arnold was firm; he reminded them that he was master of the school, and no one else. The school must have a higher moral life. Young men must not come there to ruin themselves and others. Better no school at all than one that tolerates vice. He kept firm to his principle, and triumphed. It was not long before Mr. Arnold's

praise was on every lip. He called Rugby a Christian school, for that is what he meant it should be. Not that he undervalued mental culture, or failed to give to language, mathematics, or other study its true place; but this was necessary, as we have seen, to express his plan. It must be a Christian school before it was literary or scientific. There was a chapel in which daily prayers were offered; on Sabbaths, preaching and a Sunday school; and often on week-day evenings, talks or lectures on character building. Some time after Mr. Arnold became head master the chaplain resigned, and Arnold took his place. New interest was awakened at once; for he was a fine preacher, original, fresh, pointed, and eloquent, always brief and always impressive. The prime object of his school discipline was self-government. He put each pupil upon his honor. He accepted their representation of occurrences as true. No suspicion that he ever doubted their word dropped from his lips, or was expressed by his conduct. By this treatment many pupils were led to say, "It would be dishonorable to misrepresent to him, when he puts so much confidence in us." "If you say so, that is quite enough; of course I take your word," was his way of putting the matter. They could not betray such confidence, and many a boy was thereby established in his good behavior. He offered prizes for excellence in scholarship, and for character also. Fidelity on any line was sure to be encouraged by his recognition. He said: "If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated. I would stand to that man *hat in hand*." The boy who did his best, whether bright or dull, was sure to find a devoted friend in the head master, and there was no doubt about it in the heart of even the most thoughtless. It was Saturday, June 11, 1842, on the eve of the long summer vacation. He went through the school to distribute prizes to the boys, and as he finished he remarked: "One more lesson I shall have with you on Sunday afternoon, and then I will say to you what I have to say." Whatever it was, he never said it. His biographer says: "That parting address to which they were always accustomed to look forward with such pleasure never came. But it is not to be wondered at if they remarked with peculiar interest that the last subject which he had set them for an exercise was *Domus Ultima;* that the last translation for Latin verses was from the touching lines on the death of Sir Philip Sidney in Spenser's 'Ruins of Time'; that the last words with which he closed his last lecture on the New Testament were in commenting on the passage of St. John, 'It doth not appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' 'So, too,' he said, 'in the Corinthians, "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." Yes,' he added, with marked fervency, 'the mere contemplation of Christ shall transform us into his likeness.'" Dr. Arnold died the next day. Dr. Arnold's life was brief—only forty-seven years; and yet he accomplished more in those years than many useful men do in seventy-seven. Measured by achievements, his life was long; it was short only as we are wont to measure by years. It is perfectly clear how Dr. Arnold was enabled to live the life he did. First,

he set a divine value upon time. Second, his diligence made every moment count for all it was worth—not one was wasted. Third, he kept in view "the prize of his high calling," and never for once lost sight of it, so single was his purpose. Fourth, he never grew "weary in well doing"—rather he grew more hopeful and determined as perseverance persisted. Fifth, for him there was but one rule of life, "According to ability"—the best was the least his Master would accept. Sixth, he had a will that would make a way when none could be found. Seventh, his Christian faith was a mighty power to rally and tax his faculties to the utmost. Here is a picture of the great composer Haydn in his last days—Haydn, child of poetry and of genius: "As he grew older he became more helpless, but his friends surrounded him with such care and tenderness that he could only be grateful. There near Vienna, in a little old house, he lived on until his death. He held a little court there. Men would come to talk with him and tell him their hopes and fears, and he was always kindly, always gracious, always interested. 'He gives you the impression of a great man,' said Carl von Weber, the composer, who went to see the old master. Weber was much touched by the many men who came to bend before him, kiss his hand, and tenderly call him 'Papa Haydn.' Not long before his death there was given in Vienna in the Lobkowitz Palace a performance of his great oratorio, 'The Creation.' It was in honor of Haydn's seventy-sixth birthday, and all Vienna was present. They assembled in great expectation and eagerness. Just before the concert began the door opened, and, accompanied by a bodyguard of noblemen of high rank, came an armchair which veritably seemed a throne that night, and in it was the old master, Haydn himself. Every one in the hall rose as he entered, and stood, in reverence, while he was borne to a seat of honor. He was almost overpowered with emotion at his reception, and was much touched when, on his speaking of a draught, the ladies near him flung over him their lace wraps and shawls, with affectionate words. The concert began, and Haydn listened in strange exaltation. When the great chorus sang 'Let there be Light!' he raised his hand and said softly and solemnly: *'That comes not from me but from above.'* He was too weak and agitated to stay after the first part, and was carried away in state through the cheering yet profoundly touched multitude, now and then raising his hands in blessing as he passed."

Advertising and Its Mental Laws. By Henry Foster Adams, Instructor in Psychology in the University of Michigan. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916. Illustrated. Price, $1.50.

This book, by Professor Adams, is primarily for the advertising man and the student of psychology. Its aim is to closely relate the basic principles of psychology to the business of advertising in a way that is not mere guess work but founded on statistical experiment. Up till the present generation, the remarks of Charles Macklin about the law have been equally applicable to advertising: "The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science which smiles in your face while it picks your pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of more value to its professors than the justice

of it." Professor Adams has undertaken to remove some of "the glorious uncertainty" which has attached to advertising. It is no paradox to say that just because Professor Adams's book is a technical scientific work for the specialist, it is very valuable for all who seek to influence people to action, the teacher, the public speaker, and the preacher. We have learned to be very suspicious of "popular" psychology diluted down to the supposed capacity (or gullibility) of the "popular mind." In these days of the Fifty-Seven Varieties of New Thought and "Psychic Power," we daily feel like throwing up our hands and repeating the soul-satisfying exclamation of Andrew Lang, "In the name of the prophet, Bosh!" There is no "bosh" in Professor Adams's book on the Mental Laws of Advertising. He has a statistical basis for every practical law which he formulates for the guidance of those who write advertisements. Yet he is not certain that advertising is at present an *exact* science. His attitude is more that of the Freshman in college who was asked by the teacher if he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid. "Proved is a strong word, Professor," he answered. "I think I may say that I have rendered it decidedly probable." All that Professor Adams claims to have done is to render certain principles of advertising "decidedly probable," but in doing so he has done large service to all who seek to win decisions from people by argument and persuasion, especially, perhaps, to the preacher. How valuable his book may be to the writer of sermons as well as to the ad writer may be judged from the statement in the preface: "In order to produce effective advertising it is necessary that the advertisement lead to some action. To lead to action it must arrest and hold the attention of the reader, it must create a favorable impression, and it must usually be remembered. The majority of advertisements which appear are very good from the first standpoint, good from the second and third, but only fair for inciting the reader of the advertisement to action. Consequently I have endeavored to analyze action with some thoroughness, showing why so many advertisements are lacking in effectiveness, why people do not act in response to them, and giving in some detail devices which will improve the pulling power of an advertisement." Is it too much to say that in this analysis of advertisements Professor Adams has described the hardest and most priceless ingredient to put into a sermon—"pulling power"? The power of arresting attention, of creating a favorable impression—these are to be had on every hand. But the golden word that *compels* action—how rare it is! There is a great suggestiveness in the remark that a "finished advertisement is one which has induced a particular buyer to perform a specific act." What a contrast to the common use of the term "finished sermon"! In that connection it usually means conscious rhetoric or elocution. What a poor result rhetorical periods are compared to purchases! The chapters on Holding the Attention, Association, and Action are perhaps the most interesting to the general public. The habit of reading advertisements for pleasure is held to be responsible for the failure to produce larger results in many cases. "Unfortunately for the advertiser, a considerable percentage of the readers of advertisements have formed the habit of appreciating them and seldom if ever responding. They are

looked at for æsthetic appreciation, for news value, for information concerning the industrial activities of the country." So even the advertiser, as well as the preacher, has had the hard experience of Ezekiel—"Lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song, as one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not." In the chapter on Holding the Attention, the necessity is shown of linking up the incoming stimulus with other ideas derived either from our past experiences or hereditary responses. The Strength of the Various Human Interests is recorded in a valuable table. After elaborate statistical tests, the different human interests are listed according to their strength in getting replies to an advertisement which made its appeal to that interest. The strongest interest, on this basis, was found to be durability; next in order came sanitary; after that, efficient; then, in the order named, appetizing; time saved; value; scientific; ambition; family affection; safety, etc. In this elaborate experiment, conducted by Professor Hollingsworth of Columbia University, the differences brought out between the men and women, on the basis of their replies, are exceedingly interesting. (1) "The economy argument appeals more to men than it does to women, possibly because they are more likely to be the earners. (2) Women are more impressed by the personal appeals than men. On the average they appear to be more ambitious, not only for themselves but for their families. (3) Men are more influenced by indirect arguments than women. This is shown by the higher ranking of such appeals as the size of the plant, etc. (4) Family appeals are likely to be ranked higher by the men than by the women. (5) The patriotism appeal is higher with the women than the men." The cumulative effect of advertising is well brought out, and incidentally, in a way which is a decided encouragement to the preacher, teacher, or agitator, who depends on the cumulative effect of his steady work. "No advertisement is perceived in terms of itself alone, for it is always modified and interpreted in terms of itself plus the more or less typical notion of the advertisements of the same commodity which has been made by the effect of previous insertions. Each new advertisement which appears is received and modified by the typical notion, and in turn adds to and modifies the typical notion which exists in the reader's mind." In regard to the advisability of Direct Commands, Professor Adams's experiments have led him to conclude that thirty per cent of people when instructed to do a certain thing, usually react in the opposite direction, doing anything in the world rather than the thing they were requested to do. Most school teachers would surely insist that thirty per cent was unduly low for this class of people! But thirty per cent is a fairly large one, and needs to be carefully considered. It is pointed out that the expression "Use Pears' Soap" is not nearly so valuable a one to bring results as the more indirect "Let the Gold Dust Twins do Your Work," since that avoids the appearance of direct command which will antagonize thirty per cent of the possible buyers. In which suggestion lies a world of wisdom for many other things than advertising! The reader will find much in this book to reward study. Only a high grade of ability could produce such a book as this on such a subject.

An Ambassador. By Joseph Fort Newton. 12mo, pp. 226. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.00 net.

We present further samples of the sort of preaching the City Temple, London, is now to have. One sermon is inspired by Josiah Royce's lecture on "The Religion of Loyalty." Here follows part of that sermon: Reformers may irritate us at times, but we must honor them for their tenacity to a fixed idea, their disregard of the claims of self-interest, and the way in which they brush aside personal pleasure not as a temptation, but as a troublesome trifle in the path. Not many reformers are needed, however; it would be a mistake for us to measure our lives by theirs. Only a few have laid upon them the task of awakening the torpor of a nation. Most of us are humble workers in fields where patient fidelity and hopeful association with others is of more value than agitation. What, then, is our cause? It is the duty or task that lies next to us, whether of our own choice or not, loyalty to which is the path to the divinest things. How vividly this is shown by William Canton in his "Child's Book of Saints," where he gives a charming version of St. Simeon Stylites, who lived for three years on top of a pillar, in sun and shower, schooling his soul in prayer. An angel came and bade him come down from his strange oratory, and led him into a valley where a herder was keeping his flock. With the herder was a little girl whose parents had been killed by robbers, and whom the herder had rescued, nursed, and taught, and now she ran, in happy confidence, by his side. The saint looked at them both and the angel told the story and pointed out the lesson of it all. Running to the herder, St. Simeon cried: "Oh, son, now I know why thou art so pleasing in the eyes of God. Early hast thou learned the love which gives all and asks nothing, which suffereth and is kind, and this I have not learned. A small thing, and too common, it seemed to me; but I see that it is holier than austerities, and availeth more than fasting, and is the prayer of prayers. Late have I sought thee, thou ancient truth; late have I found thee, thou ancient beauty; yet even in the gloaming of my days may there still be light enough to win my way home." Too late do we all learn this simple truth. Looking too high for what is near by, we miss the presence of the Divine in the facts and duties next to us. For example of what he means by loyalty Royce gives the story of Ida Lewis, who was for fifty years the keeper of a lighthouse on the Atlantic coast. Her husband went out in a storm to aid those in distress, and did not come back, and she took his place. Despite her loneliness and sorrow, she kept the light burning through all the nights and storms of many years, and saved, in all, eighteen lives with her own strong hands. Her labor thus had its perils. It had, what was much harder to endure, its daily call for fidelity. She may not have chosen such a life, but she chose how to live it when she found it. Climbing the lonely stairway, she did her duty,

> Patient through the watches long,
> Serving most with none to see,

and this spirit, our philosopher thinks, is the secret of the highest human

life. All that the deepest thinker can do is to interpret its meaning, and what it means for the world to have such lives lived, a very little thought will show us. Such was the "cause" of one loyal and heroic life. Our cause may be our home, our family, our country, our church, our science, some task left undone by one fallen asleep; but whatever it is, loyalty to it is the great thing. In spring days the witchery of young love carries the world captive away, but how few realize what that love is! To the cynic it is only the glamour of passion, but to one who has eyes to see it is a lovely unveiling of the awful meaning and beauty of the human soul. When Browning wrote:

> World, how it walled about
> Life with disgrace,
> Till God's own smile came out,
> That was Thy face,

he knew that such love is a revelation of God. That we do not see it so, and too often let its rosy dawn fade into a colorless noonday, is tragedy. To Romeo, Juliet was a religion; to Juliet, Romeo was the universe. Suppose they had lived and kept that vision through long years hiding it in their hearts and serving it on their knees. Suppose little children had come to their home, bringing new solicitudes and joys, binding them still closer together. Then suppose that years have passed, and their children have gone away, some to other homes and some into the great Home beyond. Grown old together, they are sitting in the twilight, lovers still, uniting the glow of dawn with the soft farewell fires of evening. There is a knock at the door, and some great thinker enters and interprets the meaning of it all: "Behold, what a noble and beautiful thing you have done without knowing it. By your pure love you have made love more holy all over the world. By your loyalty to your heavenly vision you have made it easier for all men everywhere to believe that there is Love in the heavens, whence our human love comes, and whither at last it returns. You have added to the beauty of the earth, making every home more secure, every sanctity more sacred, every hope more radiant." Surely Royce is right in holding that to such a spirit of loyalty every lot in life, however humble, however hard, will yield a meaning, and become a place of vision. Take away all emotional and imaginative colorings and look at this spirit for what it is and for what it does. In the *first* place, it steadies the soul amid the whims of passion and the caprices of fancy. Every one of us knows how fickle moods are and how easily, how imperceptibly we are swayed by them from the true path of the soul. Therefore, to have a "cause," and to be loyal to it, keeps us with patient, sometimes dogged, wisdom to the only path that leads to truth and character. It gives definite purpose to life, while restraining us from the waywardnesses which beset us on every side. In the *second* place, it gives the deepest and sweetest peace we can know upon the earth. No matter what ill-fortune may assail, what scorn may fall, there is a still center of joy in the soul of a man who has been loyal to what he knows is best. Men are not broken to

pieces from outside misfortune. They go to pieces on the inside as the result of secret disloyalty to the heavenly vision which, in some degree, shines upon every soul. And, *finally*, this steadiness and serenity are the very conditions of that clear-seeing which we call Vision. Truth held in theory enters into the soul of the man who is loyal to it, and becomes its own best proof. Those dear old people in the white country meeting-house, whose kneeling figures rise up before me now, may have held archaic forms of theology, but they knew God the Father Almighty in a way many an élite and cultured thinker cannot imagine. They loved God, and had been loyal to Him through long years, in sickness and in health, in sunshine and in shadow, and they had found that His "faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds"—aye, through the clouds and beyond. Such assurance is for their children, however cultured they may fancy themselves to be, if they will practice a like noble loyalty. They were faithful unto death, and received a crown of light—

> As unto one who hears
> A cry above the conquered years.

If it were a choice between the widest culture that is only mingled query and protest, and the patient and revealing loyalty of Ida Lewis in her lighthouse, who would not choose the life of that noble woman? She knew the things at which philosophers guess. She was admitted to the ultimate secrets of life. But, in truth, there need be no such choice, for the highest culture, when touched by the same spirit of loyalty, leads always to the highest faith. The wider our knowledge of the best that has been thought and dreamed in the big world, the richer our store of truth to apply in the little world in which we live, as the violet seed takes to its heart the universal sunshine and rain and sends them forth in fragrance and beauty. Such is the process of that culture of the soul which is life at its best. Let us be loyal to our cause all the time, everywhere—faithful unto death, and we, too, shall receive a crown of joy. A sermon on "Knowing God" has this: How can man know God? Ask the little bird how it knows that the soft air will bear it up on its flight amid the living green of rustling woods and the glint of laughing waters! By the same token, we know Him whom we love by yielding to His promptings, by surrender to His will, by trusting ourselves to His "love that wilt not let us go." Evermore the principle of Jesus holds true: "Whoso wills to do the will of My Father shall know the truth"—shall know, not guess, not fear, not falter. He shall know, and walk "the big eternal ways with immortal lures calling him ever on"; shall know, and feel beneath his feet the way of life everlasting rising to the heights; shall know, and his good right hand of brotherly love will take a firmer, finer grasp of his fellows and lift them when they fall. Aye, he shall know the truth that makes man free, makes him grow younger as he grows older, gentler as he grows wiser, sweet of heart, full of hope, happy and undismayed by dark death and all that it may hide or hold within its heavy draperies. This is life renewed and radiant, life in its splendor and prophecy, life

In clearest vision, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood.

Profound thinking is the privilege of the few; profound living is open to all. Who by thinking can find out God? asked a seer of the far olden time. Action is the word of God, said Mazzini; thought alone is only His shadow. But Love it is that joins thought and action, duty and deed, vision and service, that so the Vision may grow and abide, making the path of life shine more and more unto the Perfect Day. "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him," wrote that disciple whom Jesus loved; with whom agree all the saints and mystics who have made trial of this deep and daring Way of Life. "By love He may be gotten and holden, but by thought never," is the testimony of Plotinus, and a cloud of witnesses confirm his insight. With one accord they tell us that Love is the great revealer, that "Love is above all, and when it prevails in us all we shall all be lovely and in love with God and one another." Knowledge of truth is knowledge of God, but Love is the inner secret, the whole secret, the open secret of the great mysticism—for mysticism is the love of God. It is therefore that the mystic knows, not by vague rumor and confused report, but by the fact that he passes from the outer court into the inner sanctuary where the sweet voice sounds and the vision dwells. He is the true realist, the true scientist, the thinker who faces the profoundest facts of the life of God in the soul of man. Now we know in part, but Love foretells a day when faith shall cease to be, when Hope shall find its haven of peace shut in by the Hills of God, and we shall know even as we are known—for we shall be like Him whom we love.

What if the vision tarry?
God's time is always best;
The true Light shall be witnessed,
The Christ within confessed.

Another sermon is on George Matheson's great hymn, "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go." We give part of it: Others have sung of the *tenderness* of divine love; Matheson sings of its *tenacity*. He will not let us go; that is the consolation we supremely need in dark and lonely times when all His billows pass over us. He will not let us go; that is the redeeming truth that we most need to know, when conscience and the spirit of God join to convict us of sin and disobedience, and we have no heart left in us. He will not let us go; surely that is the truth we must take down with us into the valley of the shadow of sorrow, our rod and our staff, when we cannot see our way. What wonder, then, that upon this truth, which affirmed itself in the very moment of denial, the poet rested his weary head? The lines were written on June 6, 1882, in the manse of Inellan. He was alone. In the few restrained words that he ever wrote about the hymn he confides to us that it was an hour of Gethsemane when some bitter sorrow lay in his heart, the nature of which he does not reveal. This hymn was the fruit of that sorrow. He tells us that he had the feeling that it was dictated through him, that he acted

as an amanuensis, that it never received any alteration or correction at his hand, and that it was all finished, perfected, in five minutes, just as "Crossing the Bar" came complete into the mind of Tennyson. Fighting his fate in rebel mood, resisting the will of God, he found out what that will was. He was wise enough and brave enough to accept it, and in the acceptance made the discovery that in darkness there is a new and strange light.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

Newman called to us to follow the "Kindly Light, o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till the night is gone," but here is a Light that follows us "all our way." Last summer on the lake, as our boat sped along in the night, the moon made a path of rippling fire behind us, and it followed us all our way. Youth is self-confident and self-sufficient, and it is well that it is so, else it would lack initiative; but he is no wise man who, living to mid-life, has not learnt that it is not in man who walks to direct his way. We plan and scheme, we counsel and devise, yet how feeble is our wisdom and how little way ahead can we see! "One step enough"—but there is a Light shining from behind and within that follows us all our way, that will show us the next step, and the next; and if we follow it and obey it, it will shine more and more unto the perfect day. The third stanza of the hymn deepens, and the music becomes strangely sweet, and the words tell us things that are secret, that seem incredible in their beauty and unfathomable in their mystery. Every line of this lyric is charged with tenderness and power, but hardly any line in it so flashes like a silver arrow shot in the twilight as that line—

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be;

—lines the truth of which is confirmed by all the great sufferers of the world. What does it mean? Have we misread the meaning of pain utterly? Can it be true that through all the tragedy and woe of the world, the divine joy is trying to find its way to us! Yes, if we accept the witness of those who have walked the path of pain, and none more convincing, none more authentic than that Lone Sufferer on the dark cross outside the city gate. Soon or late every mortal comes to the cross; by whatever path he may journey, he comes at last to that place at the foot of the cross where, though severed by time and distance, the great communion of the saints assembles—the one spot where the eternal mystery whispers to us the meaning of life and the world. The cross is eternal, the symbol of that law that runs all through life—the law of life through death, of salvation

through suffering, of sanctification by sacrifice. But listen. As he takes up his cross he soon finds out that, instead of bearing the cross, the cross is bearing him:

> O Cross that liftest up my head,
> I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
> I lay in dust life's glory dead,
> And from the ground there blossoms red,
> Life that shall endless be.

And consider the fruit of this faith, in the life of the preacher himself. First of all, it made him divinely catholic in his sympathies with all the seekers and followers of Christ; so much so that he was wont to say that if all the heretics that had ever been burnt at the stake were now living and each a pastor of a church, nothing could give him greater joy than to preach for each one in turn. All that he asked was that he might have the liberty to tell the story of a love that never lets go. This faith has found voice in that other poem, "Gather us in," a faith whose sympathy went so far and so wide as to include men beyond the Christian pale, grey seekers after God in the olden time. He believed they would be gathered in, that they had all understood the meaning of a love that never failed. What wonder, then, that his preaching became more and more the waving of a wand of power, and his audience became as one man, to whom he spoke soul to soul; a lake, so to speak, to which the soul of the preacher communicated itself, now in ripples, now in waves. Such a preacher could not remain unknown, and when he was called to his great church in Edinburgh, for thirteen years a blind man was the shepherd of two thousand souls, leading them out of shadows into light! The note of his gospel was gladness. There was a wild glee in his heart, as of one who had discovered a great secret and could not keep it—captivating, infectious happiness—all through those years, till he retired at last to devote himself to literary work. And such books!—chief among them Studies of the Portrait of Jesus, pictures of that face, that life, drawn by the sight of the soul and the delicate tracery of a religious genius. Then there were little books of meditation in which you busy men and women amidst these days that rack your souls will find such sweet hidden manna, if you will read them; books of little page-long essays, like this one on the phrase "Love is not puffed up." Listen: "There is a difference between love and duty. Duty has a sense of merit; love has none. Duty has always the feeling that it has done very well; love never admits that it has come up to the mark. Whence this humility of love as compared with duty? Is not love the higher of the two? Yes. Duty is talent, love is genius. But why should genius be more humble than talent? Because it really has less trouble. Genius does what it must; talent does what it can. Therefore, talent is more conceited than genius. It is more conscious of labor because it really has more labor. Love is the genius of the heart. It does its work because it cannot help it—not because it ought, but because it must. That is why it repudiates merit. That is why it is not puffed up." How perfect it is, how lucid, how simple—one

is half angry that one has not thought of it before. And the final fruit of this faith was an apostolate in behalf of immortality. No one of our day has written more happily, more victoriously, about the life beyond than Matheson; no one, unless it be dear George Macdonald, who was half a saint and half a child, and altogether an angel. Matheson was utterly without doubt as to the life hereafter. Love will not let us go; that much he knew; and it lighted up all the dark chambers of life and death and beyond. What a ministry in a world of grief and graves! What a faith to lay to heart and live upon and live by! Whoso will trust it will find that he will not have to keep it, it will keep him. When he died, by the side of the grave stood a huge floral emblem, a square of white flowers, in the center of which the last lines of this hymn were spelled out in red rosebuds:

> And from the ground there blossoms red
> Life that shall endless be.

Finally a sermon on "The Home of the Soul" contains this: Once an old peasant fell asleep and dreamed at the close of the day. In his dream he saw his tiny hut expand into a vast temple, more beautiful than any he had ever seen. The dingy rafters were lifted up and became dim and lofty arches, like those arches in the Abbey that quite overcome me and make me want to sit down and cry like a child. The dirty windows became rich, stately, and multi-colored, showing the faces of the Master and His followers. The hearth became an altar, its flickering fire a sacred flame; his children, living and dead, were priests performing holy rites, and the wind sweeping round the corner became as the music of a great organ. It was a dream of faith, of the Home of the Soul that overarches all our little creeds and all our little churches. There shall come a time when man shall awake from his lofty dreams and find his dream still there, that his dream is true, "and that nothing has gone but his sleep." "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

Temperance Sermons. By Various Authors. 12mo, pp. 281. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, $1.00 net.

HERE is ammunition for the culminating fight against Everybody's Enemy. Fifteen sermons loaded with solid stuff by men of marked ability and acknowledged eminence. We wish we had room for them all on our pages. Here are one of the prize-winning sermons by Dr. Grant Perkins of Michigan; one of Dr. David Keppel of Central New York, on "Drinking According to Law"; one by Dr. Charles E. Locke of California; and one as solid as granite by Dr. W. W. W. Wilson of Brooklyn. All these strong preachers are known to our readers by their articles in the METHODIST REVIEW. We are sure that they will approve our presenting one more sample of the rich and moving eloquence of that gifted and glowing genius, Robert McIntyre. So here is his sermon on "Snakes in the Stump," given without quotation marks:

The cabin in the clearing, in the middle of the West fifty years ago, was a familiar and cheering sight to the summer traveler along the highways of the timber lands. Smoke curling from the chimney, the cow tethered in the grass, the sheep grazing on the hill, the horse looking from the stable, the chickens feeding in the yard, pigeons wheeling overhead, the Cherokee roses around the window, the hollyhocks along the fence, the lilacs beside the well, where the tall sweep brought up the brimming bucket, and the open door through which the open dressers preached all the hospitable code of the friendly ethics common on the old country road, made a picture on the retina to be hung on memory's wall as a joy forever. In such a home lived a young farmer and his wife with their two boys of four and six years of age. In the garden stood a big stump of a sycamore tree, which had in its top a depression partly filled with leaves. While playing, the younger lad climbed on it and stepped into the hollow place. Instantly he screamed in terror trying to get out, calling for help, stretching his hands pitifully. The other one ran to his aid and scrambled in to lift him out, but, alas! he was caught also in the terrible trap, for that remnant of the tree round which the wild morning glories climbed and on which the robin sang at dawn was a nest of rattlesnakes. When the father ran from the meadow and drew them out, the curly-haired darlings were moaning with agony and writhing with convulsions; and soon, while both parents bent above them on the porch weeping and praying, they closed their eyes in death and their sweet spirits left the swollen, distorted bodies to enter another world. Next day two little graves were dug under the elm tree, and the sad-hearted couple burned that stump down to its roots and covered the ashes with earth to hide it forever. Herein is a homely parable. That stump sets before me vividly the liquor traffic and its inmost diabolism. Around this gigantic wickedness poets like Anacreon and Omar have wreathed the flowers of fancy and twined the tendrils of imagery till its hideousness is hidden in sensuous strophes of licentious desire. Singers like Burns and Villon have fluted their mellifluous notes in praise of this destroyer of man until millions have been brought low by the serpents coiled within. One of them is "Degeneracy." In the Popular Science Monthly for January, 1911, Dr. Davenport, an authority on eugenics, says, "Our only hope for humanity is in better matings." This is the gospel, shouted through the megaphone of modern science. All our prisons, almshouses, insane asylums, quarantines, and lazarettos attest it. All institutes for the feeble-minded, all reform schools, orphanages, infirmaries assert it likewise. One must ask here, How can we have better heredity when alcohol is permitted to pollute men and women, to dilute the blood, to shrivel the nerves, and engorge the delicate tissues of the brain? The increased host of delinquents, defectives, demented, subnormals, and incompetents coming into existence and threatening to shake down the social order, show that some enemy of the race is poisoning the stream of Life at its source. O the pathos of the children flung crippled into existence, facing the stern realities, maimed, diseased, halt, fearful, unfit. Their cradle is the infested stump. They are bitten at birth. Their pinched faces make mute protest against us; their pale

lips say, "I never had half a chance," their wan hands beckon us to judgment. How shall we step over their little graves to face the ire of Him who loves "the least of these"? How, I say? The second snake is Crime. When anarchy lifts its red front and hisses its lawless threatenings through the shuddering city, its nest is surely found over or under or in or nigh the saloon. When the mob howls in frenzy and the town is blanched with fear, loud ascends the cry, "Close the barrooms, keep the liquor locked up, shut every groggery at once." When misrule of any type, open or secret, is set up, or iniquity of any degree is planned or executed, this breeder of violence and disturber of peace stalks abroad. Then the stiletto flashes, and the victim sinks on the sanded floor of the village shebeen. Then the pistol cracks, and the officer of the law reels. Then the bludgeon descends, and the helpless wife staggers and falls. Then the door opens, and the family flee shivering into the night. Then the hiccoughing colonel in the saddle blunders and orders brave soldiers to hapless destruction. Then the boozy captain on the slippery deck runs his ship on the rocks and cuts her throat on the cruel reef, and the drowned sailors are thrown on the sand. In almost every calamity this hag of hell has her full share, dancing her ghastly delirium in red-stained robes and shaking pestilence from her leprous hands, and for what? Why are millions mired in shame, bogged in poverty? Why do criminals, immured from the sun, play with insects in their cells to keep from madness? Why do transgressors, weakkneed and repentant, whisper "Good-by" through the black cap upon the scaffold stairs? Why do heart-broken wives hide and mothers moan and little kiddies cry when they learn that father will come home no more? O, well! reason enough. That the lords of the still may feed fat and sleep soft and roll in wealth and their jeweled dames seek the Riviera in swift yachts to watch the blue ocean flash and flow; that our masters of the mash tub may dwell in stately mansions on the select boulevards and have winter houses amid the ilex and orange trees, when their victims face the sleet in cooped and windowed raggedness. O, well, what more would you have? Hush! The third snake is Misery. There is a slack-twisted sophistry spun down the line of years which runs, "Let rum alone and it will let you alone." Will it? There never was a baser, sadder lie than this. My ears ring now across forty years with the "keening." Did you ever hear it? O the wordless, piteous, long-drawn agony of it, of a fine girl from Erin's Isle who found her brother dead in the woods beside a doggery in the village of my youth, and all night, above the chirring of the crickets, the call of the katydids, the plaint of the whippoorwill, rose that unearthly soul-chilling wail. She let it alone, but it branded her for life! I can see the well-to-do farmer sitting before me in church as I told the old, old story. As twilight fell I dismissed the people, and he arose, went to his wagon, rode home, entered the door—to be shot dead by a drunken hireling. He touched no glass, drank no drop. He let it alone, but the fuddled fool who slew him, hauled his corpse to a stream, and flung it in. He was hanged for it, and, weeping in his prison, told me drink had been his downfall. The dear old German father who took me one night to help get his son

out of a dive, said, "When he was a baby he had the fever and the doctor said he would die before morning. He was the only child I had, and I couldn't let him go. I prayed the Lord to spare him, but I have wished a thousand times he had died in his innocent childhood. He is a drunkard now, he has crushed his mother and brought my gray hairs down in grief." That sire let it alone. He is in heaven to-day, but O, if I could say he has his boy! It lets no one alone. I have seen a bonnie wee girl under a surgeon's knife because of her father's cravings. I have seen a chum hang his head as a debauched parent tottered by. I have seen a whole family wiped out by it. I have seen honor smirched, man degraded, woman dethroned, soldiers disgraced, bodies rotted, minds clouded, souls lost. Our whole nation is impoverished, peeled, made sorrowful by the trouble it makes. This was well put by a woman who was humbled by her husband's weakness. At a total abstinence meeting she heard a well-dressed wife of a tavern keeper say, "What will we do for a living if his place is closed?" The answer was: "I will give you my job scrubbing the floors and stairs of the schoolhouse, for I will have money enough if my man goes no more to your bar." Do you hear the children sobbing in the night, my friend? Do you hear the poor women praying? Hark, they are saying, "Lord, is there none to help?" Give me your hand. Let us stand up together and make a vow, "While we have a vote or a voice we are *against this thing any time or anywhere*." In the back of my head lies an ancient story of Sam Johnson, the bluff, bearish, brainy scholar of Britain. In the height of his fame he was found standing in a downpour of rain on the open road of an English village. When asked his reason for this queer procedure the dripping Ursa replied, "I was making atonement on the spot where I disobeyed my father forty years ago." I recently returned to my boyhood neighborhood. Full of gratitude I rolled four decades from my shoulders and stood up therein to praise the memory of a good man whose advice I accepted and whose dictum I obeyed with undeniable advantage to myself and others. In the pulpit of the church to which he belonged I stood and called his name, remembered by few—for he died years ago and all his kin are scattered. I told the folk that he was my boss during the Civil War in a factory where I toiled as a boy. How he showed interest in his underlings and stirred them to join a society, now forgotten, called "The Cadets of Temperance," an offspring of "The Sons of Temperance." I recited the dim scene, where, in the lodge room, I took the vow of total abstinence with uplifted hand in solemn mood, how I signed the roster, drank the pledge of fealty in cold water, sang the ode, received the password, and went out girded for the fray against King Alcohol. As I walked home alone that summer night across the fields, with frogs calling "knee-deep," and fireflies weaving their mystic dance around me, I paused at a stile to repeat my obligation and renew my youthful resolve to abstain from all intoxicants. Half a lifetime after, in a State asylum for feeble-minded children, when I heard the matron say that three fourths of the imbecile inmates were the progeny of drunken parents, I dug up my oath against rum and deep in my soul registered once more my undying hatred of this fell destroyer.

A short time after my adolescent initiation I was sternly tested on this matter. I was apprenticed to the bricklayer's trade. My employer knew his business well, was a skillful craftsman, but much given to drink, as were all his employees. At noon of my first day he bade me pour the water from the pail, go to a nearby tavern, and get it filled with ale for the dinner. I brought it as ordered, took my place at the end of the line, seated like the rest in the shadow of the wall, and saw the bucket with a tin cup therein coming slowly toward me. I trembled inwardly as I saw that every bricklayer, every hod carrier, every mortar mixer, every apprentice drank the beer. From my master down each took a share, and I realized that I, a poor weak lad, on my first day in a new crew, must offend the whole gang, censure their customs, stand their sneers, endure their scoffs, or surrender my principles. When the booze reached me I whispered a refusal to the one who passed it, but the "gaffer," thinking I was merely timid in new company, cried out in hearty old country style, "Take it, Robert, don't be shy, I pay for it; you are one of us, have your sip of it." I said, with faltering voice, while all eyes turned on me, "Excuse me, Mr. George, I never drank liquor and cannot begin now." He laughed uproariously, as did the others, and shouted, "Ho, ho, lad, you'll never be a bricklayer till you learn to drink." I put the untouched meal in my basket, arose slowly, shaking like an aspen tree, and walking down the row of scornful workmen, I passed before the leader and said, "Mr. George, if that is true, I will go home and tell my father I am discharged; for drink liquor I will not, now or ever; I will not!" I think I had mysterious help that day, unseen of all. To my amazement, the boss leaped up, took my hand, and said, "God bless you, boy, stand fast and you will be a man some day." Then to the wage-earners he said, "If any man of you ever asks him to drink you will suffer for it." The first step is the hardest, and I had won the heaviest battle. I worked four years with him and saw the ruin drink made. One of my early friends became through it a murderer; another a madman; another an outcast; another a thief. I have seen wives crushed, homes destroyed, children disgraced, babes diseased, families divided, mothers bereft, brothers estranged, firms bankrupted, lawyers degraded, doctors degenerated, and ministers debauched. And all who are in prisons, insane asylums, or incurable hospitals, who rot in lazarettos, or sleep in potter's fields through this treacherous foe of God and man began as moderate drinkers. My words will not reach or shake the inhuman parasites who are fattened by the gains of this awful traffic, but to the boys I cry, "Swear eternal enmity to rum, and enlist for this holy war till America is free from it forever."

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